BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09915 961 6

№ 2565.64

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852
18

LANDOR'S

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

One volume 16mo. Cloth. Price $1.50.

"An American critic (Professor Lowell) has well described Landor's 'Pericles and Aspasia'—

"As a book that we are frequently forced to drop, and surrender ourselves to the musings and memories, soft or sad, which its words awaken, or cause to pass before the mind. Its pages take you to the theatre where 'Prometheus' is played; to the house where Socrates and Aristophanes meet; to the promise of the youth Thucydides; and to the statesman who dies 'remembering in the fulness of my heart that Athens confided her glory and Aspasia her happiness to me.'"—*Edinburgh Review.*

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

First Series.

CLASSICAL DIALOGUES, GREEK AND ROMAN.

2565.64

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1876.

4773

B.H
203,648
Sept. 25, 1896

Cambridge:
Press of John Wilson & Son.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER OF THE IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

Avoid a mistake in attributing to the writer any opinions in this book but what are spoken under his own name. The introduction of characters now or recently existing has been censured; but among the relics of antiquity the censurer probably has been gratified at finding an allusion to the contemporaries of the authors; let him be consistent and acquiescent, and believe that the dialogues now before him may be also among the relics of antiquity. A few public men of small ability are introduced, to show better the proportions of the great; as a painter would situate a beggar under a triumphal arch, or a camel against a pyramid.

PREFACE.

[*This Edition of the Imaginary Conversations, to be completed in three volumes, is reprinted without abridgment from the new Edition of Landor's Works. Mr. Forster's preface is also printed entire, as being the best introduction which could be given to the most important of Landor's writings.*]

During the later years of his residence in England, Landor prepared a Collection of his Writings to which he had given careful revision, and in which the *Imaginary Conversations* were classified and arranged in the order he had most desired to see them printed. This Collection he placed in my hands on going abroad for the last time; with instruction that, if it should be published in any form after his death, the subjoined letter should accompany it by way of Dedication:—

"My dear Friend, Temperance Societies rose up soon after the construction of Gin-Palaces. Our literature may take perhaps a similar turn; for it is accustomed to take rapid and opposite ones. In that case, you may live to superintend such Edition or Selection from my Writings as may be called for after my death. I place them in your hands with the more pleasure, since you have thought them not unworthy of your notice, and even your study, among the labors of our Greatest Authors, our Patriots in the best times. The world is indebted to you for a knowledge of their characters and their works: I shall be contented to be as long forgotten, if I arise with the same advantages at last.

"Yours very affectionately,

"Walter Savage Landor."

Acting on this permission, it was proposed to print a Selection only; and, by the plan of carefully abridging each dialogue rather than wholly omitting any, the number and variety in the subjects would have remained to show the greatest marvel of Landor's remarkable achievement. But, after much progress in this, its profoundly unsatisfactory result compelled me to lay it aside. When the necessary reductions had been made, stores of wisdom and of wit undoubtedly were left; everywhere there were striking aphorisms, concise and penetrating observations, exquisite criticism, surpassing strength as well as loveliness of language; but what had most given life to each Conversation was gone. The proper setting for its jewels of speech or thought, the vividness of character, the subtlety of imagination, seemed to be no longer there.

A remark made in my *Life* was thus put to the proof. In this it was said that, though Landor's five-act dramas were only dialogues in verse, his prose dialogues were one-act dramas; and that, however freely his talkers might borrow their opinions from himself, the dramatic conditions incident to their talk were never in any case lost sight of. Applicable to nearly all the Imaginary Conversations, the remark applies yet more forcibly to those other prose works overflowing most with beauties apparently isolated; and which are here, also by the author's wish, printed in closer sequence and connection than formerly with the Dialogues, to which, however differing in form, they essentially belong. Take from them only such beauties, and you do not bring with you from the *Pentameron* the rich Italian color, or from *Pericles and Aspasia* the faultless Greek simplicity, or from Shakspeare's *Examination* what makes the book unique. In the last there is a charm which consists in the fact that its hero, not yet the author of the wonderful plays, is merely the lad who is to grow into that greatest of men; but this is in the nature of a secret

known to the reader only, and everybody else in the book being whimsically unconscious of it, including the youth himself, it is not to be enjoyed but by reading the whole.

For these and other reasons, the intended Selections from Landor's Writings have been abandoned, and the Edition which accompanies this revised *Life* will, under every head, comprise the completed work, with the Author's last revision. There will be omission only of such parts of the poetical writings as he had himself deliberately rejected. It will open with the Dialogues of Greeks and Romans; and Shakspeare's Examination for Deer-Stealing will complete that volume. Then will follow the Conversations of Sovereigns and Statesmen, which Landor had himself so brought together; and with them the five Dialogues of Boccaccio and Petrarca, first published as the *Pentameron*. The next volume will contain the First Series of Conversations of Literary Men; and its successor, the Second Series, together with two subjects having always such close connection in Landor's thoughts that he intended at one time to have issued them apart from the rest, the Dialogues of Famous Women, and the Letters of Pericles and Aspasia. A volume of Miscellaneous Conversations will finish this collection of his important prose writings. But there will be a volume of *Imaginary Scenes and Conversations in Verse*, so entitled by himself, which will include his tragedies as well as his minor dramatic pieces; and into another and final volume, under the name he gave to it of *Earliest and Latest Leaves from the Old Tree*, will fall all his minor pieces in verse and prose, and the whole of his poems not in the dramatic form. That will complete the Edition, and to the prose portion there will be a careful Index.

J. F.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CLASSICAL DIALOGUES.

(GREEK.)

I. Achilles and Helena . . . . . pp. 7–12

II. Æsop and Rhodopè 12–23

Æsop and Rhodopè (*second conversation*) . 23–32

III. Solon and Pisistratus 32–41

IV. Anacreon and Polycrates 42–51

V. Xerxes and Artabanus 52–60

VI. Pericles and Sophocles 60–67

VII. Diogenes and Plato 68–118

VIII. Xenophon and Cyrus the Younger . . . 119–127

IX. Alcibiades and Xenophon 127–135

X. Demosthenes and Eubulides 135–146

Demosthenes and Eubulides (*second conversation*) 147–156

XI. Æschines and Phocion 156–166

XII. Alexander and the Priest of Hammon . 166–177

XIII. Aristoteles and Callisthenes 177–197

XIV. Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa . . . 197–243

XV. Epicurus and Metrodorus 243–251

XVI. MENANDER AND EPICURUS . . . . . pp. 252–257
MENANDER AND EPICURUS (*second conversation*) 258–265
XVII. LUCIAN AND TIMOTHEUS 265–315

(ROMAN.)

I. MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL 317–321
II. P. SCIPIO ÆMILIANUS, POLYBIUS, PANÆTIUS . 321–354
III. METELLUS AND MARIUS 355–358
IV. LUCULLUS AND CÆSAR 359–376
V. MARCUS TULLIUS AND QUINCTUS CICERO . . 377–417
VI. TIBULLUS AND MESSALA 417–430
VII. TIBERIUS AND VIPSANIA 430–433
VIII. EPICTETUS AND SENECA 434–437
IX. VIRGILIUS AND HORATIUS. 438–442
X. ASINIUS POLLIO AND LICINIUS CALVUS . . . 442–450
ASINIUS POLLIO AND LICINIUS CALVUS (*second conversation*) 450–463

CLASSICAL DIALOGUES.

(GREEK.)

I. ACHILLES AND HELENA.

Helena. Where am I? Desert me not, O ye blessed from above! ye twain who brought me hither!

Was it a dream?

Stranger! thou seemest thoughtful; couldst thou answer me? Why so silent? I beseech and implore thee, speak.

Achilles. Neither thy feet nor the feet of mules have borne thee where thou standest. Whether in the hour of departing sleep, or at what hour of the morning, I know not, O Helena! but Aphroditè and Thetis, inclining to my prayer, have, as thou art conscious, led thee into these solitudes. To me also have they shown the way, that I might behold the pride of Sparta, the marvel of the earth, and — how my heart swells and agonizes at the thought! — the cause of innumerable woes to Hellas.

Helena. Stranger! thou art indeed one whom the goddesses or gods might lead, and glory in; such is thy stature, thy voice, and thy demeanor; but who, if earthly, art thou?

Achilles. Before thee, O Helena! stands Achilles, son of Peleus. Tremble not, turn not pale, bend not thy knees, O Helena!

Helena. Spare me, thou goddess-born! thou cherished and only son of silver-footed Thetis! Chryseïs and Briseïs ought to soften and content thy heart. Lead not me also into captivity. Woes too surely have I brought down on Hellas; but woes have been mine alike, and will for ever be.

Achilles. Daughter of Zeus! what word hast thou spoken! Chryseïs, child of the aged priest who performs in this land

due sacrifices to Apollo, fell to the lot of another; an insolent and unworthy man, who hath already brought more sorrows upon our people than thou hast; so that dogs and vultures prey on the brave who sank without a wound. Briseïs is indeed mine; the lovely and dutiful Briseïs. He, unjust and contumelious, proud at once and base, would tear her from me. But, gods above! in what region has the wolf with impunity dared to seize upon the kid which the lion hath taken?

Talk not of being led into servitude. Could mortal be guilty of such impiety? Hath it never thundered on these mountain-heads? Doth Zeus, the wide-seeing, see all the earth but Ida? doth he watch over all but his own? Capaneus and Typhöeus less offended him, than would the wretch whose grasp should violate the golden hair of Helena. And dost thou still tremble? irresolute and distrustful!

Helena. I must tremble; and more and more.

Achilles. Take my hand: be confident; be comforted.

Helena. May I take it? may I hold it? I am comforted.

Achilles. The scene around us, calm and silent as the sky itself, tranquillizes thee; and so it ought. Turnest thou to survey it? perhaps it is unknown to thee.

Helena. Truly; for since my arrival I have never gone beyond the walls of the city.

Achilles. Look then around thee freely, perplexed no longer. Pleasant is this level eminence, surrounded by broom and myrtle, and crisp-leaved beech and broad dark pine above. Pleasant the short slender grass, bent by insects as they alight on it or climb along it, and shining up into our eyes, interrupted by tall sisterhoods of gray lavender, and by dark-eyed cistus, and by lightsome citisus, and by little troops of serpolet running in disorder here and there.

Helena. Wonderful! how didst thou ever learn to name so many plants?

Achilles. Chiron taught me them, when I walked at his side while he was culling herbs for the benefit of his brethren. All these he taught me, and at least twenty more; for wondrous was his wisdom, boundless his knowledge, and I was proud to learn.

Ah, look again! look at those little yellow poppies; they

appear to be just come out to catch all that the sun will throw into their cups: they appear in their joyance and incipient dance to call upon the lyre to sing among them.

Helena. Childish! for one with such a spear against his shoulder; terrific even its shadow: it seems to make a chasm across the plain.

Achilles. To talk or to think like a child is not always a proof of folly: it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs where the strength of wisdom fails. What art thou pondering, Helena?

Helena. Recollecting the names of the plants. Several of them I do believe I had heard before, but had quite forgotten; my memory will be better now.

Achilles. Better now? in the midst of war and tumult?

Helena. I am sure it will be, for didst thou not say that Chiron taught them?

Achilles. He sang to me over the lyre the lives of Narcissus and Hyacynthus, brought back by the beautiful Hours, of silent unwearied feet, regular as the stars in their courses. Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived and moved, and spoke as we are speaking. They may yet have memories, although they have cares no longer.

Helena. Ah! then they have no memories; and they see their own beauty only.

Achilles. Helena! thou turnest pale, and droopest.

Helena. The odor of the blossoms, or of the gums, or the height of the place, or something else, makes me dizzy. Can it be the wind in my ears?

Achilles. There is none.

Helena. I could wish there were a little.

Achilles. Be seated, O Helena!

Helena. The feeble are obedient; the weary may rest even in the presence of the powerful.

Achilles. On this very ground where we are now reposing, they who conducted us hither told me, the fatal prize of beauty was awarded. One of them smiled; the other, whom in duty I love the most, looked anxious, and let fall some tears.

Helena. Yet she was not one of the vanquished.

Achilles. Goddesses contended for it; Helena was afar.

Helena. Fatal was the decision of the arbiter!

But could not the venerable Peleus, nor Pyrrhus the infant so beautiful and so helpless, detain thee, O Achilles, from this sad, sad war?

Achilles. No reverence or kindness for the race of Atreus brought me against Troy: I detest and abhor both brothers; but another man is more hateful to me still. Forbear we to name him. The valiant, holding the hearth as sacred as the temple, is never a violator of hospitality. He carries not away the gold he finds in the house; he folds not up the purple linen worked for solemnities, about to convey it from the cedar chest to the dark ship, together with the wife confided to his protection in her husband's absence, and sitting close and expectant by the altar of the gods.

It was no merit in Menelaüs to love thee; it was a crime in another — I will not say to love, for even Priam or Nestor might love thee — but to avow it, and act on the avowal.

Helena. Menelaüs, it is true, was fond of me, when Paris was sent by Aphroditè to our house. It would have been very wrong to break my vow to Menelaüs; but Aphroditè urged me by day and by night, telling me that to make her break hers to Paris would be quite inexpiable. She told Paris the same thing at the same hour; and as often. He repeated it to me every morning: his dreams tallied with mine exactly. At last —

Achilles. The last is not yet come. Helena, by the Immortals! if ever I meet him in battle I transfix him with this spear.

Helena. Pray do not. Aphroditè would be angry and never forgive thee.

Achilles. I am not sure of that; she soon pardons. Variable as Iris, one day she favors and the next day she forsakes.

Helena. She may then forsake *me.*

Achilles. Other deities, O Helena, watch over and protect thee. Thy two brave brothers are with those deities now, and never are absent from their higher festivals.

Helena. They could protect me were they living, and they would. Oh that thou couldst but have seen them!

Achilles. Companions of my father on the borders of the Phasis, they became his guests before they went all three to

hunt the boar in the brakes of Kalydon. Thence too the beauty of a woman brought many sorrows into brave men's breasts, and caused many tears to hang long and heavily on the eyelashes of matrons.

Helena. Horrible creatures! — boars I mean.

Didst thou indeed see my brothers at that season? Yes, certainly.

Achilles. I saw them not, desirous though I always was of seeing them, that I might have learned from them, and might have practised with them, whatever is laudable and manly. But my father, fearing my impetuosity, as he said, and my inexperience, sent me away. Soothsayers had foretold some mischief to me from an arrow: and among the brakes many arrows might fly wide, glancing from trees.

Helena. I wish thou hadst seen them, were it only once. Three such youths together the blessed sun will never shine upon again.

O my sweet brothers! how they tended me! how they loved me! how often they wished me to mount their horses and to hurl their javelins! They could only teach me to swim with them; and when I had well learned it I was more afraid than at first. It gratified me to be praised for any thing but swimming.

Happy, happy hours! soon over! Does happiness always go away before beauty? It must go then: surely it might stay that little while. Alas! dear Kastor! and dearer Polydeukès! often shall I think of you as ye were (and oh! as I was) on the banks of the Eurotas.

Brave, noble creatures! they were as tall, as terrible, and almost as beautiful, as thou art. Be not wroth! Blush no more for me!

Achilles. Helena! Helena! wife of Menelaüs! my mother is reported to have left about me only one place vulnerable: I have at last found where it is. Farewell!

Helena. Oh leave me not! Earnestly I entreat and implore thee, leave me not alone! These solitudes are terrible: there must be wild beasts among them; there certainly are Fauns and Satyrs. And there is Cybèlè, who carries towers and temples on her head; who hates and abhors Aphroditè, who persecutes those *she* favors, and whose priests are so cruel as to be cruel even to themselves.

Achilles. According to their promise, the goddesses who brought thee hither in a cloud will in a cloud reconduct thee, safely and unseen, into the city.

Again, O daughter of Leda and of Zeus, farewell!

II. ÆSOP AND RHODOPÈ.

Æsop. Albeit thou approachest me without any sign of derision, let me tell thee before thou advancest a step nearer, that I deem thee more hard-hearted than the most petulant of those other young persons, who are pointing and sneering from the door-way.

Rhodopè. Let them continue to point and sneer at me: they are happy; so am I: but are you? Think me hard-hearted, O good Phrygian! but graciously give me the reason for thinking it; otherwise I may be unable to correct a fault too long overlooked by me, or to deprecate a grave infliction of the gods.

Æsop. I thought thee so, my little maiden, because thou camest toward me without the least manifestation of curiosity.

Rhodopè. Is the absence of curiosity a defect?

Æsop. None whatever.

Rhodopè. Are we blamable in concealing it if we have it?

Æsop. Surely not. But it is feminine; and where none of it comes forward we may suspect that other feminine appurtenances, such as sympathy for example, are deficient. Curiosity slips in among you before the passions are awake; curiosity comforts your earliest cries; curiosity intercepts your latest. For which reason Dædalus, who not only sculptured but painted admirably, represents her in the vestibule of the Cretan labyrinth as a goddess.

Rhodopè. What was she like?

Æsop. There now! Like? Why, like Rhodopè.

Rhodopè. You said I have nothing of the kind.

Æsop. I soon discovered my mistake in this, and more than this, and not altogether to thy disadvantage.

Rhodopè. I am glad to hear it.

Æsop. Art thou? I will tell thee then how she was depicted; for I remember no author who has related it. Her lips were half open; her hair flew loosely behind her, designating that she was in haste: it was more disordered, and it was darker, than the hair of Hope is represented, and somewhat less glossy. Her cheeks had a very fresh color, and her eyes looked into every eye that fell upon them; by her motion she seemed to be on her way into the labyrinth.

Rhodopè. Oh how I wish I could see such a picture!

Æsop. I do now.

Rhodopè. Where? where? Troublesome man! Are you always so mischievous? but your smile is not ill-natured. I cannot help thinking that the smiles of men are pleasanter and sweeter than of women; unless of the women who are rather old and decrepit, who seem to want help, and who perhaps are thinking that we girls are now the very images of what *they* were formerly. But girls never look at me so charmingly as you do, nor smile with such benignity; and yet, O Phrygian! there are several of them who really are much handsomer.

Æsop. Indeed? Is that so clear?

Rhodopè. Perhaps in the sight of the gods they may not be, who see all things as they are. But some of them appear to me to be very beautiful.

Æsop. Which are those?

Rhodopè. The very girls who think me the ugliest of them all. How strange!

Æsop. That they should think thee so?

Rhodopè. No, no! but that nearly all the most beautiful should be of this opinion; and the others should often come to look at me, apparently with delight, over each other's shoulder or under each other's arm, clinging to their girdle or holding by their sleeve and hanging a little back, as if there were something about me unsafe. They seem fearful regarding me; for here are many venomous things in this country, of which we have none at home.

Æsop. And some which we find all over the world. But thou art too talkative.

Rhodopè. Now indeed you correct me with great justice, and with great gentleness. I know not why I am so pleased

to talk with you. But what you say to me is different from what others say: the thoughts, the words, the voice, the look, all different. And yet reproof is but little pleasant, especially to those who are unused to it.

Æsop. Why didst thou not spring forward and stare at me, having heard as the rest had done that I am unwillingly a slave, and indeed not over-willingly a deformed one?

Rhodopè. I would rather that neither of these misfortunes had befallen you.

Æsop. And yet within the year thou wilt rejoice that they have.

Rhodopè. If you truly thought so, you would not continue to look at me with such serenity. Tell me why you say it.

Æsop. Because by that time thou wilt prefer me to the handsomest slave about the house.

Rhodopè. For shame! vain creature!

Æsop. By the provision of the gods, the under-sized and distorted are usually so. The cork of vanity buoys up their chins above all swimmers on the tide of life. But, Rhodopè, my vanity has not yet begun.

Rhodopè. How do you know that my name is Rhodopè?

Æsop. Were I malicious I would inform thee, and turn against thee the tables on the score of vanity.

Rhodopè. What can you mean?

Æsop. I mean to render thee happy in life, and glorious long after. Thou shalt be sought by the powerful, thou shalt be celebrated by the witty, and thou shalt be beloved by the generous and the wise. Xanthus may adorn the sacrifice, but the Immortal shall receive it from the altar.

Rhodopè. I am but fourteen years old, and Xanthus is married. Surely he would not rather love me than one to whose habits and endearments he has been accustomed for twenty years.

Æsop. It seems wonderful: but such things do happen.

Rhodopè. Not among us Thracians. I have seen in my childhood men older than Xanthus, who, against all remonstrances and many struggles, have fondled and kissed, before near relatives, wives of the same age, proud of exhibiting the honorable love they bore toward them: yet in the very next room, the very same day, scarcely would they press to their bosoms while you could (rather slowly) count twenty, nor kiss

for half the time, beautiful young maidens, who, casting down their eyes, never stirred, and only said "*Don't! Don't!*"

Æsop. What a rigid morality is the Thracian! How courageous the elderly! and how enduring the youthful!

Rhodopè. Here in Egypt we are nearer to strange creatures; to men without heads, to others who ride on dragons.

Æsop. Stop there, little Rhodopè! in all countries we live among strange creatures. However, there are none such in the world as thou hast been told of since thou camest hither.

Rhodopè. Oh yes there are! You must not begin by shaking my belief, and by making me know less than others of my age. They all talk of them; nay, some creatures not by any means prettier are worshipped here as deities: I have seen them with my own eyes. I wonder that you above all others should deny the existence of prodigies.

Æsop. Why dost thou wonder at it particularly in me?

Rhodopè. Because when you were brought hither yesterday, and when several of my fellow-maidens came around you, questioning you about the manners and customs of your country, you began to tell them stories of beasts who spoke, and spoke reasonably.

Æsop. They are almost the only people of my acquaintance who do.

Rhodopè. And you call them by the name of *people?*

Æsop. For want of a nobler and a better. Didst thou hear related what I had been saying?

Rhodopè. Yes, every word, and perhaps more.

Æsop. Certainly more; for my audience was of females. But canst thou repeat any portion of the narrative?

Rhodopè. They began by asking you whether all the men in Phrygia were like yourself.

Æsop. Art thou quite certain that this was the real expression they used? Come: no blushes. Do not turn round.

Rhodopè. It had entirely that meaning.

Æsop. Did they not inquire if all Phrygians were such horrible monsters as the one before them?

Rhodopè. O heaven and earth! this man is surely omniscient. Kind guest! do not hurt them for it. Deign to repeat to me, if it is not too troublesome, what you said about the talking beasts.

Æsop. The innocent girls asked me many questions, or

rather half-questions; for never was one finished before another from the same or from a different quarter was begun.

Rhodopè. This is uncivil: I would never have interrupted you.

Æsop. Pray tell me why all that courtesy.

Rhodopè. For fear of losing a little of what you were about to say, or of receiving it somewhat changed. We never say the same thing in the same manner when we have been interrupted. Beside, there are many who are displeased at it; and if you had been, it would have shamed and vexed me.

Æsop. Art thou vexed so easily?

Rhodopè. When I am ashamed I am. I shall be jealous if you are kinder to the others than to me, and if you refuse to tell me the story you told them yesterday.

Æsop. I have never yet made any one jealous; and I will not begin to try my talent on little Rhodopè.

They asked me who governs Phrygia at present. I replied that the Phrygians had just placed themselves under the dominion of a sleek and quiet animal, half-fox, half-ass, named Alopiconos. At one time he seems fox almost entirely; at another, almost entirely ass.

Rhodopè. And can he speak?

Æsop. Few better.

Rhodopè. Are the Phrygians contented with him?

Æsop. They who raised him to power and authority rub their hands rapturously: nevertheless, I have heard several of the principal ones, in the very act of doing it, breathe out from closed teeth, "*The cursed fox!*" and others, "*The cursed ass!*"

Rhodopè. What has he done?

Æsop. He has made the nation the happiest in the world, they tell us.

Rhodopè. How?

Æsop. By imposing a heavy tax on the necessaries of life, and thus making it quite independent.

Rhodopè. O Æsop! I am ignorant of politics, as of every thing else. We Thracians are near Phrygia; our kings, I believe, have not conquered it: what others have?

Æsop. None: but the independence which Alopiconos has conferred upon it is conferred by hindering the corn of other lands, more fertile and less populous, from entering it, until

so many of the inhabitants have died of famine and disease, that there will be imported just enough for the remainder.

Rhodopè. Holy Jupiter! protect my country! and keep for ever its asses and its foxes wider apart!

Tell me more. You know many things that have happened in the world. Beside the strange choice you just related, what is the most memorable thing that has occurred in Phrygia since the Trojan war?

Æsop. An event more memorable preceded it; but nothing since will appear to thee so extraordinary.

Rhodopè. Then tell me only that.

Æsop. It will interest thee less, but the effect is more durable than of the other. Soon after the dethronement of Saturn, with certain preliminary ceremonies, by his eldest son Jupiter, who thus became the legitimate king of gods and men, the lower parts of nature on our earth were likewise much affected. At this season the water in all the rivers of Phrygia was running low, but quietly, so that the bottom was visible in many places, and grew tepid and warm and even hot in some. At last it became agitated and excited; and loud bubbles rose up from it, audible to the ears of Jupiter, declaring that it had an indefeasible right to exercise its voice on all occasions, and of rising to the surface at all seasons. Jupiter, who was ever much given to hilarity, laughed at this; but the louder he laughed, the louder bubbled the mud, beseeching him to thunder and lighten and rain in torrents, and to sweep away dams and dykes and mills and bridges and roads, and moreover all houses in all parts of the country that were not built of mud. Thunder rolled in every quarter of the heavens; the lions and panthers were frightened and growled horribly; the foxes, who are seldom at fault, began to fear for the farm-yards, and were seen with vertical tails, three of which, if put together, would be little stouter than a child's whip for whipping-toys, so thoroughly soaked were they and draggled in the mire: not an animal in the forest could lick itself dry; their tongues ached with attempting it. But the mud gained its cause, and rose above the river-sides. At first it was elated by success; but it had floated in its extravagance no long time before a panic seized it, at hearing out of the clouds the fatal word *teleutaion*, which signifies *final*. It panted and breathed hard; and, at the moment of exhausting the last remnant of

its strength, again it prayed to Jupiter, in a formulary of words which certain borderers of the principal stream suggested, imploring him that it might stop and subside. It did so. The borderers enriched their fields with it, carting it off, tossing it about, and breaking it into powder. But the streams were too dirty for decent men to bathe in them; and scarcely a fountain in all Phrygia had as much pure water, at its very source, as thou couldst carry on thy head in an earthen jar. For several years afterward there were pestilential exhalations, and drought and scarcity, throughout the country.

Rhodopè. This is indeed a memorable event; and yet I never heard of it before.

Æsop. Dost thou like my histories?

Rhodopè. Very much indeed.

Æsop. Both of them?

Rhodopè. Equally.

Æsop. Then, Rhodopè, thou art worthier of instruction than any one I know. I never found an auditor, until the present, who approved of each; one or other of the two was sure to be defective in style or ingenuity: it showed an ignorance of the times or of mankind; it proved only that the narrator was a person of contracted views, and that nothing pleased him.

Rhodopè. How could you have hindered, with as many hands as Gyas, and twenty thongs in each, the fox and ass from uniting? or how could you prevail on Jupiter to keep the mud from bubbling? I have prayed to him for many things more reasonable, and he has never done a single one of them; except the last, perhaps.

Æsop. What was it?

Rhodopè. That he would bestow on me power and understanding to comfort the poor slave from Phrygia.

Æsop. On what art thou reflecting?

Rhodopè. I do not know. Is reflection that which will not lie quiet on the mind, and which makes us ask ourselves questions we cannot answer?

Æsop. Wisdom is but that shadow which we call reflection; dark always, more or less, but usually the most so where there is the most light around it.

Rhodopè. I think I begin to comprehend you; but beware lest any one else should. Men will hate you for it, and may

hurt you; for they will never bear the wax to be melted in the ear, as your words possess the faculty of doing.

Æsop. They may hurt me, but I shall have rendered them a service first.

Rhodopè. O Æsop! if you think so, you must soon begin to instruct me how I may assist you, first in performing the service, and then in averting the danger: for I think you will be less liable to harm if I am with you.

Æsop. Proud child!

Rhodopè. Not yet; I may be then.

Æsop. We must converse about other subjects.

Rhodopè. On what rather?

Æsop. I was accused by thee of attempting to unsettle thy belief in prodigies and portents.

Rhodopè. Teach me what is right and proper in regard to them, and in regard to the gods of this country who send them.

Æsop. We will either let them alone, or worship them as our masters do. But thou mayst be quite sure, O Rhodopè, that if there were any men without heads, or any who ride upon dragons, they would have been worshipped as deities long ago.

Rhodopè. Ay, now you talk reasonably: so they would; at least I think so: I mean only in this country. In Thrace we do not think so unworthily of the gods: we are too afraid of Cerberus for that.

Æsop. Speak lower; or thou wilt raise ill blood between him and Anubis. His three heads could hardly lap milk when Anubis with only one could crack the thickest bone.

Rhodopè. Indeed! how proud you must be to have acquired such knowledge!

Æsop. It is the knowledge which men most value, as being the most profitable to them; but I possess little of it.

Rhodopè. What then will you teach me?

Æsop. I will teach thee, O Rhodopè, how to hold Love by both wings, and how to make a constant companion of an ungrateful guest.

Rhodopè. I think I am already able to manage so little a creature.

Æsop. He hath managed greater creatures than Rhodopè.

Rhodopè. They had no scissors to clip his pinions, and

they did not slap him soon enough on the back of the hand. I have often wished to see him; but I never have seen him yet.

Æsop. Nor any thing like?

Rhodopè. I have touched his statue; and once I stroked it down, all over; very nearly. He seemed to smile at me the more for it, until I was ashamed. I was then a little girl: it was long ago, a year at least.

Æsop. Art thou sure it was such a long while since?

Rhodopè. How troublesome! Yes! I never told anybody but you: and I never would have told you, unless I had been certain that you would find it out by yourself, as you did what those false foolish girls said concerning you. I am sorry to call them by such names, for I am confident that on other things and persons they never speak maliciously or untruly.

Æsop. Not about thee?

Rhodopè. They think me ugly and conceited, because they do not look at me long enough to find out their mistake. I know I am not ugly, and I believe I am not conceited: so I should be silly if I were offended, or thought ill of them in return. But do you yourself always speak the truth, even when you know it? The story of the mud, I plainly see, is a mythos. Yet, after all, it is difficult to believe; and you have scarcely been able to persuade me that the beasts in any country talk and reason, or ever did.

Æsop. Wherever they do, they do one thing more than men do.

Rhodopè. You perplex me exceedingly; but I would not disquiet you at present with more questions. Let me pause and consider a little, if you please. I begin to suspect that, as gods formerly did, you have been turning men into beasts, and beasts into men. But, Æsop, you should never say the thing that is untrue.

Æsop. We say and do and look no other all our lives.

Rhodopè. Do we never know better?

Æsop. Yes; when we cease to please, and to wish it; when death is settling the features, and the cerements are ready to render them unchangeable.

Rhodopè. Alas! alas!

Æsop. Breathe, Rhodopè! breathe again those painless sighs: they belong to thy vernal season. May thy summer

of life be calm, thy autumn calmer, and thy winter never come!

Rhodopè. I must die then earlier.

Æsop. Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present while we are insensible of infirmity and decay: but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodopè, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

Rhodopè. O Æsop! let me rest my head on yours: it throbs and pains me.

Æsop. What are these ideas to thee?

Rhodopè. Sad, sorrowful.

Æsop. Harrows that break the soil, preparing it for wisdom. Many flowers must perish ere a grain of corn be ripened. And now remove thy head: the cheek is cool enough after its little shower of tears.

Rhodopè. How impatient you are of the least pressure?

Æsop. There is nothing so difficult to support imperturbably as the head of a lovely girl. except her grief. Again upon mine, forgetful one! Raise it, remove it, I say! Why wert thou reluctant? why wert thou disobedient? Nay, look not so. It is I (and thou shalt know it) who should look reproachfully.

Rhodopè. Reproachfully? did I? I was only wishing you would love me better, that I might come and see you often.

Æsop. Come often and see me, if thou wilt; but expect no love from me.

Rhodopè. Yet how gently and gracefully you have spoken and acted, all the time we have been together. You have rendered the most abstruse things intelligible, without once grasping my hand, or putting your fingers among my curls.

Æsop. I should have feared to encounter the displeasure of two persons if I had.

Rhodopè. And well you might. They would scourge you, and scold me.

Æsop. That is not the worst.

Rhodopè. The stocks too, perhaps.

Æsop. All these are small matters to the slave.

Rhodopè. If they befell you, I would tear my hair and my cheeks, and put my knees under your ancles. Of whom should you have been afraid?

Æsop. Of Rhodopè and of Æsop. Modesty in man, O Rhodopè, is perhaps the rarest and most difficult of virtues: but intolerable pain is the pursuer of its infringement. Then follow days without content, nights without sleep, throughout a stormy season; a season of impetuous deluge which no fertility succeeds.

Rhodopè. My mother often told me to learn modesty, when I was at play among the boys.

Æsop. Modesty in girls is not an acquirement, but a gift of nature; and it costs as much trouble and pain in the possessor to eradicate, as the fullest and firmest lock of hair would do.

Rhodopè. Never shall I be induced to believe that men at all value it in themselves, or much in us; although from idleness or from rancor they would take it away from us whenever they can.

Æsop. And very few of you are pertinacious: if you run after them, as you often do, it is not to get it back.

Rhodopè. I would never run after any one, not even you; I would only ask you, again and again, to love me.

Æsop. Expect no love from me. I will impart to thee all my wisdom, such as it is: but girls like our folly best. Thou shalt never get a particle of mine from me.

Rhodopè. Is love foolish?

Æsop. At thy age and at mine. I do not love thee: if I did, I would the more forbid thee ever to love *me*.

Rhodopè. Strange man!

Æsop. Strange, indeed! When a traveller is about to wander on a desert, it is strange to lead him away from it; strange to point out to him the verdant path he should pursue, where the tamarisk and lentisk and acacia wave overhead, where the reseda is cool and tender to the foot that presses it, and where a thousand colors sparkle in the sunshine, on fountains incessantly gushing forth.

Rhodopè. Xanthus has all these; and I could be amid them in a moment.

Æsop. Why art not thou?

Rhodopè. I know not exactly. Another day perhaps. I am afraid of snakes this morning. Beside, I think it may be sultry out of doors. Does not the wind blow from Libya?

Æsop. It blows as it did yesterday when I came over, fresh across the Ægean, and from Thrace. Thou mayest venture into the morning air.

Rhodopè. No hours are so adapted to study as those of the morning. But will you teach me? I shall so love you if you will.

Æsop. If thou wilt *not* love me, I will teach thee.

Rhodopè. Unreasonable man!

Æsop. Art thou aware what those mischievous little hands are doing?

Rhodopè. They are tearing off the golden hem from the bottom of my robe; but it is stiff and difficult to detach.

Æsop. Why tear it off?

Rhodopè. To buy your freedom. Do you spring up, and turn away, and cover your face from me?

Æsop. My freedom! Go, Rhodopè! Rhodopè! This, of all things, I shall never owe to thee.

Rhodopè. Proud man! and you tell me to go, do you? do you? Answer me at least! Must I? and so soon?

Æsop. Child! begone!

Rhodopè. O Æsop! you are already more my master than Xanthus is. I will run and tell him so; and I will implore of him, upon my knees, never to impose on *you* a command so hard to obey.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Æsop. And so, our fellow-slaves are given to contention on the score of dignity?

Rhodopè. I do not believe they are much addicted to contention; for, whenever the good Xanthus hears a signal of such misbehavior, he either brings a scourge into the midst of them, or sends our lady to scold them smartly for it.

Æsop. Admirable evidence against their propensity!

Rhodopè. I will not have you find them out so, nor laugh at them.

Æsop. Seeing that the good Xanthus and our lady are equally fond of thee, and always visit thee both together, the girls, however envious, cannot well or safely be arrogant, but must of necessity yield the first place to thee.

Rhodopè. They indeed are observant of the kindness thus bestowed upon me; yet they afflict me by taunting me continually with what I am unable to deny.

Æsop. If it is true, it ought little to trouble thee; if untrue, less. I know, for I have looked into nothing else of late, no evil can thy heart have admitted: a sigh of thine before the gods would remove the heaviest that could fall on it. Pray tell me what it may be. Come, be courageous; be cheerful! I can easily pardon a smile if thou empleadest me of curiosity.

Rhodopè. They remark to me that enemies or robbers took them forcibly from their parents — and that — and that —

Æsop. Likely enough: what then? Why desist from speaking? why cover thy face with thy hair and hands? Rhodopè! Rhodopè! dost thou weep, moreover?

Rhodopè. It is so, sure?

Æsop. Was the fault thine?

Rhodopè. O that it were! — if there was any.

Æsop. While it pains thee to tell it, keep thy silence; but when utterance is a solace, then impart it.

Rhodopè. They remind me (oh! who could have had the cruelty to relate it!) that my father, my own dear father —

Æsop. Say not the rest: I know it: his day was come.

Rhodopè. — sold me, sold me. You start: you did not at the lightning last night, nor at the rolling sounds above. And do you, generous Æsop! do you also call a misfortune a disgrace?

Æsop. If it is, I am among the most disgraceful of men. Didst thou dearly love thy father?

Rhodopè. All loved him. He was very fond of me.

Æsop. And yet sold thee! sold thee to a stranger!

Rhodopè. He was the kindest of all kind fathers, nevertheless. Nine summers ago, you may have heard perhaps, there was a grievous famine in our land of Thrace.

Æsop. I remember it perfectly.

Rhodopè. O poor Æsop! and were you too famishing in your native Phrygia?

Æsop. The calamity extended beyond the narrow sea that separates our countries. My appetite was sharpened; but the appetite and the wits are equally set on the same grindstone.

Rhodopè. I was then scarcely five years old; my mother died the year before: my father sighed at every funereal, but he sighed more deeply at every bridal, song. He loved me because he loved her who bore me: and yet I made him sorrowful whether I cried or smiled. If ever I vexed him, it was because I would not play when he told me, but made him, by my weeping, weep again.

Æsop. And yet he could endure to lose thee! he, thy father! Could any other? could any who lives on the fruits of the earth, endure it? O age, that art incumbent over me! blessed be thou; thrice blessed! Not that thou stillest the tumults of the heart, and promisest eternal calm, but that, prevented by thy beneficence, I never shall experience this only intolerable wretchedness.

Rhodopè. Alas! alas!

Æsop. Thou art now happy, and shouldst not utter that useless exclamation.

Rhodopè. You said something angrily and vehemently when you stepped aside. Is it not enough that the handmaidens doubt the kindness of my father? Must so virtuous and so wise a man as Æsop blame him also?

Æsop. Perhaps he is little to be blamed; certainly he is much to be pitied.

Rhodopè. Kind heart! on which mine must never rest!

Æsop. Rest on it for comfort and for counsel when they fail thee: rest on it, as the deities on the breast of mortals, to console and purify it.

Rhodopè. Could I remove any sorrow from it, I should be contented.

Æsop. Then be so; and proceed in thy narrative.

Rhodopè. Bear with me a little yet. My thoughts have overpowered my words, and now themselves are overpowered and scattered.

Forty-seven days ago (this is only the forty-eighth since I

beheld you first) I was a child; I was ignorant, I was careless.

Æsop. If these qualities are signs of childhood, the universe is a nursery.

Rhodopè. Affliction, which makes many wiser, had no such effect on me. But reverence and love (why should I hesitate at the one avowal more than at the other?) came over me, to ripen my understanding.

Æsop. O Rhodopè! we must loiter no longer upon this discourse.

Rhodopè. Why not?

Æsop. Pleasant is yonder beanfield, seen over the high papyrus when it waves and bends: deep laden with the sweet heaviness of its odor is the listless air that palpitates dizzily above it; but Death is lurking for the slumberer beneath its blossoms.

Rhodopè. You must not love then, — but may not I?

Æsop. We will, — but —

Rhodopè. We! O sound that is to vibrate on my breast for ever! O hour, happier than all other hours since time began! O gracious gods! who brought me into bondage!

Æsop. Be calm, be composed, be circumspect. We must hide our treasure that we may not lose it.

Rhodopè. I do not think that you can love me; and I fear and tremble to hope so. Ah, yes; you have said you did. But again you only look at me, and sigh as if you repented.

Æsop. Unworthy as I may be of thy fond regard, I am not unworthy of thy fullest confidence: why distrust me?

Rhodopè. Never will I! — never, never! To know that I possess your love surpasses all other knowledge, dear as is all that I receive from you. I should be tired of my own voice if I heard it on aught beside: and even yours is less melodious in any other sound than *Rhodopè.*

Æsop. Do such little girls learn to flatter?

Rhodopè. Teach me how to speak, since you could not teach me how to be silent.

Æsop. Speak no longer of me, but of thyself; and only of things that never pain thee.

Rhodopè. Nothing can pain me now.

Æsop. Relate thy story then, from infancy.

Rhodopè. I must hold your hand: I am afraid of losing you again.

Æsop. Now begin. Why silent so long?

Rhodopè. I have dropped all memory of what is told by me and what is untold.

Æsop. Recollect a little. I can be patient with this hand in mine.

Rhodopè. I am not certain that yours is any help to recollection.

Æsop. Shall I remove it?

Rhodopè. Oh! now I think I can recall the whole story. What did you say? did you ask any question?

Æsop. None, excepting what thou hast answered.

Rhodopè. Never shall I forget the morning when my father, sitting in the coolest part of the house, exchanged his last measure of grain for a chlamys of scarlet cloth fringed with silver. He watched the merchant out of the door, and then looked wistfully into the corn-chest. I, who thought there was something worth seeing, looked in also, and, finding it empty, expressed my disappointment, not thinking however about the corn. A faint and transient smile came over his countenance at the sight of mine. He unfolded the chlamys, stretched it out with both hands before me, and then cast it over my shoulders. I looked down on the glittering fringe and screamed with joy. He then went out; and I know not what flowers he gathered, but he gathered many; and some he placed in my bosom, and some in my hair. But I told him with captious pride, first that I could arrange them better, and again that I would have only the white. However, when he had selected all the white, and I had placed a few of them according to my fancy, I told him (rising in my slipper) he might crown me with the remainder. The splendor of my apparel gave me a sensation of authority. Soon as the flowers had taken their station on my head, I expressed a dignified satisfaction at the taste displayed by my father, just as if I could have seen how they appeared! But he knew that there was at least as much pleasure as pride in it, and perhaps we divided the latter (alas! not both) pretty equally. He now took me into the market-place, where a concourse of people was waiting for the purchase of slaves. Merchants came and looked at me; some commending, others disparag-

ing; but all agreeing that I was slender and delicate, that I could not live long, and that I should give much trouble. Many would have bought the chlamys, but there was something less salable in the child and flowers.

Æsop. Had thy features been coarse and thy voice rustic, they would all have patted thy cheeks and found no fault in thee.

Rhodopè. As it was, every one had bought exactly such another in time past, and been a loser by it. At these speeches I perceived the flowers tremble slightly on my bosom, from my father's agitation. Although he scoffed at them, knowing my healthiness, he was troubled internally, and said many short prayers, not very unlike imprecations, turning his head aside. Proud was I, prouder than ever, when at last several talents were offered for me, and by the very man who in the beginning had undervalued me the most, and prophesied the worst of me. My father scowled at him, and refused the money. I thought he was playing a game, and began to wonder what it could be, since I never had seen it played before. Then I fancied it might be some celebration because plenty had returned to the city, insomuch that my father had bartered the last of the corn he hoarded. I grew more and more delighted at the sport. But soon there advanced an elderly man, who said gravely, "Thou hast stolen this child: her vesture alone is worth above a hundred drachmas. Carry her home again to her parents, and do it directly, or Nemesis and the Eumenides will overtake thee." Knowing the estimation in which my father had always been holden by his fellow-citizens, I laughed again, and pinched his ear. He, although naturally choleric, burst forth into no resentment at these reproaches, but said calmly, "I think I know thee by name, O guest! Surely thou art Xanthus the Samian. Deliver this child from famine."

Again I laughed aloud and heartily; and, thinking it was now my part of the game, I held out both my arms and protruded my whole body towards the stranger. He would not receive me from my father's neck, but he asked me with benignity and solicitude if I was hungry; at which I laughed again, and more than ever: for it was early in the morning, soon after the first meal, and my father had nourished me most carefully and plentifully in all the days of the famine.

But Xanthus, waiting for no answer, took out of a sack, which one of his slaves carried at his side, a cake of wheaten bread and a piece of honey-comb, and gave them to me. I held the honey-comb to my father's mouth, thinking it the most of a dainty. He dashed it to the ground; but, seizing the bread, he began to devour it ferociously. This also I thought was in play; and I clapped my hands at his distortions. But Xanthus looked on him like one afraid, and smote the cake from him, crying aloud, "Name the price." My father now placed me in his arms, naming a price much below what the other had offered, saying, "The gods are ever with thee, O Xanthus! therefore to thee do I consign my child." But while Xanthus was counting out the silver, my father seized the cake again, which the slave had taken up and was about to replace in the wallet. His hunger was exasperated by the taste and the delay. Suddenly there arose much tumult. Turning round in the old woman's bosom who had received me from Xanthus, I saw my beloved father struggling on the ground, livid and speechless. The more violent my cries, the more rapidly they hurried me away; and many were soon between us. Little was I suspicious that he had suffered the pangs of famine long before: alas! and he had suffered them for me. Do I weep while I am telling you they ended? I could not have closed his eyes; I was too young: but I might have received his last breath, the only comfort of an orphan's bosom. Do you now think him blamable, O Æsop?

Æsop. It was sublime humanity: it was forbearance and self-denial which even the immortal gods have never shown us. He could endure to perish by those torments which alone are both acute and slow; he could number the steps of death and miss not one: but he could never see thy tears, nor let thee see his. O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast, than permits it to prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful. The dominion of Pity has usually this extent, no wider. Thy father was exposed to the obloquy not only of the malicious, but also of the ignorant and thoughtless, who condemn in the unfortunate what they applaud in the prosperous. There is no shame in poverty or in slavery, if we neither make ourselves poor by our improvidence nor slaves

by our venality. The lowest and highest of the human race are sold: most of the intermediate are also slaves, but slaves who bring no money in the market.

Rhodopè. Surely the great and powerful are never to be purchased, are they?

Æsop. It may be a defect in my vision, but I cannot see greatness on the earth. What they tell me is great and aspiring, to me seems little and crawling. Let me meet thy question with another. What monarch gives his daughter for nothing? Either he receives stone walls and unwilling cities in return, or he barters her for a parcel of spears and horses and horsemen, waving away from his declining and helpless age young joyous life, and trampling down the freshest and the sweetest memories. Midas in the height of prosperity would have given his daughter to Lycaon, rather than to the gentlest, the most virtuous, the most intelligent of his subjects. Thy father threw wealth aside, and, placing thee under the protection of Virtue, rose up from the house of Famine to partake in the festivals of the gods.

Release my neck, O Rhodopè! for I have other questions to ask of thee about him.

Rhodopè. To hear thee converse on him in such a manner I can do even that.

Æsop. Before the day of separation was he never sorrowful? Did he never by tears or silence reveal the secret of his soul?

Rhodopè. I was too infantine to perceive or imagine his intention. The night before I became the slave of Xanthus, he sat on the edge of my bed. I pretended to be asleep: he moved away silently and softly. I saw him collect in the hollow of his hand the crumbs I had wasted on the floor, and then eat them, and then look if any were remaining. I thought he did so out of fondness for me, remembering that, even before the famine, he had often swept up off the table the bread I had broken, and had made me put it between his lips. I would not dissemble very long but said, —

"Come, now you have wakened me, you must sing me asleep again, as you did when I was little."

He smiled faintly at this, and, after some delay, when he had walked up and down the chamber, thus began: —

"I will sing to thee one song more, my wakeful Rhodopè!

my chirping bird! over whom is no mother's wing! That it may lull thee asleep, I will celebrate no longer, as in the days of wine and plenteousness, the glory of Mars, guiding in their invisibly rapid onset the dappled steeds of Rhæsus. What hast thou to do, my little one, with arrows tired of clustering in the quiver? How much quieter is thy pallet than the tents which whitened the plain of Simöis! What knowest thou about the river Eurotas? What knowest thou about its ancient palace, once trodden by assembled gods, and then polluted by the Phrygian? What knowest thou of perfidious men or of sanguinary deeds?

"Pardon me, O goddess who presidest in Cythera! I am not irreverent to thee, but ever grateful. May she upon whose brow I lay my hand praise and bless thee for evermore!

"Ah yes! continue to hold up above the coverlet those fresh and rosy palms clasped together: her benefits have descended on thy beauteous head, my child! The Fates also have sung, beyond thy hearing, of pleasanter scenes than snow-fed Hebrus; of more than dim grottoes and sky-bright waters. Even now a low murmur swells upward to my ear: and not from the spindle comes the sound, but from those who sing slowly over it, bending all three their tremulous heads together. I wish thou could'st hear it; for seldom are their voices so sweet. Thy pillow intercepts the song perhaps: lie down again, lie down, my Rhodopè! I will repeat what they are saying: —

"'Happier shalt thou be, nor less glorious, than even she, the truly beloved, for whose return to the distaff and the lyre the portals of Tænarus flew open. In the woody dells of Ismarus, and when she bathed among the swans of Strymon, the nymphs called her Eurydicè. Thou shalt behold that fairest and that fondest one hereafter. But first thou must go unto the land of the lotos, where famine never cometh, and where alone the works of man are immortal.'

"O my child! the undeceiving Fates have uttered this. Other powers have visited me, and have strengthened my heart with dreams and visions. We shall meet again, my Rhodopè! in shady groves and verdant meadows, and we shall sit by the side of those who loved us."

He was rising: I threw my arms about his neck, and, be-

fore I would let him go, I made him promise to place me, not by the side, but between them; for I thought of her who had left us. At that time there were but two, O Æsop!

You ponder: you are about to reprove my assurance in having thus repeated my own praises. I would have omitted some of the words, only that it might have disturbed the measure and cadences, and have put me out. They are the very words my dearest father sang; and they are the last. Yet, shame upon me! the nurse (the same who stood listening near, who attended me into this country) could remember them more perfectly: it is from her I have learned them since; she often sings them, even by herself.

Æsop. So shall others. There is much both in them and in thee to render them memorable.

Rhodopè. Who flatters now?

Æsop. Flattery often runs beyond Truth, in a hurry to embrace her; but not here. The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, would never misinterpret the prophecy of the Fates.

If, turning back, I could overpass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain-top, and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we would enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand in hand, O Rhodopè! and we would only sigh at last when we found ourselves below with others.

III. SOLON AND PISISTRATUS.

Pisistratus. Here is a proof, Solon, if any were wanting, that either my power is small or my inclination to abuse it: you speak just as freely to me as formerly, and add unreservedly, which you never did before, the keenest sarcasms and the bitterest reproaches. Even such a smile as that, so expressive of incredulity and contempt, would arouse a desire of vengeance, difficult to control, in any whom you could justly call impostor and usurper.

Solon. I do you no injustice, Pisistratus, which I should do if I feared you. Neither your policy nor your temper, neither your early education nor the society you have since frequented, and whose power over the mind and affections you cannot at once throw off, would permit you to kill or imprison, or even to insult or hurt me. Such an action, you well know, would excite in the people of Athens as vehement a sensation as your imposture of the wounds, and you would lose your authority as rapidly as you acquired it. This, however, you also know, is not the consideration which hath induced me to approach you, and to entreat your return, while the path is yet open, to reason and humanity.

Pisistratus. What inhumanity, my friend, have I committed?

Solon. No deaths, no tortures, no imprisonments, no stripes; but worse than these: the conversion of our species into a lower; a crime which the poets never feigned, in the wild attempts of the Titans or others who rebelled against the gods and against the order they established here below.

Pisistratus. Why then should you feign it of me?

Solon. I do not feign it: and you yourself shall bear me witness that no citizen is further removed from falsehood, from the perversion of truth by the heat of passion, than Solon. Choose between the friendship of the wise and the adulation of the vulgar. Choose, do I say, Pisistratus? No, you cannot: your choice is already made. Choose then between a city in the dust and a city flourishing.

Pisistratus. How so? who could hesitate?

Solon. If the souls of the citizens are debased, who cares whether its walls and houses be still upright or thrown down? When free men become the property of one, when they are brought to believe that their interests repose on him alone, and must arise from him, their best energies are broken irreparably. They consider his will as the rule of their conduct, leading to emolument and dignity, securing from spoliation, from scorn, from contumely, from chains, and seize this compendious blessing (such they think it) without exertion and without reflection. From which cause alone there are several ancient nations so abject, that they have not produced in many thousand years as many rational creatures as we have seen together round one table in the narrowest lane of Athens.

Pisistratus. But, Solon, you yourself are an example, ill treated as you have been, that the levity of the Athenian people requires a guide and leader.

Solon. There are those who, by their discourses and conduct, inflate and push forward this levity, that the guide and leader may be called for; and who then offer their kind services, modestly, and by means of friends, in pity to the weakness of their fellow-citizens, taking care not only of their follies, but also their little store of wisdom, putting it out to interest where they see fit, and directing how and where it shall be expended. Generous hearts! the Lacedemonians themselves, in the excess of their democracy, never were more zealous that corn and oil should be thrown into the common stock, than these are that minds should, and that no one swell a single line above another. Their own meanwhile are fully adequate to all necessary and useful purposes, and constitute them a superintending Providence over the rest.

Pisistratus. Solon, I did not think you so addicted to derision: you make me join you. This in the latter part is a description of despotism; a monster of Asia, and not yet known even in the most uncivilized region of Europe. For the Thracians and others, who have chieftains, have no kings, much less despots. In speaking of them we use the word carelessly, not thinking it worth our while to form names for such creatures, any more than to form collars and bracelets for them, or rings (if they use them) for their ears and noses.

Solon. Preposterous as this is, there are things more so, under our eyes: for instance, that the sound should become lame, the wise foolish, and this by no affliction of disease or age. You go further; and appear to wish that a man should become a child again: for what is it else, when he has governed himself, that he should go back to be governed by another? and for no better reason than because, as he is told, that other has been knocked down and stabbed. Incontrovertible proofs of his strength, his prudence, and the love he has been capable of conciliating in those about him!

Pisistratus. Solon! it would better become the gravity of your age, the dignity of your character, and the office you assume of adviser, to address me with decorous and liberal moderation, and to treat me as you find me.

Solon. So small a choice of words is left us, when we pass

out of Atticism into barbarism, that I know not whether you, distinguished as you are both for the abundance and the selection of them, would call yourself in preference *king* or *tyrant*. The latter is usually the most violent, at least in the beginning; the former the most pernicious. Tyrants, like ravens and vultures, are solitary: they either are swept off, or languish and pine away, and leave no brood in their places. Kings, as the origin of them is amid the swamps and wildernesses, take deeper root, and germinate more broadly in the loose and putrescent soil, and propagate their likenesses for several generations; a brood which (such is the power of habitude) does not seem monstrous, even to those whose corn, wine, and oil it swallows up every day, and whose children it consumes in its freaks and festivals. I am ignorant under what number of them, at the present day, mankind in various countries lies prostrate; just as ignorant as I am how many are the deserts and caverns of the earth, or the eddies and whirlpools of the sea; but I should not be surprised to find it stated that, in Asia and Africa, there may be a dozen, greater or less. Europe has never been amazed at such a portent, either in the most corrupted or the most uncivilized of her nations, as a hereditary chief in possession of absolute power.

Pisistratus. The first despots were tyrannical and cruel.

Solon. And so the last will be. This is wanting, on some occasions, to arouse a people from the lethargy of servitude; and therefore I would rather see the cruelest usurper than the mildest king. Under him men lose the dignity of their nature: under the other they recover it.

Pisistratus. Hereditary kings too have been dethroned.

Solon. Certainly: for, besotted as those must be who have endured them, some subject at last hath had the hardihood and spirit to kick that fellow in the face and trample on him, who insists that the shoe must fit him because it fitted his father and grandfather, and that, if his foot will not enter, he will pare and rasp it.

Pisistratus. The worst of wickedness is that of bearing hard on the unfortunate, and near it is that of running down the fortunate: yet these are the two commonest occupations of mankind. We are despised if we are helpless; we are teased by petulance and tormented by reprehension if we are

strong. One tribe of barbarians would drag us into their own dry deserts, and strip us to the skin: another would pierce us with arrows for being naked. What is to be done?

Solon. Simpler men run into no such perplexities. Your great wisdom, O Pisistratus, will enable you in some measure to defend your conduct; but your heart is the more vulnerable from its very greatness.

Pisistratus. I intend to exert the authority that is conferred on me by the people, in the maintenance of your laws, knowing no better.

Solon. Better there may be, but you will render worse necessary; and would you have it said hereafter by those who read them, "Pisistratus was less wise than Solon"?

Pisistratus. It must be said; for none among men hath enjoyed so high a character as you, in wisdom and integrity.

Solon. Either you lie now, Pisistratus, or you lied when you abolished my institutions.

Pisistratus. They exist, and shall exist, I swear to you.

Solon. Yes, they exist like the letters in a burned paper, which are looked down on from curiosity, and just legible, while the last of the consuming fire is remaining; but they crumble at a touch, and indeed fly before it, weightless and incoherent.

Do you desire, Pisistratus, that your family shall inherit your anxieties? If you really feel none yourself, which you never will persuade me, nor (I think) attempt it, still you may be much happier, much more secure and tranquil, by ceasing to possess what you have acquired of late, provided you cease early; for long possession of any property makes us anxious to retain it, and insensible, if not to the cares it brings with it, at least to the real cause of them. Tyrants will never be persuaded that their alarms and sorrows, their perplexity and melancholy, are the product of tyranny: they will not attribute a tittle of them to their own obstinacy and perverseness, but look for it all in another's. They would move every thing and be moved by nothing; and yet lighter things move them than any other particle of mankind.

Pisistratus. You are talking, Solon, of mere fools.

Solon. The worst of fools, Pisistratus, are those who once had wisdom. Not to possess what is good is a misfortune; to throw it away is a folly: but to change what we know hath

served us, and would serve us still, for what never has and never can ; for what on the contrary hath always been pernicious to the holder, — is the action of an incorrigible idiot. Observations on arbitrary power can never be made usefully to its possessors. There is not a foot-page about them at the bath whose converse on this subject is not more reasonable than mine would be. I could adduce no argument which he would not controvert, by the magical words "practical things," and "present times:" a shrug of the shoulder would overset all that my meditations have taught me in half a century of laborious inquiry and intense thought. "These are theories," he would tell his master, "fit for Attica before the olive was sown among us. Old men must always have their way. Will their own gray beards never teach them that time changes things?"

One fortune hath ever befallen those whom the indignant gods have cursed with despotical power: to feed upon falsehood, to loath and sicken at truth, to avoid the friendly, to discard the wise, to suspect the honest, and to abominate the brave. Like grubs in rotten kernels they coil up for safety in dark hollowness, and see nothing but death in bursting from it. Although they place violence in the highest rank of dignities and virtues, and draw closely round their bodies those whose valor, from the centre to the extremities, should animate the State, yet they associate the most intimately with singers, with buffoons, with tellers of tales, with prodigies of eating and drinking, with mountebanks, with diviners. These captivate and enthrall their enfeebled and abject spirits ; and the first cry that rouses them from their torpor is the cry that demands their blood. Then would it appear by their countenances, that all they had scattered among thousands had come secretly back again to its vast repository, and was issuing forth from every limb and feature, from every pore, from every hair upon their heads.

What is man at last, O Pisistratus, when he is all he hath ever wished to be, — the fortunate, the powerful, the supreme? Life in its fairest form (such he considers it) comes only to flatter and deceive him. Disappointments take their turn, and harass him ; weakness and maladies cast him down ; pleasures catch him again when he rises from them, to misguide and blind and carry him away ; ambition struggles with

those pleasures, and only in struggling with them seems to be his friend, — they mar one another, and distract him ; enemies encompass him ; associates desert him ; rivalries thwart, persecutions haunt him ; another's thoughts molest and injure him ; his own do worse than join with them : and yet he shudders and shrinks back at nothing so much as the creaking of that door by which alone there is any escape.

Pisistratus ! O Pisistratus ! do we tire out the patience of mankind, do we prey upon our hearts, for this ? Does Nature crave it ? Does wisdom dictate it ? Can power avert it ? Descend then from a precipice it is difficult to stand, it is impossible to repose on. Take the arm that would lead you and support you back, and restore you to your friends and country. He who places himself far above them is (any child might tell you) far from them. What on earth can be imagined so horrible and disheartening as to live without ever seeing one creature of the same species ! Being a tyrant or despot, you are in this calamity. Imprisonment in a dungeon could not reduce you to it : false friends have done that for you which enemies could but attempt. If such is the harvest of their zeal when they are unsated and alert, what is that which remains to be gathered in by you when they are full and weary ? Bitterness ; the bitterness of infamy ! And how will you quench it ? By swallowing the gall of self-reproach !

Let me put to you a few questions, near to the point : you will answer them, I am confident, easily and affably.

Pisistratus, have you not felt yourself the happier, when in the fulness of your heart you have made a large offering to the gods ?

Pisistratus. Solon, I am not impious : I have made many such offerings to them, and have always been the happier.

Solon. Did they need your sacrifice ?

Pisistratus. They need nothing from us mortals ; but I was happy in the performance of what I have been taught is my duty.

Solon. Piously, virtuously, and reasonably said, my friend. The gods did not indeed want your sacrifice : they who give every thing can want nothing. The Athenians *do* want a sacrifice from you : *they* have an urgent necessity of something ; the necessity of that very thing which you have taken from them, and which it can cost you nothing to replace.

You have always been happier, you confess, in giving to the gods what you could have yourself used in your own house: believe me, you will not be less so in giving back to your fellow-citizens what you have taken out of theirs, and what you very well know they will seize when they can, together with your property and life. You have been taught, you tell me, that sacrifice to the gods is a duty; be it so: but who taught you it? Was it a wiser man than you or I? Or was it at a time of life when your reason was more mature than at present, or your interests better understood? No good man ever gave any thing without being the more happy for it, unless to the undeserving, nor ever took any thing away without being the less so. But here is anxiety and suspicion, a fear of the strong, a subjection to the weak; here is fawning, in order to be fawned on again, as among suckling whelps half awake. He alone is the master of his fellow-men, who can instruct and improve them; while he who makes the people another thing from what it was is master of that other thing, but not of the people. And supposing we could direct the city exactly as we would, is our greatness to be founded on this? A ditcher may do greater things: he may turn a torrent (a thing even more turbid and more precipitate) by his ditch. A sudden increase of power, like a sudden increase of blood, gives pleasure; but the new excitement being once gratified the pleasure ceases.

I do not imagine the children of the powerful to be at any time more contented than the children of others, although I concede that the powerful themselves may be so for some moments, paying however very dearly for those moments, by more in quantity and in value. Give a stranger, who has rendered you no service, four talents: the suddenness of the gift surprises and delights him; take them away again, saying, "Excuse me, I intended them for your brother; yet, not wholly to disappoint you, I give you two," — what think you; do you augment or diminish that man's store of happiness?

Pisistratus. It must depend on his temper and character; but I think in nearly all instances you would diminish it.

Solon. Certainly. When we cannot have what we expect, we are dissatisfied; and what we have ceases to afford us pleasure. We are like infants: deprive them of one toy, and they push the rest away, or break them, and turn their faces from you, crying inconsolably.

If you desire an increase of happiness, do not look for it, O Pisistratus, in an increase of power. Follow the laws of Nature on the earth. Spread the seeds of it far and wide: your crop shall be in proportion to your industry and liberality. What you concentrate in yourself, you stifle; you propagate what you communicate.

Still silent? Who is at the door?

Pisistratus. The boys.

Solon. Come, my little fugitives, turn back again hither! Come to me, Hippias and Hipparchus! I wish you had entered earlier, that you might have witnessed my expostulation with your father, and that your tender age might have produced upon him the effect my declining one has failed in. Children, you have lost your patrimony. Start not, Pisistratus! I do not tell them that you have squandered it away; no, I will never teach them irreverence to their parent: aid me, I entreat you, to teach them reverence. Do not, while the thing is recoverable, deprive them of filial love, of a free city, of popular esteem, of congenial sports, of kind confidence, of that which all ages run in pursuit of, — equals. Children seek those of the same age, men those of the same condition. Misfortunes come upon all: who can best ward them off? Not those above us nor those below, but those on a level with ourselves. Tell me, Pisistratus, what arm hath ever raised up the pillow of a dying despot? He hath loosened the bonds of nature: in no hour, and least of all in the last, can they be strengthened and drawn together. It is a custom, as you know — for you have not yet forgotten all our customs — to conduct youths with us when we mark the boundaries of our lands, that they may give their testimony on any suit about them in time to come. Unfortunate boys! their testimony cannot be received; the landmarks are removed from their own inheritance by their own father. Armed men are placed in front of them for ever, and their pleasantest walks throughout life must be guarded by armed men. Who would endure it? — one of the hardest things to which the captive, or even the criminal, is condemned. The restraints which every one would wish away are eternally about them; those which the best of us require through life are removed from them on entering it. Their passions not only are uncontrolled, but excited, fed, and flattered by all around, and mostly by their

teachers. Do not expose them to worse monsters than the young Athenians were exposed to in the time of Theseus. Never hath our city, before or since, endured such calamity, such ignominy. A king, a conqueror, an injured and exasperated enemy, imposed them: shall a citizen, shall a beneficent man, shall a father, devise more cruel and more shameful terms, and admit none but his own offspring to fulfil them? That monster perhaps was fabulous. Oh that these were so! and that pride, injustice, lust, were tractable to any clew or conquerable by any courage of despotism!

Weak man! will sighing suffocate them? — will holding down the head confound them?

Hippias and Hipparchus! you are now the children of Solon, the orphans of Pisistratus. If I have any wisdom, it is the wisdom of experience: it shall cost you nothing from me, from others much. I present to you a fruit which the gods themselves have fenced round, not only from the animals, but from most men; one which I have nurtured and watched day and night for seventy years, reckoning from the time when my letters and duties were first taught me; a lovely, sweet, and wholesome fruit, my children, and which, like the ambrosia of the blessed in Olympus, grows by participation and enjoyment.

You receive it attentively and gratefully: your father, who ought to know its value, listens and rejects it. I am not angry with him for this; and, if I censure him before you, I blame myself also in his presence. Too frequently have I repeated my admonition. I am throwing my time away, I who have so little left me: I am consuming my heart with sorrow, when sorrow and solicitudes should have ceased; and for whom? — for him principally who will derive no good from it, and will suffer none to flow on others, not even on those the dearest to him. Think, my children, how unwise a man is Solon, how hard a man Pisistratus, how mistaken in both are the Athenians. Study to avoid our errors, to correct our faults; and by simplicity of life, by moderation in your hopes and wishes, to set a purer and (grant it, Heaven!) a more stable example than we have done.

IV. ANACREON AND POLYCRATES.

Polycrates. Embrace me, my brother poet.

Anacreon. What have you written, Polycrates?

Polycrates. Nothing. But invention is the primary part of us; and the mere finding of a brass ring in the belly of a dog-fish has afforded me a fine episode in royalty. You could not have made so much out of it.

Anacreon. I have heard various stories this morning about the matter: and, to say the truth, my curiosity led me hither.

Polycrates. It was thus. I ordered my cook to open, in the presence of ten or twelve witnesses, a fat mullet, and to take out of it an emerald ring, which I had laid aside from the time when, as you may remember, I felt some twitches of the gout in my knuckle.

Anacreon. The brass ring was really found in a fish some time ago: might not a second seem suspicious? And with what object is this emerald one extracted from such another mine?

Polycrates. To prove the constancy and immutability of my fortune. It is better for a prince to be fortunate than wise: people know that his fortune may be communicated, his wisdom not; and, if it could, nobody would take it who could as readily carry off a drachma. In fact, to be fortunate is to be powerful, and not only without the danger of it, but without the displeasure.

Anacreon. Ministers are envied, princes never; because envy can exist there only where something (as people think) may be raised or destroyed. You were proceeding very smoothly with your reflections, Polycrates; but, with all their profundity, are you unaware that mullets do not eat such things?

Polycrates. True; the people however swallow any thing; and, the further out of the course of nature the action is, the greater name for good fortune, or rather for the favor of Divine providence, shall I acquire.

Anacreon. Is that the cook yonder?

Polycrates. Yes; and he also has had some share of the same gifts. I have rewarded him with an Attic talent: he

seems to be laying the gold pieces side by side, or in lines and quincunxes, just as if they were so many dishes.

Anacreon. I go to him and see. — By Jupiter! my friend, you have made no bad kettle of fish of it to-day. — The fellow does not hear me. Let us hope, Polycrates, that it may not break in turning out. If your cook was remunerated so magnificently, what must you have done for the fisherman!

Polycrates. He was paid the price of his fish.

Anacreon. Royally said and done! Your former plan was more extensive. To feign that a brazen ring was the ring of Gyges is indeed in itself no great absurdity; but to lay claim to the kingdom of Lydia by the possession of it was extravagant. Crœsus is unwarlike and weak, confident and supercilious; and you had prepared the minds of his officers by your liberality, not to mention the pity and sorrow we put together over our wine, ready to pour it forth on the bleeding hearts of his subjects treated so ungenerously for their fidelity. Yet your own people might require, at least once a year, the proof of your invisibility in public by putting on the brazen ring.

Polycrates. I had devised as much; nothing is easier than an optical deception, at the distance that kings on solemn occasions keep from the people. A cloud of incense rising from under the floor through several small apertures, and other contrivances were in readiness. But I abandoned my first design, and thought of conquering Lydia instead of claiming it from inheritance. For the ring of a fisherman would be too impudent a fabrication, in the claim of a kingdom or even of a village, and my word upon other occasions might be doubted. Crœsus is superstitious; there are those about him who will persuade him not to contend with a man so signally under the protection of the gods.

Anacreon. Cannot you lay aside all ideas of invasion, and rest quiet and contented here?

Polycrates. No man, O Anacreon, can rest anywhere quiet in his native country, who has deprived his fellow-citizens of their liberties. Contented are they only who have taken nothing from another; and few even of those. As, by eating much habitually, we render our bodies by degrees capacious of more and uncomfortable without it, so, after many acquisitions, we think new ones necessary. Hereditary kings invade each other's dominions from the feelings of children, the love

of having and of destroying; their education being always bad, and their intellects for the most part low and narrow. But we who have great advantages over them in our mental faculties, these having been constantly exercised and exerted, and in our knowledge of men, wherein the least foolish of them are quite deficient, find wars and civil tumults absolutely needful to our stability and repose.

Anacreon. By Hercules! you people in purple are very like certain sea-fowls I saw in my voyage from Teios hither. In fine weather they darted upward and downward, sidelong and circuitously, and fished and screamed as if all they seized and swallowed was a torment to them: again, when it blew a violent gale, they appeared to sit perfectly at their ease, buoyant upon the summit of the waves.

Polycrates. After all, I cannot be thought to have done any great injury to my friends, the citizens of Samos. It is true I have taken away what you ingenious men call their liberties: but have you never, my friend Anacreon, snatched from a pretty girl a bracelet or locket, or other such trifle?

Anacreon. Not without her permission, and some equivalent.

Polycrates. I likewise have obtained the consent of the people, and have rendered them a great deal more than an equivalent. Formerly they called one another the most opprobrious names in their assemblies, and sometimes even fought there; now they never do. I entertained from the very beginning so great a regard for them, that I punished one of my brothers with death and the other with banishment, for attempting to make divisions among them, and for impeding the measures I undertook to establish unanimity and order. My father had consented to bear alone all the toils of government; and filial piety induced me to imitate his devotion to the commonwealth. The people had assembled to celebrate the festival of Juno, and had crowded the avenues of her temple so unceremoniously and indecorously, that I found it requisite to slay a few hundreds to her glory. King Lygdamus of Naxos lent me his assistance in this salutary operation, well knowing that the cause of royalty in all countries, being equally sacred, should be equally secure.

Anacreon. My sweet Polycrates! do not imagine that I, or any wise man upon earth, can be interested in the fate of a

nation that yields to the discretion of one person. But pray avoid those excesses which may subject the Graces to the Tempests. Let people live in peace and plenty, for your own sake; and go to war then only when beauteous slaves are wanting. Even then it is cheaper to buy them of the merchant, taking care that at every importation you hire a philosopher or poet to instruct them in morality and religion. The one will demonstrate that obedience is a virtue: the other, that it is a pleasure. If age stimulates the senses, or if youth is likely to return (as the ring did), not a syllable can I add against the reasonableness of conquests to assuage the wants of either.

Polycrates. The people in all countries must be kept in a state of activity: for men in cities, and horses in stables, grow restive by standing still. It is the destination of both to be patted, ridden, and whipped. The riding is the essential thing; the patting and whipping are accessories, and few are very careful or expert in timing them.

Anacreon. In courts, where silliness alone escapes suspicion, we must shake false lights over the shallows, or we shall catch nothing. But, O Polycrates! I am not in the court of a prince: I am in the house of a friend. I might flatter you, if flattery could make you happier; but, as you have neglected nothing which could render my abode with you delightful, I would omit no precaution, no suggestion, which may secure and prolong my blessings. Do not believe that every poet is dishonest, because most are. Homer was not; Solon is not: I doubt at times whether I myself am, in despite of your inquisitive eye. My opinion of your wisdom is only shaken by your assumption of royalty, since I cannot think it an act of discretion to change tranquillity for alarm, or friends for soldiers, or a couch for a throne, or a sound sleep for a broken one. If you doubt whether I love you (and every prince may reasonably entertain that doubt of every man around him), yet you cannot doubt that I am attached to your good fortune, in which I have partaken to my heart's content, and in which I hope to continue a partaker.

Polycrates. May the gods grant it!

Anacreon. Grant it yourself, Polycrates, by following my counsel. Every thing is every man's over which his senses extend. What you can enjoy is yours; what you cannot is

not. Of all the islands in the world the most delightful and the most fertile is Samos. Crete and Cyprus are larger; what then? The little Teios, my own native country, affords more pleasure than any one heart can receive: not a hill in it but contains more beauty and more wine than the most restless and active could enjoy. Teach the Samiots, O Polycrates, to refuse you and each other no delight that is reciprocal and that lasts. Royalty is the farthest of all things from reciprocity, and what delight it gives must be renewed daily, and with difficulty. In the order of Nature, flowers grow on every side of us: why take a ploughshare to uproot them? We may show our strength and dexterity in guiding it for such a purpose, but not our wisdom. Love, in its various forms, according to our age, station, and capacity, is the only object of reasonable and just desire. I prefer that which is the easiest to give and to return: you, since you have chosen royalty, have taken the most difficult in both; yet by kindness and courtesy you may conciliate those minds, which, once abased by royalty, never can recover their elasticity and strength, unless in the fires of vengeance. The gods avert it from you, my friend! Do not inure your people to war; but instead of arming and equipping them, soften them more and more by peace and luxury. Let your deceit in the ring be your last; for men will rather be subjugated than deceived, not knowing, or not reflecting, that they must have been deceived before they could be subjugated. Let you and me keep this secret: that of the cook is hardly so safe.

Polycrates. Perfectly, or death would have sealed it; although my cook is you know an excellent one, and would be a greater loss to me than any native of the island. A tolerably good minister of state may be found in any cargo of slaves that lands upon the coast. Interest insures fidelity. As for difficulty, I see none: to handle great bodies requires little delicacy. He would make in a moment a hole through a mud-wall who could never make the eye of a needle; and it is easier to pick up a pompion than a single grain of dust. With you however who have lived among such people, and know them thoroughly, I need not discourse long about them; nor take the trouble to argue how impossible it is to blunder on so wide and smooth a road, where every man is ready with a lamp if it is dark, or with a cart if it is miry. You know that

a good cook is the peculiar gift of the gods. He must be a perfect creature from the brain to the palate, from the palate to the finger's end. Pleasure and displeasure, sickness and health, life and death, are consigned to his arbitration. It would be little to add that he alone shares with royalty the privilege of exemption from every punishment but capital: for it would be madness to flog either, and turn it loose.

The story of the ring will be credited as long as I want it; probably all my life, perhaps after. For men are swift to take up a miracle, and slow to drop it; and woe to the impious wretch who would undeceive them! They never will believe that I can be unprosperous, until they see me put to death: some, even then, would doubt whether it were I, and others whether I were really dead, the day following. As we are in no danger of any such event, let us go and be crowned for the feast, and prove whether the mullet has any other merits than we have yet discovered.

Come, Anacreon, you must write an ode to Fortune, not forgetting her favorite.

Anacreon. I dare not, before I have written one to Juno, the patroness of Samos; but, as surely as you are uncrucified, I will do it then. Pardon me however if I should happen to praise the beauty of her eyes, for I am used to think more about the goddess who has the loveliest; and, even if I began with the Furies, I should end in all likelihood with *her*.

Polycrates. Follow your own ideas. You cannot fail, however, to descant on the facility with which I acquired my power, and the unanimity by which I retain it, under the guidance and protection of our patroness. I had less trouble in becoming the master of Samos than you will have in singing it. Indeed, when I consider how little I experienced, I wonder that liberty can exist in any country where there is one wise and resolute man.

Anacreon. And I that tyranny can, where there are two.

Polycrates. What! Anacreon, are even you at last so undisguisedly my adversary?

Anacreon. Silly creature! behold the fruit of royalty! Rottenness in the pulp, and bitterness in the kernel.

Polycrates, if I had uttered those words before the people, they would have stoned me for being your enemy, — for being a traitor! This is the expression of late, not applied to those

who betray, but to those who resist or traverse the betrayer. To such a situation are men reduced when they abandon self-rule! I love you from similarity of studies and inclinations, from habit, from gayety of heart, and because I live with you more conveniently than in a meaner house and among coarser slaves. As for the Samiots, you cannot suppose me much interested about them. Beauty itself is the less fierce from servitude; and there is no person, young or old, who does not respect more highly the guest of Polycrates than the poet of Teios. You, my dear friend, who are a usurper — for which courage, prudence, affability, liberality, are necessary — would surely blush to act no better or more humanely than a hereditary and established king, the disadvantages of whose condition you yourself have stated admirably. Society is not yet trodden down and forked together by you into one and the same rotten mass, with rank weeds covering the top and sucking out its juices. Circe, when she transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine, took no delight in drawing their tusks and ringing their snouts, but left them, by special grace, in quiet and full possession of their new privileges and dignities. The rod of enchantment was the only rod she used among them, finding a pleasanter music in the choruses of her nymphs than in the grunts and squeals of her subjects.

Polycrates. Now, tell me truly, Anacreon, if you knew of a conspiracy against me, would you reveal it?

Anacreon. I would; both for your sake and for the conspirators. Even were I not your guest and friend, I would dissuade from every similar design.

Polycrates. In some points, however, you appear to have a fellow feeling with the seditious. You differ from them in this: you would not take the trouble to kill me, and could not find a convenient hour to run away.

Anacreon. I am too young for death, too old for flight, and too comfortable for either. As for killing you, I find it business enough to kill a kid as a sacrifice to Bacchus. Answer me as frankly as I answered you. If by accident you met a girl carried off by force, would you stop the ravisher?

Polycrates. Certainly, if she were pretty: if not, I would leave the offence to its own punishment.

Anacreon. If the offence had been perpetrated to its utter-

most extent, if the girl were silent, and if the brother unarmed should rush upon the perpetrator armed —

Polycrates. I would catch him by the sleeve and stop him.

Anacreon. I would act so in this business of yours. You have defloured the virgin. Whether the action will bring after it the full chastisement, I know not; nor whether the laws will ever wake upon it, or, waking upon it, whether they will not hold their breath and lie quiet. Weasels, and other animals that consume our corn, are strangled or poisoned, as may happen: usurpers and conquerors must be taken off quietly in one way only, lest many perish in the attempt, and lest it fail. No conspiracy of more than two persons ought ever to be entered into on such a business. Hence the danger is diminished to those concerned, and the satisfaction and glory are increased. Statues can be erected to two, not to many; gibbets can be erected as readily to many as to few; and would be: for most conspiracies have been discovered and punished, while hundreds of usurpers have been removed by their cooks, their cup-bearers, and their mistresses, as easily, and with as little noise or notice, as a dish from the table, or a slipper from the bed-side.

Banish the bloated and cloudy ideas of war and conquest. Continue to eat while you have any thing in your mouth, particularly if sweet or savory, and only think of filling it again when it is empty.

Crœsus hath no naval force, nor have the Persians: they desire the fish but fear the water, and will mew and purr over you until they fall asleep and forget you, unless you plunge too loud and glitter too near. They would have attacked you in the beginning, if they had ever wished to do it, or been ignorant that kings have an enemy the less on the ruin of every free nation. I do not tell you to sit quiet, any more than I would a man who has a fever or an ague, but to sit as quiet as your condition will permit. If you leave to others their enjoyments, they will leave yours to you. Tyrants never perish from tyranny, but always from folly, — when their fantasies build up a palace for which the earth has no foundation. It then becomes necessary, they think, to talk about their similitude to the gods, and to tell the people, "We have a right to rule you, just as they have a right to rule us; the

duties they exact from us, we exact from you: we are responsible to none but to them."

Polycrates. Anacreon! Anacreon! who, in the name of Hermes, ever talked thus since the reign of Salmoneus? People who would listen to such inflated and idle arrogance must be deprived, not of their liberties only, but their senses. Lydians or Carians, Cappadocians or Carmanians, would revolt at it: I myself would tear the diadem from my brow, before I would commit such an outrage on the dignity of our common nature. A little fallacy, a little fraud and imposture, may be requisite to our office, and principally on entering it; there is however no need to tell the people that we, on our consciences, lay the public accounts before Jupiter for his signature; that, if there is any surplus, we will return it hereafter; but that, as honest and pious men, their business is with him, not with us.

My dear Anacreon, you reason speciously, which is better in most cases than reasoning soundly; for many are led by it and none offended. But as there are pleasures in poetry which I cannot know, in like manner there are pleasures in royalty which you cannot. Say what you will, we have this advantage over you. Sovrans and poets alike court us; they alike treat you with malignity and contumely. Do you imagine that Hylactor, supposing him to feign a little in regard to me, really would on any occasion be so enthusiastic in your favor as he was in mine?

Anacreon. You allude to the village-feast, in which he requested from your hand the cup you had poured a libation from, and tasted?

Polycrates. The very instance I was thinking on.

Anacreon. Hylactor tells a story delightfully, and his poetry is better than most poets will allow.

Polycrates. I do not think it — I speak of the poetry.

Anacreon. Now, my dear Polycrates, without a word of flattery to you, on these occasions you are as ignorant as a goat-herd.

Polycrates. I do not think *that* either.

Anacreon. Who does, of himself? Yet poetry and the degrees of it are just as difficult to mark and circumscribe, as love and beauty.

Polycrates. Madman!

Anacreon. All are madmen who first draw out hidden truths.

Polycrates. You are envious of Hylactor, because on that day I had given him a magnificent dress, resembling those of the Agathyrsi.

Anacreon. I can go naked at my own expense. I would envy him (if it gave me no trouble) his lively fancy, his convivial fun, and his power to live in a crowd, which I can do no longer than a trout can in the grass. What I envied on that day, I had. When with eyes turned upward to you, modestly and reverentially, he entreated the possession of the beechen bowl out of which you had taken *one* draught, I, with like humility of gesture and similar tone of voice, requested I might be possessor of the barrel out of which you had taken *but* one. The people were silent at his request; they were rapturous at mine, — one excepted.

Polycrates. And what said he?

Anacreon. "By Bacchus!" he exclaimed, "I thought sycophants were the most impudent people in the world: but, Anacreon, verily thou surpassest them; thou puttest them out of countenance, out of breath, man!"

Your liberality was as usual enough for us; and, if Envy must come in, she must sit between us. Really the dress, coarse as it was, that you gave Placoeis, the associate of Hylactor, would have covered Tityus; nay, would have made winding-sheets, and ample ones, for all the giants, if indeed their mother Earth enwrapped their bones in any. Meditating the present of such another investiture, you must surprise or scale Miletus; for if, in addition to the sheep of Samos, the cows and oxen, the horses and swine, the goats and dogs, were woolly, the fleeces of ten years would be insufficient. As Placoeis moved on, there were exclamations of wonder on all sides, at all distances. "Another Epeüs* must have made that pageant!" was the cry; and many were trodden under foot from wishing to obtain a sight of the rollers. His heat, like the sun's, increased as he proceeded; and those who kept egg-stalls and fish-stalls cursed him and removed them.

Polycrates. We will feast again no less magnificently when I return from my victory on the continent. There are delicate perfumes and generous wines and beautiful robes at Sardis.

* Framer of the Trojan Horse.

V. XERXES AND ARTABANUS.

Artabanus. Many nations, O Xerxes, have risen higher in power, but no nation rose ever to the same elevation in glory as the Greek.

Xerxes. For which reason, were there no other, I would destroy it; then all the glory this troublesome people have acquired will fall unto me in addition to my own.

Artabanus. The territory, yes: the glory, no. The solid earth may yield to the mighty; one particle of glory is never to be detached from the acquirer and possessor.

Xerxes. Artabanus! Artabanus! thou speakest more like an Athenian than a Persian. If thou forgettest thy country, remember at least thy race.

Artabanus. I owe duty and obedience to my king; I owe truth both to king and country. Years have brought me experience.

Xerxes. And timidity.

Artabanus. Yes, before God.

Xerxes. And not before the monarch?

Artabanus. My last word said it.

Xerxes. I, too, am pious; yea, even more devout than thou. Was there ever such a sacrifice as that of the thousand beeves, which, on the Mount of Ilion, I offered up in supplication to Athenè? I think it impossible the gods of Hellas should refuse me victory over such outcasts and barbarians in return for a thousand head of cattle. Never was above a tenth of the number offered up to them before. Indeed, I doubt whether a tenth of that tenth come not nearer to the amount; for the Greeks are great boasters, and, in their exceeding cleverness and roguery, would chuckle at cheating the eagerly expectant and closely observant gods. What sayest thou?

Artabanus. About the Greeks I can say nothing to the contrary; but about the gods a question is open. Are they more vigorous, active, and vigilant for the thousand beeves? Certain it is that every Mede and Persian in the army would have improved in condition after feasting on them, as they might all have done for many days.

Xerxes. But their feasting or fasting could have no influence on the gods, who, according to their humor at the hour, might either laugh or scowl at them.

Artabanus. I know not the will of Him above; for there is only One, as our fathers and those before them have taught us. Ignorant Greeks, when they see the chariot of His representative drawn before thee by white horses, call him Zeus.

Xerxes. Mithra, the sun, we venerate.

Artabanus. Mithra we call the object of our worship. One sits above the sun, observes it, watches it, and replenishes it perpetually with His own light to guide the walk of the seasons. He gives the sun its beauty, its strength, its animation.

Xerxes. I worship Him devoutly. But if one God can do us good, fifty can do us more, aided by demigods and heroes.

Artabanus. Could fifty lamps in a royal chamber add light to it when open to the meridian?

Xerxes. No doubt they could.

Artabanus. Are they wanted?

Xerxes. Perhaps not. They must be, even there, if the sun should go behind a cloud.

Artabanus. God avert the omen!

Xerxes. I have better omens in abundance. I am confident, I am certain, of success. The more powerful and the more noble of the Greeks, the Athenians, Spartans, Thessalians, are with me, or ready to join me.

Artabanus. How many of them, fugitives from their country, or traitors to it, can be trusted?

Xerxes. The Alenadai from Larissa, country of Achilles, whose sepulchral mound we visited, offer me their submission and the strongholds on the borders of their territory. The descendants of Pisistratus, with the King of Sparta, are under my protection, and obedient to my will. They who have been stripped of power, lawful or unlawful, are always the most implacable enemies of their country. Whether they return to it by force or by treachery, or by persuasion and the fickleness of the people, they rule with rigor. Ashamed of complicity and cowardice, the rabble, the soldiery, the priests, the nobles, hail them with acclamations, and wait only to raise louder, until his death, natural or violent (but violent and natural are here the same), shall deliver them again from

their bondage. Then cometh my hand afresh over the people, and draweth it gently back unto me. Resistance is vain. Have I not commanded the refractory and insolent sea to be scourged? and not for disobeying my orders, which it never dared, but, in my absence, for destroying my bridge. The sentence hath already been carried into execution. Never more in my proximity and to my detriment will it presume to be tumultuous and insurgent.

Artabanus. O King! thy power is awful, is irresistible; but can the waves feel?*

Xerxes. Mutineers can; and these waves were mutineers. They hiss and roar and foam, and swell and sink down again, and never are quiet. This, O Artabanus, is so like undisciplined men, that it appears to me they also may feel. Whether they do or not, terror is stricken into the hearts of the beholders. No exertion of superior power but works upon the senses of mankind. Men are always the most obedient to, and follow the most vociferously, those who can and who do chastise, whether them or others. A trifle of benefit bestowed on them afterward drops like balm into the wound; but balm the most precious and the most sanitary drops insensibly on an unwounded part. Behold! here come into my presence, to be reviewed at my leisure, the silver shields. To what perfect discipline have I brought my army! Its armature is either the admiration or the terror of the universe. What sayest thou?

Artabanus. Certainly our Median and Persian cavalry is excellent. In regard to the armature, which former kings and generals devised, I entreat the liberty to remark that its brightness and gorgeousness are better adapted to attract the fancies of women and boys than to strike terror into martial men.

Xerxes. Look thou again, if thine eyes can endure the splendor, — look thou again at my body-guard, and at their silver shields, and at their spears with golden pomegranates at the nearer end.

Artabanus. Permit me to inquire, of what utility are these golden pomegranates? They stick not into the ground, which

* Dead men, it is said, have been whipped under the Czar Nicholas; but they were alive and hale when the whipping began.

sometimes is needful; they are injurious to the arm in grasping, more injurious in evolution, and may sometimes be handles for the enemy. Metal breast-plates, metal corselets, metal shields, silver or brass, are unwieldy and wearisome, not only by the weight but by the heat, especially at that season of the year when armies are most in activity.

Xerxes. What wouldst thou have? What wouldst thou suggest?

Artabanus. I would have neither horse-hair nor plumage, nor other ornament, on the helmet, which are inconvenient to the soldier, but are convenient to the enemy. Helmets, alike for cavalry and infantry, should in form be conical, or shaped as the keel of a ship. In either case, a stroke of the sword descending on it would more probably glance off, without inflicting a wound. But I would render them less heavy, and less subject to the influence of heat and cold.

Xerxes. Impossible! How?

Artabanus. There are materials. Cork, two fingers' breadth in thickness, covered with well-seasoned, strained, and levigated leather, would serve the purpose both for helmet and corselet, and often turn aside, often resist, both sword and spear.

Xerxes. My younger soldiers, especially the officers, would take little pride in such equipment.

Artabanus. The pride of the officer ought to be in the efficiency and comfort of the soldier. Latterly I have been grieved to see vain and idle young persons introduce alterations which wiser men laugh at, and by which the enemy only, and their tailor, can profit. We should be more efficient if we were less decorative.

Xerxes. Efficient! what can excel us?

Artabanus. Ah, my King! Our ancestors have excelled *their* ancestors in various improvements and inventions: our children may excel *us.* Where is that beyond which there is nothing? Great would be our calamity, for great our disgrace and shame, if barbarians in any action, however slight and partial, should discomfit the smallest part of our armies. And there are barbarians whose bodies are more active, whose vigilance more incessant, whose abstinence more enduring, and whose armor is less impedimental, than ours. I blush at some of our bravest and best generals giving way so easily

to fantastical and inexperienced idlers, who never saw a battle even from a balcony or a tower. Who is he that would not respect and venerate gray hairs? — but, seeing such dereliction of dignity, such relaxation of duty, such unworthy subserviency, who can? Every soldier should be able to swim, and should have every facility for doing it. Corselets of the form I described would enable whole bodies of troops to cross broad and deep rivers, and would save a great number of pontoons, and their carriages, and their bullocks. No shield would be necessary; so that every soldier, Mede and Persian, would have one hand the more out of two. Let the barbarous nations in our service use only their own weapons; it is inexpedient and dangerous to instruct them in better.

Xerxes. There is somewhat of wisdom, but not much, O Artabanus, in thy suggestions; had there been more, the notions would first have occurred to me. But with the arms which our men already bear we are perfectly a match for the Greeks, who, seeing our numbers, will fly.

Artabanus. Whither? From one enemy to another? Believe me, sir, neither Athenian nor Spartan will ever fly. If he loses this one battle, he loses life or freedom; and he knows it.

Xerxes. I would slay only the armed. The women and children I would in part divide among the bravest of my army, and in part I would settle on the barren localities of my dominions, whereof there are many.

Artabanus. Humanely and royally spoken! but did it never once occur to an observer so sagacious, that thousands and tens of thousands in your innumerable host would gladly occupy and cultivate those desert places, in which an Athenian would pine away? Immense tracts of your dominions are scantily inhabited. Two million men are taken from agriculture and other works of industry, of whom probably a third would have married, another third would have had children born unto them from the wives they left behind: of these thousands and tens of thousands God only knows how many may return. Not only losses are certain; but wide fields must lie uncultivated, much cattle be the prey of wild beasts throughout the empire, and more of worse depredators who never fear the law but always the battle, and who skulk behind and hide themselves to fall upon what unprotected

property has been left by braver men. Unless our victory and our return be speedy, your providence in collecting stores, during three entire years, will have been vain. Already the greater part (four-fifths at the lowest computation) hath been consumed. Attica and Sparta could not supply a sufficiency for two millions of men additional, and three hundred thousand horses, two months. Provender will soon be wanting for the sustenance of their own few cattle; summer heats have commenced; autumn is distant and unpromising.

Xerxes. Disaffection! disaffection! Artabanus, beware! I love my father's brother; but not even my father's brother shall breathe despondency or disquietude into my breast. Well do I remember thy counsel against this expedition.

Artabanus. Thou thyself for awhile, O King, and before I gave my counsel, didst doubt and hesitate.

Xerxes. The holy Dream enlightened me: and thou also wert forced to acknowledge the visitation of the same. Awful and superhuman was the Apparition. Never had I believed that even a deity would threaten Xerxes. A second time, when I had begun again to doubt and hesitate, it appeared before me: the same stately figure, the same menacing attitude, nearer and nearer. Thou wilt acknowledge, O Artabanus, that in this guise, or one more terrible, he came likewise unto thee.

Artabanus. Commanded by my king to enter his chamber and to sleep in his bed, I did so. Discourse on the invasion of Greece had animated some at supper, and depressed others. Wine was poured freely into the cups equally of these and of those. Mardonius, educated by the wisest of the Mages, and beloved by all of them, was long in conference with his old preceptor. Toward the close they were there alone. Wearied, and fearful of offending, I retired and left them together. The royal bedchamber had many tapers in various parts of it: by degrees they grew more and more dim, breathing forth such odors as royalty alone is privileged to inhale. Slumber came over me; heavy sleep succeeded.

Xerxes. It was thus with me, the first night and the second. Mardonius would never have persuaded me, had dreams and visions been less constant and less urgent. What pious man ought to resist them? Nevertheless, I am still surrounded and trammelled by perplexities.

Artabanus. The powerful, the generous, the confiding, always are; kings especially.

Xerxes. Mardonius, I begin to suspect, is desirous of conquering Greece principally in order to become satrap of that country.

Artabanus. He is young; he may be and ought to be ambitious: but I believe him to be loyal.

Xerxes. Artabanus! thou art the only one about me who never spoke ill, or hinted it, of another.

Artabanus. I have never walked in the path of evil-doers, and know them not.

Xerxes. Fortunate am I that a man so wise and virtuous hath come over to my opinion. The Vision was irresistible.

Artabanus. It confirmed, not indeed my opinion, but the words formerly told me by a Mage now departed.

Xerxes. What words? Did he likewise foresee and foretell my conquest of Hellas?

Artabanus. I know not whether he foresaw it; certainly he never foretold it unto me. But wishing to impress on my tender mind (for I was then about the age of puberty) the power appertaining to the Mages, he declared to me, among other wonders, that the higher of them could induce sleep, of long continuance and profound, by a movement of the hand; could make the sleeper utter his inmost thoughts; could inspire joy or terror, love or hatred; could bring remote things and remote persons near, even the future, even the dead. Is it impossible that the Dream was one of them?

Xerxes. I am quite lost in the darkness of wonder; for never hast thou been known to utter an untruth, or a truth disparaging to the Mages. Their wisdom is unfathomable; their knowledge is unbounded by the visible world in which we live: their empire is vast even as mine. But take heed: who knows but the gods themselves are creatures of their hands! My hair raises up my diadem at the awful thought!

Artabanus. The just man, O Xerxes, walks humbly in the presence of his God, but walks fearlessly. Deities of many nations are within thy tents; and each of them is thought the most powerful, the only true one, by his worshipper. Some, it is reported, are jealous; if so, the worshipper is, or may be, better than they are. The courts and pavilions of others are represented by their hymners as filled with coals

and smoke, and with chariots and instruments of slaughter. These are the deities of secluded regions and gloomy imaginations. We are now amid a people of more lively and more genial faith.

Xerxes. I think their gods are easy to propitiate, and worth propitiating. The same singer who celebrated the valor of Achilles hath described in another poem the residence of these gods; where they lead quiet lives above the winds and tempests; where frost never binds the pure illimitable expanse; where snow never whirls around; where lightning never quivers; but temperate warmth and clearest light are evermore about them.

Such is the description which the sons of Hipparchus have translated for my amusement from the singer.

Artabanus. Whatever be the quarrels in the various tents, extending many and many parasangs in every direction, there is no quarrel or disturbance about the objects of veneration. Barbarous are many of the nations under thee, but none so barbarous. There may be such across the Danube and across the Adriatic, — old regions of fable, countries where there are Læstrigons and Cyclops, and men turned into swine; there may be amid the wastes of Scythia, where Gryphons are reported to guard day and night treasures of gold buried deep under the rocks, and to feed insatiably on human blood and marrow; but none, O happy king, within the regions, interminable as they are, under the beneficent sway of thy sceptre.

Xerxes. The huntsman knows how to treat dogs that quarrel in the kennel; moreover he perceives the first symptoms of the rabid, and his arrow is upon the string.

Ancient times and modern have seen annihilated two great armies; the greatest of each: that of Xerxes and that of Napoleon. Xerxes was neither the more ambitious of these invaders nor the more powerful, but greatly the more provident. Three years together he had been storing magazines in readiness for his expedition, and had collected fresh provisions in abundance on his march. Napoleon marched where none had been or could be collected, instead of taking the road by Dantzic, in which fortress were ample stores for his whole army until it should reach Petersburg by the coast. No hostile fleet could intercept such vessels as would convey both grain and munition. The nobility of Moscow would have rejoiced at the destruction of a superseding city, become the seat of empire. Whether winter came on ten days earlier or later, snow was sure to blockade and famish the army in Moscow; the importation of provisions (had sufficiency existed within reach) and the march north-

ward were equally impracticable. Napoleon left behind him a signal example that strategy is only a constituent part of a commander. In his Russian campaign even this was wanting. Xerxes lost his army not so totally as Napoleon lost his: Xerxes in great measure by the valor and skill of his enemy, Napoleon by his own imprudence. The faith of Xerxes was in his Dream, Napoleon's in his Star: the Dream was illusory, the Star a falling one.

VI. PERICLES AND SOPHOCLES.

Pericles. O Sophocles! is there in the world a city so beautiful as Athens? Congratulate me, embrace me; the Piræus and the Pœcilè are completed this day.* My glory is accomplished; behold it founded on the supremacy of our fellow-citizens!

Sophocles. And it arises, O Pericles, the more majestically from the rich and delightful plain of equal laws. The gods have bestowed on our statuaries and painters a mighty power, enabling them to restore our ancestors unto us — some in the calm of thought, others in the tumult of battle — and to present them before our children when we are gone.

Pericles. Shall it be so? Alas, how worthless an incumbrance, how wearisome an impediment is life, if it separate us from the better of our ancestors, not in our existence only, but in our merit! We are little by being seen among men; because that phasis of us only is visible which is exposed toward them and which most resembles them: we become greater by leaving the world, as the sun appears to be on descending below the horizon. Strange reflection! humiliating truth! that nothing on earth, no exertion, no endowment, can do so much for us as a distant day. And deep indeed, O Sophocles, must be the impression made upon thy mind by these masterly works of art, if they annihilate in a manner the living; if they lower in thee that spirit which hath often

* Their decorations only; for the structures were finished before. The propylæa of Pericles were entrances to the citadel: other works of consummate beauty were erected as ornaments to the city, but chiefly in the Pœcilè, where also was seen the Temple of Cybelè, with her statue by Phidias.

aroused by one touch, or rather flash, the whole Athenian people at thy tragedies, and force upon thee the cold and ungenial belief, the last which it appears to be their nature to inculcate, that while our children are in existence it can cease to be among them.

Sophocles. I am only the interpreter of the heroes and divinities who are looking down on me. When I survey them I remember their actions, and when I depart from them I visit the regions they illustrated.

Neither the goddesses on Ida nor the gods before Troy were such rivals as our artists. Æschylus hath surpassed me:* I must excel Æschylus. O Pericles, thou conjurest up Discontent from the bosom of Delight, and givest her an elevation of mien and character she never knew before: thou makest every man greater than his competitor, and not in his own eyes but in another's. We want historians: thy eloquence will form the style, thy administration will supply the materials. Beware, O my friend, lest the people hereafter be too proud of their city, and imagine that to have been born in Athens is enough!

Pericles. And this indeed were hardly more irrational than the pride which cities take sometimes in the accident of a man's birth within their walls, of a citizen's whose experience was acquired, whose virtues were fostered, and perhaps whose services were performed elsewhere.

Sophocles. They are proud of having been the cradles of great men, then only when great men can be no longer an incumbrance or a reproach to them. Let them rather boast of those who spend the last day in them than the first: this is always accidental, that is generally by choice; for, from something like instinct, we wish to close our eyes upon the world in the places we love best, — the child in its mother's bosom, the patriot in his country. When we are born we are the same as others; at our decease we may induce our friends, and oblige our enemies, to acknowledge that others are not the same as

* Sophocles gained the first prize for which he contended with Æschylus, and was conscious that he had not yet deserved the superiority, which enthusiasm on the one side and jealousy on the other are always ready to grant a vigorous young competitor. The character of Sophocles was frank and liberal, as was remarkably proved on the death of his last rival, Euripides.

we. It is folly to say Death levels the whole human race: for it is only when he hath stripped men of every thing external, that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained. Gratitude is soon silent: a little while longer and Ingratitude is tired, is satisfied, is exhausted, or sleeps. Lastly fly off the fumes of party spirit; the hottest and most putrid ebullition of self-love. We then see before us and contemplate calmly the creator of our customs, the ruler of our passions, the arbiter of our pleasures, and, under the gods, the disposer of our destiny. What then, I pray thee, is there dead? Nothing more than that which we can handle, cast down, bury; and surely not he who is yet to progenerate a more numerous and far better race, than during the few years it was permitted us to converse with him.

Pericles. When I reflect on Themistocles, on Aristides, and on the greatest of mortal men, Miltiades, I wonder how their countrymen can repeat their names, unless in performing the office of expiation.*

Sophocles. Cities are ignorant that nothing is more disgraceful to them than to be the birth-places of the illustriously good, and not afterward the places of their residence; that their dignity consists in adorning them with distinctions, in intrusting to them the regulation of the commonwealth, and not in having sold a crust or cordial to the nurse or midwife.

Pericles. O Zeus and Pallas! grant a right mind to the Athenians! If, throughout so many and such eventful ages, they have been found by you deserving of their freedom, render them more and more worthy of the great blessing you bestowed on them! May the valor of our children defend

* There are some who may deem this reflection unsuitable to Pericles. He saw injustice in others, and hated it: yet he caused the banishment of Cimon, as great a man as any of the three. It is true he had afterward the glory of proposing and of carrying to Sparta the decree of his recall. Let us contemplate the brighter side of his character, his eloquence, his wit, his clemency, his judgment, his firmness, his regularity, his decorousness, his domesticity; let us then unite him with his predecessor, and acknowledge that such illustrious rivals never met before or since, in enmity or in friendship. Could the piety attributed to Pericles have belonged to a scholar of Anaxagoras? Eloquent men often talk like religious men: and where should the eloquence of Pericles be more inflamed by enthusiasm than in the midst of his propylæa, at the side of Sophocles, and before the gods of Phidias?

this mole for ever; and constantly may their patriotism increase and strengthen among these glorious reminiscences! Shield them from the jealousy of surrounding States, from the ferocity of barbarian kings, and from the perfidy of those who profess the same religion! Teach them that between the despot and the free all compact is a cable of sand, and every alliance unholy! And, O givers of power and wisdom! remove from them the worst and wildest of illusions, — that happiness, liberty, virtue, genius, will be fostered or long respected, much less attain their just ascendency, under any other form of government!

Sophocles. May the gods hear thee, Pericles, as they have always done! or may I, reposing in my tomb, never know that they have not heard thee!

I smile on imagining how trivial would thy patriotism and ideas of government appear to Chloros. And indeed much wiser men, from the prejudices of habit and education, have undervalued them, preferring the dead quiet of their wintry hives to our breezy spring of life and busy summer. The countries of the vine and olive are more subject to hail-storms than the regions of the north; yet is it not better that some of the fruit should fall than that none should ripen?

Pericles. Quit these creatures; let them lie warm and slumber. They are all they ought to be, all they can be. But, prythee, who is Chloros, that he should deserve to be named by Sophocles?

Sophocles. He was born somewhere on the opposite coast of Eubœa, and sold as a slave in Persia to a man who dealt largely in that traffic, and who also had made a fortune by displaying to the public four remarkable proofs of ability. First, by swallowing at a draught an amphora of the strongest wine; secondly, by standing up erect and modulating his voice like a sober man when he was drunk; thirdly, by acting to perfection like a drunken man when he was sober; and fourthly, by a most surprising trick indeed, which it is reported he learned in Babylonia: one would have sworn he had a blazing fire in his mouth; take it out, and it is nothing but a lump of ice. The king, before whom he was admitted to play his tricks, hated him at first, and told him that the last conjurer had made him cautious of such people, he having been detected in filching from the royal tiara one of the

weightiest jewels; but talents forced their way. As for Chloros, I mention him by the name under which I knew him. He has changed it since; for although the dirt wherewith it was encrusted kept him comfortable at first, when it cracked and began to crumble, it was incommodious.

The barbarians have commenced, I understand, to furbish their professions and vocations with rather whimsical skirts and linings. Thus, for instance, a chess-player is *lion-hearted* and *worshipful;* a drunkard is *serenity* and *highness;* a hunter of fox, badger, polecat, fitchew, and weasel, is *excellency* and *right honorable;* while, such is the delicacy of distinction, a rat-catcher is considerably less: he, however, is *illustrious*, and appears, as a tail to a comet, in the train of a legation, holding a pen between his teeth to denote his capacity for secretary, and leading a terrier in the right hand, and carrying a trap baited with cheese and anise-seed in the left.

It is as creditable among them to lie with dexterity as it is common among the Spartans to steal. Chloros, who performed it with singular frankness and composure, had recently a cock's feather mounted on his turban, in place of a hen's; and the people were commanded to address him by the title of *most noble.* His brother, Alexaretes, was employed at a stipend of four talents to detect an adulteress in one among the royal wives. He gave no intelligence in the course of several months. The king, on his return, cried angrily, "What hast thou been doing? hast thou never found her out?" He answered, "Thy servant, O King, hath been doing more than finding out an adulteress; he hath, O King, been making one."

Pericles. I have heard the story with this difference, that the bed-ambassador, being as scantily gifted with facetiousness as with perspicacity, the reply was framed satirically by some other courtier, who, imitating his impudence, had forgotten his dulness. But about the reward of falsehood, that is wonderful when we read that formerly the Persians were occupied many years in the sole study of truth.

Sophocles. How difficult, then, must they have found it! No wonder they left it off the first moment they could conveniently. The grandfather of Chloros was honest; he carried a pack upon his shoulders, in which pack were contained the coarser linens of Caria; these he retailed among the villages of Asia and Greece, but principally in the islands.

He died. On the rumor of war the son and grandson, then an infant, fled; the rest is told. In Persia, no man inquires how another comes to wealth or power, the suddenness of which appears to be effected by some of the demons or genii of their songs and stories. Chloros grew rich, was emancipated from slavery, and bought several slaves himself. One of these was excessively rude and insolent to me; I had none near enough to chastise him, so that I requested of his master, by a friend, to admonish and correct him at his leisure. My friend informs me that Chloros, crossing his legs, and drawing his cock's feather through the thumb and finger, asked languidly who I was; and receiving the answer, said, "I am surprised at his impudence; Pericles himself could have demanded nothing more." My friend remarked that Sophocles was no less sensible of an affront than Pericles. "True," replied he, "but he has not the power of expressing his sense of it quite so strongly. For an affront to Pericles, who could dreadfully hurt me, I would have imprisoned my whole gang, whipped them with wires, mutilated them, turned their bodies into safes for bread and water, or cooled their prurient tongues with hemlock; but no slave shall ever shrug a shoulder the sorer or eat a leek the less for Sophocles."

Pericles. The ideas of such a man on government must be curious; I am persuaded he would prefer the Persian to any. I forgot to mention that, according to what I hear this morning, the great king has forbidden strange ships to sail within thirty parasangs of his coasts, and has claimed the dominion of half ours.

Sophocles. Where is the scourge with which Xerxes lashed the ocean? Were it not better laid on the back of a madman than placed within his hand?

Pericles. It hath been observed by those who look deeply into the history of physics, that all royal families become at last insane. Immoderate power, like other intemperance, leaves the progeny weaker and weaker, until Nature, as in compassion, covers it with her mantle and it is seen no more; or until the arm of indignant man sweeps it from before him.

We must ere long excite the other barbarians to invade the territories of this, and before the cement of his new acquisitions shall have hardened. Large conquests break readily off from an empire by their weight, while smaller stick fast. A

wide and rather waste kingdom should be interposed between the policied states and Persia, by the leave of Chloros. Perhaps he would rather, in his benevolence, unite us with the great and happy family of his master. Despots are wholesale dealers in equality: and, Father Zeus! was ever equality like this?

Sophocles. My dear Pericles! — do excuse a smile — is not that the best government which, whatever be the form of it, we ourselves are called upon to administer?

Pericles. The Piræus and the Pœcilè have a voice of their own wherewith to answer thee, O Sophocles! and the Athenians — exempt from war, famine, tax, debt, exile, fine, imprisonment; delivered from monarchy, from oligarchy, and from anarchy; walking along their porticos, inhaling their seabreezes, crowning their gods daily for fresh blessings, and their children for deserving them — reply to this voice by the symphony of their applause. Hark! my words are not idle. Hither come the youths and virgins, the sires and matrons; hither come citizen and soldier —

Sophocles. A solecism from Pericles! Has the most eloquent of men forgotten the Attic language? — has he forgotten the language of all Greece? Can the father of his country be ignorant that he should have said hither *comes?* for citizen and soldier is one.

Pericles. The fault is graver than the reproof, or indeed than simple incorrectness of language; my eyes misled my tongue: a large portion of the citizens is armed.

Oh what an odor of thyme and bay and myrtle! and from what a distance, bruised by the procession!

Sophocles. What regular and full harmony! What a splendor and effulgence of white dresses, painful to aged eyes and dangerous to young!

Pericles. I can distinguish many voices from among others. Some of them have blessed me for defending their innocence before the judges; some for exhorting Greece to unanimity; some for my choice of friends. Ah surely those sing sweetest! those are the voices, O Sophocles, that shake my heart with tenderness, a tenderness passing love, and excite it above the trumpet and the cymbal. Return we to the gods: the crowd is waving the branches of olive, calling us by name, and closing to salute us.

Sophocles. O citadel of Pallas, more than all other citadels,

may the goddess of wisdom and of war protect thee! and never may strange tongue be heard within thy walls, unless from captive king!

Live, Pericles! and inspire into thy people the soul that once animated these heroes round us.

Hail, men of Athens! Pass onward; leave me: I follow. Go: behold the gods, the demigods, and Pericles!

Artemidoros, come to my right. No: better walk between us; else they who run past may knock the flute out of your hand, or push it every now and then from the lip. Have you received the verses I sent you in the morning? — soon enough to learn the accents and cadences?

Artemidoros. Actaios brought them to me about sunrise; and I raised myself up in bed to practise them, while he sat on the edge of it, shaking the dust off his sandals all over the chamber, by beating time.

Sophocles. Begin we.

> The colors of thy waves are not the same
> Day after day, Posiedon! nor the same
> The fortunes of the land wherefrom arose
> Under thy trident the brave friend of man.
> Wails have been heard from women, sterner breasts
> Have sounded with the desperate pang of grief,
> Gray hairs have strown these rocks; here Ægeus cried:
> "O Sun! careering over Sipylos,
> If desolation (worse than ever there
> Befell the mother, and those heads her own
> Would shelter when the deadly darts flew round)
> Impend not o'er my house in gloom so long,
> Let one swift cloud illumined by thy chariot
> Sweep off the darkness from that doubtful sail!"
>
> Deeper and deeper came the darkness down;
> The sail itself was heard; his eyes grew dim;
> His knees tottered beneath him, but availed
> To bear him till he plunged into the deep.
>
> Sound, fifes! there is a youthfulness of sound
> In your shrill voices: sound again, ye lips
> That Mars delights in! I will look no more
> Into the time behind for idle goads
> To stimulate faint fancies: hope itself
> Is bounded by the starry zone of glory.
> On one bright point we gaze, one wish we breathe, —
>
> Athens! be ever as thou art this hour,
> Happy and strong, a Pericles thy guide!

VII. DIOGENES AND PLATO.

Diogenes. Stop! stop! come hither! Why lookest thou so scornfully and askance upon me?

Plato. Let me go! loose me! I am resolved to pass.

Diogenes. Nay then, by Jupiter and this tub! thou leavest three good ells of Milesian cloth behind thee. Whither wouldst thou amble?

Plato. I am not obliged in courtesy to tell you.

Diogenes. Upon whose errand? Answer me directly.

Plato. Upon my own.

Diogenes. Oh, then I will hold thee yet awhile. If it were upon another's, it might be a hardship to a good citizen, though not to a good philosopher.

Plato. That can be no impediment to my release: you do not think me one.

Diogenes. No, by my Father Jove!

Plato. Your father!

Diogenes. Why not? Thou shouldst be the last man to doubt it. Hast not thou declared it irrational to refuse our belief to those who assert that they are begotten by the gods, though the assertion (these are thy words) be unfounded on reason or probability? In me there is a chance of it: whereas in the generation of such people as thou art fondest of frequenting, who claim it loudly, there are always too many competitors to leave it probable.

Plato. Those who speak against the great do not usually speak from morality, but from envy.

Diogenes. Thou hast a glimpse of the truth in this place; but as thou hast already shown thy ignorance in attempting to prove to me what a *man* is, ill can I expect to learn from thee what is a *great man.*

Plato. No doubt your experience and intercourse will afford me the information.

Diogenes. Attend, and take it. The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious both as weak and fraudulent. It is he

who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him.

Plato. Excuse my interruption. In the beginning of your definition I fancied that you were designating your own person, as most people do in describing what is admirable ; now I find that you have some other in contemplation.

Diogenes. I thank thee for allowing me what perhaps I *do* possess, but what I was not then thinking of ; as is often the case with rich possessors : in fact, the latter part of the description suits me as well as any portion of the former.

Plato. You may call together the best company, by using your hands in the call, as you did with me ; otherwise I am not sure that you would succeed in it.

Diogenes. My thoughts are my company ; I can bring them together, select them, detain them, dismiss them. Imbecile and vicious men cannot do any of these things. Their thoughts are scattered, vague, uncertain, cumbersome : and the worst stick to them the longest ; many indeed by choice, the greater part by necessity, and accompanied, some by weak wishes, others by vain remorse.

Plato. Is there nothing of greatness, O Diogenes ! in exhibiting how cities and communities may be governed best, how morals may be kept the purest, and power become the most stable ?

Diogenes. *Something* of greatness does not constitute the great man. Let me however see him who hath done what thou sayest : he must be the most universal and the most indefatigable traveller, he must also be the oldest creature, upon earth.

Plato. How so ?

Diogenes. Because he must know perfectly the climate, the soil, the situation, the peculiarities, of the races, of their allies, of their enemies ; he must have sounded their harbors, he must have measured the quantity of their arable land and pasture, of their woods and mountains ; he must have ascertained whether there are fisheries on their coasts, and even what winds are prevalent.* On these causes, with some

* Parts of knowledge which are now general, but were then very rare, and united in none.

others, depend the bodily strength, the numbers, the wealth, the wants, the capacities, of the people.

Plato. Such are low thoughts.

Diogenes. The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges: the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground, and the plants that bear it require ventilation and lopping. Were this not to be done in thy garden, every walk and alley, every plot and border, would be covered with runners and roots, with boughs and suckers. We want no poets or logicians or metaphysicians to govern us: we want practical men, honest men, continent men, unambitious men, fearful to solicit a trust, slow to accept, and resolute never to betray one. Experimentalists may be the best philosophers: they are always the worst politicians. Teach people their duties, and they will know their interests. Change as little as possible, and correct as much.

Philosophers are absurd from many causes, but principally from laying out unthriftily their distinctions. They set up four virtues: fortitude, prudence, temperance, and justice. Now a man may be a very bad one, and yet possess three out of the four. Every cutthroat must, if he has been a cutthroat on many occasions, have more fortitude and more prudence than the greater part of those whom we consider as the best men. And what cruel wretches, both executioners and judges, have been strictly just! how little have they cared what gentleness, what generosity, what genius, their sentence hath removed from the earth! Temperance and beneficence contain all other virtues. Take them home, Plato; split them, expound them; do what thou wilt with them, if thou but use them.

Before I gave thee this lesson, which is a better than thou ever gavest any one, and easier to remember, thou wert accusing me of invidiousness and malice against those whom thou callest the great, meaning to say the powerful. Thy imagination, I am well aware, had taken its flight toward Sicily, where thou seekest thy great man, as earnestly and undoubtingly as Ceres sought her Persephonè. Faith! honest Plato, I have no reason to envy thy worthy friend Dionysius. Look at my nose! A lad seven or eight years old threw an apple at me yesterday, while I was gazing at the clouds, and gave

me nose enough for two moderate men. Instead of such a godsend, what should I have thought of my fortune if, after living all my lifetime among golden vases, rougher than my hand with their emeralds and rubies, their engravings and embossments ; among Parian caryatides and porphyry sphinxes ; among philosophers with rings upon their fingers and linen next their skin ; and among singing-boys and dancing-girls, to whom alone thou speakest intelligibly, — I ask thee again, what should I in reason have thought of my fortune, if, after these facilities and superfluities, I had at last been pelted out of my house, not by one young rogue, but by thousands of all ages, and not with an apple (I wish I could say a rotten one), but with pebbles and broken pots ; and, to crown my deserts, had been compelled to become the teacher of so promising a generation ? Great men, forsooth ! thou knowest at last who they are.

Plato. There are great men of various kinds.

Diogenes. No, by my beard, are there not !

Plato. What ! are there not great captains, great geometricians, great dialecticians ?

Diogenes. Who denied it ? A great man was the postulate. Try thy hand now at the powerful one.

Plato. On seeing the exercise of power, a child cannot doubt who is powerful, more or less ; for power is relative. All men are weak, not only if compared to the Demiurgos, but if compared to the sea or the earth, or certain things upon each of them, such as elephants and whales. So placid and tranquil is the scene around us, we can hardly bring to mind the images of strength and force, the precipices, the abysses —

Diogenes. Prythee hold thy loose tongue, twinkling and glittering like a serpent's in the midst of luxuriance and rankness ! Did never this reflection of thine warn thee that, in human life, the precipices and abysses would be much farther from our admiration, if we were less inconsiderate, selfish, and vile ? I will not however stop thee long, for thou wert going on quite consistently. As thy great men are fighters and wranglers, so thy mighty things upon the earth and sea are troublesome and intractable incumbrances. Thou perceivedst not what was greater in the former case, neither art thou aware what is greater in this. Didst thou feel the gentle air that passed us ?

Plato. I did not, just then.

Diogenes. That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, is more powerful not only than all the creatures that breathe and live by it; not only than all the oaks of the forest, which it rears in an age and shatters in a moment; not only than all the monsters of the sea, but than the sea itself, which it tosses up into foam, and breaks against every rock in its vast circumference; for it carries in its bosom, with perfect calm and composure, the incontrollable ocean and the peopled earth, like an atom of a feather.

To the world's turmoils and pageantries is attracted, not only the admiration of the populace, but the zeal of the orator, the enthusiasm of the poet, the investigation of the historian, and the contemplation of the philosopher: yet how silent and invisible are they in the depths of air! Do I say in those depths and deserts? No; I say at the distance of a swallow's flight, — at the distance she rises above us, ere a sentence brief as this could be uttered.

What are its mines and mountains? Fragments welded up and dislocated by the expansion of water from below; the most part reduced to mud, the rest to splinters. Afterwards sprang up fire in many places, and again tore and mangled the mutilated carcass, and still growls over it.

What are its cities and ramparts, and moles and monuments? Segments of a fragment, which one man puts together and another throws down. Here we stumble upon thy great ones at their work. Show me now, if thou canst, in history, three great warriors, or three great statesmen, who have acted otherwise than spiteful children.

Plato. I will begin to look for them in history when I have discovered the same number in the philosophers or the poets. A prudent man searches in his own garden after the plant he wants, before he casts his eyes over the stalls in Kenkrea or Keramicos.

Returning to your observation on the potency of the air, I am not ignorant or unmindful of it. May I venture to express my opinion to you Diogenes, that the earlier discoverers and distributers of wisdom (which wisdom lies among us in ruins and remnants, partly distorted and partly concealed by theological allegory) meant by Jupiter the air in its agitated state; by Juno the air in its quiescent. These are the great

agents, and therefore called the king and queen of the gods. Jupiter is denominated by Homer the *compeller of clouds:* Juno receives them, and remits them in showers to plants and animals.

I may trust you, I hope, O Diogenes?

Diogenes. Thou mayest lower the gods in my presence, as safely as men in the presence of Timon.

Plato. I would not lower them: I would exalt them.

Diogenes. More foolish and presumptuous still!

Plato. Fair words, O Sinopean! I protest to you my aim is truth.

Diogenes. I cannot lead thee where of a certainty thou mayest always find it; but I will tell thee what it is. Truth is a point; the subtilest and finest; harder than adamant; never to be broken, worn away, or blunted. Its only bad quality is, that it is sure to hurt those who touch it; and likely to draw blood, perhaps the life-blood, of those who press earnestly upon it. Let us away from this narrow lane skirted with hemlock, and pursue our road again through the wind and dust, toward the *great* man and the *powerful.* Him I would call the powerful one, who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great man, I was going on to demonstrate, is somewhat more. He must be able to do this, and he must have an intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others.

Plato. Socrates then was your great man.

Diogenes. He was indeed; nor can all thou hast attributed to him ever make me think the contrary. I wish he could have kept a little more at home, and have thought it as well worth his while to converse with his own children as with others.

Plato. He knew himself born for the benefit of the human race.

Diogenes. Those who are born for the benefit of the human race go but little into it: those who are born for its curse are crowded.

Plato. It was requisite to dispel the mists of ignorance and error.

Diogenes. Has he done it? What doubt has he elucidated, or what fact has he established? Although I was but twelve years old and resident in another city when he died, I have

taken some pains in my inquiries about him from persons of less vanity and less perverseness than his disciples. He did not leave behind him any true philosopher among them; any who followed his mode of argumentation, his subjects of disquisition, or his course of life; any who would subdue the malignant passions or coerce the looser; any who would abstain from calumny or from cavil; any who would devote his days to the glory of his country, or, what is easier and perhaps wiser, to his own well-founded contentment and well-merited repose. Xenophon, the best of them, offered up sacrifices, believed in oracles, consulted soothsayers, turned pale at a jay, and was dysenteric at a magpie.

Plato. He had then no courage? I was the first to suspect it.

Diogenes. Which thou hadst never been if others had not praised him for it: but his courage was of so strange a quality, that he was ready, if jay or magpie did not cross him, to fight for Spartan or Persian. Plato, whom thou esteemest much more, and knowest somewhat less, careth as little for portent and omen as doth Diogenes. What he would have done for a Persian I cannot say; certain I am that he would have no more fought for a Spartan than he would for his own father: yet he mortally hates the man who hath a kinder muse or a better milliner, or a seat nearer the minion of a king. So much for the two disciples of Socrates who have acquired the greatest celebrity!

Plato. Why do you attribute to me invidiousness and malignity, rather than to the young philosopher who is coming prematurely forward into public notice, and who hath lately been invited by the King of Macedon to educate his son?

Diogenes. These very words of thine demonstrate to me, calm and expostulatory as they appear in utterance, that thou enviest in this young man, if not his abilities, his appointment. And prythee now demonstrate to me as clearly, if thou canst, in what he is either a sycophant or a malignant.

Plato. Willingly.

Diogenes. I believe it. But easily, too?

Plato. I think so. Knowing the arrogance of Philip, and the signs of ambition which his boy (I forget the name) hath exhibited so early, he says, in the fourth book of his *Ethics* (already in the hands of several here at Athens, although in

its present state unfit for publication), that "he who deems himself worthy of less than his due is a man of pusillanimous and abject mind."

Diogenes. His canine tooth, friend Plato, did not enter thy hare's fur here.

Plato. No; he sneered at Phocion, and flattered Philip. He adds, "whether that man's merits be great, or small, or middling." And he supports the position by sophistry.

Diogenes. How could he act more consistently? Such is the support it should rest on. If the man's merits were great, he could not be abject.

Plato. Yet the author was so contented with his observation, that he expresses it again a hundred lines below.

Diogenes. Then he was not contented with his observation; for, had he been contented, he would have said no more about it. But, having seen lately his treatise, I remember that he varies the expression of the sentiment, and, after saying a very foolish thing, is resolved on saying one rather less inconsiderate: on the principle of the hunter on the snows of Pindus, who, when his fingers are frost-bitten, does not hold them instantly to the fire, but dips them first into cold water. Aristoteles says, in his second trial at the thesis, "*for* he who is of low and abject mind strips himself of what is good about him, and is to a certain degree bad, because he thinks himself unworthy of the good."

Modesty and diffidence make a man unfit for public affairs: they also make him unfit for brothels: but do they therefore make him bad? It is not often that your scholar is lost in this way, by following the echo of his own voice. His greatest fault is, that he so condenses his thoughts as to render it difficult to see through them: he inspissates his yellow into black. However, I see more and more in him the longer I look at him: in you I see less and less. Perhaps other men may have eyes of another construction, and filled with a subtler and more ethereal fluid.

Plato. Acknowledge at least that it argues a poverty of thought to repeat the same sentiment.

Diogenes. It may or it may not. Whatever of ingenuity or invention be displayed in a remark, another may be added which surpasses it. If, after this and perhaps more, the author in a different treatise, or in a different place of the

same, throws upon it fresh materials, surely you must allow that he rather hath brought forward the evidence of plenteousness than of poverty. Much of invention may be exhibited in the variety of turns and aspects he makes his thesis assume. A poor friend may give me to-day a portion of yesterday's repast; but a rich man is likelier to send me what is preferable, forgetting that he had sent me as much a day or two before. They who give us all we want, and beyond what we expected, may be pardoned if they happen to overlook the extent of their liberality. In this matter thou hast spoken inconsiderately and unwisely; but whether the remark of Aristoteles was intended as a slur on Phocion is uncertain. The repetition of it makes me incline to think it was; for few writers repeat a kind sentiment, many an unkind one: and Aristoteles would have repeated a just observation rather than an unjust, unless he wished either to flatter or malign. The gods rarely let us take good aim on these occasions, but dazzle or overcloud us. The perfumed oil of flattery, and the caustic spirit of malignity, spread over an equally wide surface. Here both are thrown out of their jars by the same pair of hands at the same moment; the sweet (as usual) on the bad man, the unsweet (as universal) on the good. I never heard before that they had fallen on the hands of Phocion and of Philip. Thou hast furnished me with the suspicion, and I have furnished thee with the supports for it. Do not, however, hope to triumph over Aristoteles because he hath said one thoughtless thing; rather attempt to triumph *with* him on saying many wise ones. For a philosopher I think him very little of an impostor. He mingles too frequently the acute and dull; and thou too frequently the sweet and vapid. Try to barter one with the other, amicably; and not to twitch and carp. You may each be the better for some exchanges; but neither for cheapening one another's wares. Do thou take my advice the first of the two; for thou hast the most to gain by it. Let me tell thee also that it does him no dishonor to have accepted the invitation of Philip as future preceptor of his newly-born child. I would rather rear a lion's whelp and tame him, than see him run untamed about the city, especially if any tenement and cattle were at its outskirts. Let us hope that a soul once Attic can never become Macedonian; but rather Macedonian than Sicilian.

Aristoteles, and all the rest of you, must have the wadding of straw and saw-dust shaken out, and then we shall know pretty nearly your real weight and magnitude.

Plato. A philosopher ought never to speak in such a manner of philosophers.

Diogenes. None other ought, excepting now and then the beadle. However, the gods have well protected thee, O Plato, against his worst violence. Was this raiment of thine the screen of an Egyptian temple? or merely the drapery of a thirty-cubit Isis? or peradventure a holiday suit of Darius for a bevy of his younger concubines? Prythee do tarry with me, or return another day, that I may catch a flight of quails with it as they cross over this part of Attica.

Plato. It hath always been the fate of the decorous to be calumniated for effeminacy by the sordid.

Diogenes. Effeminacy! By my beard! he who could carry all this Milesian bravery on his shoulders might, with the help of three more such able men, have tossed Typhöeus up to the teeth of Jupiter.

Plato. We may serve our country, I hope, with clean faces.

Diogenes. More serve her with clean faces than with clean hands; and some are extremely shy of her when they fancy she may want them.

Plato. Although on some occasions I have left Athens, I cannot be accused of deserting her in the hour of danger.

Diogenes. Nor proved to have defended her. But better desert her on some occasions, or on all, than praise the tyrant Critias, — the cruelest of the thirty who condemned thy master. In one hour, in the hour when that friend was dying, when young and old were weeping over him, where *then* wert thou?

Plato. Sick at home.

Diogenes. Sick! how long? of what malady? In such torments, or in such debility, that it would have cost thee thy life to have been carried to the prison? Or hadst thou no litter; no slaves to bear it; no footboy to inquire the way to the public prison, to the cell of Socrates? The medicine he took could never have made thy heart colder, or thy legs more inactive and torpid in their movement toward a friend. Shame upon thee! scorn! contempt! everlasting reprobation and abhorrence!

Plato. Little did I ever suppose that, in being accused

of hardheartedness, Diogenes would exercise the office of accuser.

Diogenes. Not to press the question, nor to avoid the recrimination, I will enter on the subject at large; and rather as an appeal than as a disquisition. I am called hard-hearted; Alcibiades is called tender-hearted. Speak I truly or falsely?

Plato. Truly.

Diogenes. In both cases?

Plato. In both.

Diogenes. Pray, in what doth hardness of heart consist?

Plato. There are many constituents and indications of it: want of sympathy with our species is one.

Diogenes. I sympathize with the brave in their adversity and afflictions, because I feel in my own breast the flame that burns in theirs; and I do not sympathize with others, because with others my heart hath nothing of consanguinity. I no more sympathize with the generality of mankind than I do with fowls, fishes, and insects. We have indeed the same figure and the same flesh, but not the same soul and spirit. Yet, recall to thy memory, if thou canst, any action of mine bringing pain of body or mind to any rational creature. True, indeed, no despot or conqueror should exercise his authority a single hour if my arm or my exhortations could prevail against him. Nay, more: none should depart from the earth without flagellations, nor without brands, nor without exposure, day after day, in the market-place of the city where he governed. This is the only way I know of making men believe in the justice of their gods. And if they never were to believe in it at all, it is right that they should confide in the equity of their fellow-men. Even this were imperfect; for every despot and conqueror inflicts much greater misery than any one human body can suffer. Now then plainly thou seest the extent of what thou wouldst call my cruelty. We who have ragged beards are cruel by prescription and acclamation; while they who have pumiced faces and perfumed hair are called cruel only in the moments of tenderness, and in the pauses of irritation. Thy friend Alcibiades was extremely good-natured; yet, because the people of Melos, descendants from the Lacedæmonians, stood neutral in the Peloponnesian war, and refused to fight against their fathers, the good-natured man, when he had

vanquished and led them captive, induced the Athenians to slaughter all among them who were able to bear arms; and we know that the survivors were kept in irons until the victorious Spartans set them free.

Plato. I did not approve of this severity.

Diogenes. Nor didst thou at any time disapprove of it. Of what value are all thy philosophy and all thy eloquence, if they fail to humanize a bosom-friend, or fear to encounter a misguided populace?

Plato. I thought I heard Diogenes say he had no sympathy with the mass of mankind: what could excite it so suddenly in behalf of an enemy?

Diogenes. Whoever is wronged is thereby my fellow-creature, although he were never so before. Scorn, contumely, chains, unite us.

Plato. Take heed, O Diogenes! lest the people of Athens hear you.

Diogenes. Is Diogenes no greater than the people of Athens? Friend Plato! I take no heed about them. Somebody or something will demolish me sooner or later. An Athenian can but begin what an ant, or a beetle, or a worm will finish. Any one of the three would have the best of it. While I retain the use of my tongue I will exercise it at my leisure and my option. I would not bite it off, even for the pleasure of spitting it in a tyrant's face, as that brave girl Egina did. But I would recommend that, in his wisdom, he should deign to take thine preferably, which, having always honey upon it, must suit his taste better.

Plato. Diogenes! if you must argue or discourse with me, I will endure your asperity for the sake of your acuteness; but it appears to me a more philosophical thing to avoid what is insulting and vexatious, than to breast and brave it.

Diogenes. Thou hast spoken well.

Plato. It belongs to the vulgar, not to us, to fly from a man's opinions to his actions, and to stab him in his own house for having received no wound in the school. One merit you will allow me: I always keep my temper; which you seldom do.

Diogenes. Is mine a good or a bad one?

Plato. Now must I speak sincerely?

Diogenes. Dost thou, a philosopher, ask such a question of me, a philosopher? Ay, sincerely or not at all.

Plato. Sincerely as you could wish, I must declare then your temper is the worst in the world.

Diogenes. I am much in the right, therefore, not to keep it. Embrace me: I have spoken now in thy own manner. Because thou sayest the most malicious things the most placidly, thou thinkest or pretendest thou art sincere.

Plato. Certainly those who are most the masters of their resentments are likely to speak less erroneously than the passionate and morose.

Diogenes. If they would, they might; but the moderate are not usually the most sincere, for the same circumspection which makes them moderate makes them likewise retentive of what could give offence: they are also timid in regard to fortune and favor, and hazard little. There is no mass of sincerity in any place. What there is must be picked up patiently, a grain or two at a time; and the season for it is after a storm, after the overflowing of banks, and bursting of mounds, and sweeping away of landmarks. Men will always hold something back; they must be shaken and loosened a little, to make them let go what is deepest in them, and weightiest and purest.

Plato. Shaking and loosening as much about you as was requisite for the occasion, it became you to demonstrate where and in what manner I had made Socrates appear less sagacious and less eloquent than he was; it became you likewise to consider the great difficulty of finding new thoughts and new expressions for those who had more of them than any other men, and to represent them in all the brilliancy of their wit and in all the majesty of their genius. I do not assert that I have done it; but if I have not, what man has? what man has come so nigh to it? He who could bring Socrates, or Solon, or Diogenes, through a dialogue, without disparagement, is much nearer in his intellectual powers to them, than any other is near to him.

Diogenes. Let Diogenes alone, and Socrates, and Solon. None of the three ever occupied his hours in tingeing and curling the tarnished plumes of prostitute Philosophy, or deemed any thing worth his attention, care, or notice, that did not make men brave and independent. As thou callest on me to show thee where and in what manner thou hast misrepresented thy teacher, and as thou seemest to set an equal value

on eloquence and on reasoning, I shall attend to thee awhile on each of these matters, first inquiring of thee whether the axiom is Socratic, that it is never becoming to get drunk, *unless* in the solemnities of Bacchus?*

Plato. This god was the discoverer of the vine and of its uses.

Diogenes. Is drunkenness one of its uses, or the discovery of a god? If Pallas or Jupiter hath given us reason, we should sacrifice our reason with more propriety to Jupiter or Pallas. To Bacchus is due a libation of wine; the same being his gift, as thou preachest.

Another and a graver question.

Did Socrates teach thee that "slaves are to be scourged, and by no means admonished as though they were the children of the master?"

Plato. He did not argue upon government.

Diogenes. He argued upon humanity, whereon all government is founded: whatever is beside it is usurpation.

Plato. Are slaves then never to be scourged, whatever be their transgressions and enormities?

Diogenes. Whatever they be, they are less than his who reduced them to their condition.

Plato. What! though they murder his whole family?

Diogenes. Ay, and poison the public fountain of the city. What am I saying? and to whom? Horrible as is this crime, and next in atrocity to parricide, thou deemest it a lighter one than stealing a fig or grape. The stealer of these is scourged by thee; the sentence on the poisoner is to cleanse out the receptacle.† There is, however, a kind of poisoning which, to do thee justice, comes before thee with all its horrors, and which thou wouldst punish capitally, even in such a sacred personage as an aruspex or diviner: I mean the poisoning by incantation. I, and my whole family, my whole race, my whole city, may bite the dust in agony from a truss of henbane in the well; and little harm done forsooth! Let an idle fool set an image of me in wax before the fire, and whistle and caper to it, and purr and pray, and chant a hymn to Hecate while it melts, intreating and imploring her that I may melt as easily, — and thou wouldst, in thy

* Dialogue VI. on *The Laws*.
† Dialogue VIII.

equity and holiness, strangle him at the first stave of his psalmody.

Plato. If this is an absurdity, can you find another?

Diogenes. Truly, in reading thy book, I doubted at first, and for a long continuance, whether thou couldst have been serious; and whether it were not rather a satire on those busy-bodies who are incessantly intermeddling in other people's affairs. It was only on the protestation of thy intimate friends that I believed thee to have written it in earnest. As for thy question, it is idle to stoop and pick out absurdities from a mass of inconsistency and injustice; but another and another I could throw in, and another and another afterward, from any page in the volume. Two bare, staring falsehoods lift their beaks one upon the other, like spring frogs. Thou sayest that no punishment decreed by the laws tendeth to evil. What! not if immoderate? not if partial? Why then repeal any penal statute while the subject of its animadversion exists? In prisons the less criminal are placed among the more criminal, the inexperienced in vice together with the hardened in it. This is part of the punishment, though it precedes the sentence; nay, it is often inflicted on those whom the judges acquit: the law, by allowing it, does it.

The next is, that he who is punished by the laws is the better for it, however the less depraved. What! if anteriorly to the sentence he lives and converses with worse men, some of whom console him by deadening the sense of shame, others by removing the apprehension of punishment? Many laws as certainly make men bad, as bad men make many laws; yet under thy regimen they take us from the bosom of the nurse, turn the meat about upon the platter, pull the bed-clothes off, make us sleep when we would wake, and wake when we would sleep, and never cease to rummage and twitch us, until they see us safe landed at the grave. We can do nothing (but be poisoned) with impunity. What is worst of all, we must marry certain relatives and connections, be they distorted, blear-eyed, toothless, carbuncled, with hair (if any) eclipsing the reddest torch of Hymen, and with a hide outrivalling in color and plaits his trimmest saffron robe. At the mention of this indeed, friend Plato, even thou, although resolved to stand out of harm's way, beginnest to make a wry mouth, and findest it difficult to pucker and purse it up again,

without an astringent store of moral sentences. Hymen is truly no acquaintance of thine. We know the delicacies of love which thou wouldst reserve for the gluttony of heroes and the fastidiousness of philosophers.. Heroes, like gods, must have their own way ; but against thee and thy confraternity of elders I would turn the closet-key, and your mouths might water over, but your tongues should never enter, those little pots of comfiture. Seriously, you who wear embroidered slippers ought to be very cautious of treading in the mire. Philosophers should not only live the simplest lives, but should also use the plainest language. Poets, in employing magnificent and sonorous words, teach philosophy the better by thus disarming suspicion that the finest poetry contains and conveys the finest philosophy. You will never let any man hold his right station: you would rank Solon with Homer for poetry. This is absurd. The only resemblance is in both being eminently wise. Pindar, too, makes even the cadences of his dithyrambics keep time to the flute of Reason. My tub, which holds fifty-fold thy wisdom, would crack at the reverberation of thy voice.

Plato. Farewell.

Diogenes. Not quite yet. I must physic thee a little with law again before we part ; answer me one more question. In punishing a robbery, wouldst thou punish him who steals every thing from one who wants every thing, less severely than him who steals little from one who wants nothing?

Plato. No: in this place the iniquity is manifest; not a problem in geometry is plainer.

Diogenes. Thou liedst then — in thy sleep perhaps — but thou liedst. Differing in one page from what was laid down by thee in another, * thou wouldst punish what is called *sacrilege* with death. The magistrates ought to provide that the temples be watched so well, and guarded so effectually, as never to be liable to thefts. The gods, we must suppose, cannot do it by themselves; for, to admit the contrary, we must admit their indifference to the possession of goods and chattels: an impiety so great, that sacrilege itself drops into atoms under it. He, however, who robs from the gods, be the amount what it may, robs from the rich, — robs from those

* Books IX. and X.

who can want nothing, although, like the other rich, they are mightily vindictive against petty plunderers. But he who steals from a poor widow a loaf of bread may deprive her of every thing she has in the world; perhaps, if she be bedridden or paralytic, of life itself.

I am weary of this digression on the inequality of punishments; let us come up to the object of them. It is not, O Plato, an absurdity of thine alone, but of all who write and of all who converse on them, to assert that they both are and ought to be inflicted publicly, for the sake of deterring from offence. The only effect of public punishment is to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne, and that every one who hath lost a toe-nail hath suffered worse. The virtuous man, as a reward and a privilege, should be permitted to see how calm and satisfied a virtuous man departs. The criminal should be kept in the dark about the departure of his fellows, which is oftentimes as unreluctant; for to him, if indeed no reward or privilege, it would be a corroborative and a cordial. Such things ought to be taken from him, no less carefully than the instruments of destruction or evasion. Secrecy and mystery should be the attendants of punishment, and the sole persons present should be the injured, or two of his relatives, and a functionary delegated by each tribe, to witness and register the execution of justice.

Trials, on the contrary, should be public in every case. It being presumable that the sense of shame and honor is not hitherto quite extinguished in the defendant, this, if he be guilty, is the worst part of his punishment: if innocent, the best of his release. From the hour of trial until the hour of return to society (or the dust) there should be privacy, there should be solitude.

Plato. It occurs to me, O Diogenes, that you agree with Aristoteles on the doctrine of necessity.

Diogenes. I do.

Plato. How then can you punish, by any heavier chastisement than coercion, the heaviest offences? Every thing being brought about, as you hold, by fate and predestination —

Diogenes. Stay! Those terms are puerile, and imply a petition of a principle: keep to the term *necessity*. Thou art silent. Here then, O Plato, will I acknowledge to thee I wonder it should have escaped thy perspicacity that *free-will*

itself is nothing else than a part and effluence of *necessity*. If every thing proceeds from some other thing, every impulse from some other impulse, that which impels to choice or will must act among the rest.

Plato. Every impulse from some other (I must so take it) under God, or the first cause.

Diogenes. Be it so: I meddle not at present with infinity or eternity; when I can comprehend them I will talk about them. You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labor. The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit and incapable of cultivation a little way below the surface, — of which there is more to manage, and more to know, than any of you will undertake.

Plato. It happens that we do not see the stars at eventide, sometimes because there are clouds intervening, but oftener because there are glimmerings of light: thus many truths escape us from the obscurity we stand in; and many more from that crepuscular state of mind, which induceth us to sit down satisfied with our imaginations and unsuspicious of our knowledge.

Diogenes. Keep always to the point, or with an eye upon it; and, instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will withhold them hereafter from wondering and staring. This is philosophy: to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, but shows by that little what is within. A bladder swells out more with wind than with oil.

Plato. I would not neglect politics or morals, nor indeed even manners; these, however, are mutable and evanescent. The human understanding is immovable and for ever the same in its principles and its constitution, and no study is so important or so inviting.

Diogenes. Your sect hath done little in it. You are singularly fond of those disquisitions in which few can detect your failures and your fallacies, and in which, if you stumble or err, you may find some countenance in those who lost their way before you.

Is not this school-room of mine, which holdeth but one scholar, preferable to that out of which have proceeded so many impetuous in passion, refractory in discipline, unprincipled in adventure, and (worst of all) proud in slavery? Poor creatures who run after a jaded mule or palfrey to pick up what he drops along the road, may be certain of a cabbage the larger and the sooner for it; while those who are equally assiduous at the heel of kings and princes hunger and thirst for more, and usually gather less. Their attendance is neither so certain of reward nor so honest; their patience is scantier, their industry weaker, their complaints louder. What shall we say of their philosophy? what of their virtue? What shall we say of the greatness whereon their feeders plume themselves? — not caring they indeed for the humbler character of virtue or philosophy. We never call children the greater or the better for wanting others to support them; why then do we call men so for it? I would be servant of any helpless man for hours together; but sooner shall a king be the slave of Diogenes than Diogenes a king's.

Plato. Companionship, O Sinopean, is not slavery.

Diogenes. Are the best of them worthy to be my companions? Have they ever made you wiser? have you ever made them so? Prythee, what is companionship where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller? 'Tis a dire calamity to *have* a slave; 'tis an inexpiable curse to *be* one. When it befalls a man through violence he must be pitied; but where is pity, where is pardon, for the wretch who solicits it, or bends his head under it through invitation? Thy hardness of heart toward slaves, O Plato, is just as unnatural as hardness of heart toward dogs would be in me.

Plato. You would have none perhaps in that condition.

Diogenes. None should be made slaves excepting those who have attempted to make others so, or who spontaneously have become the instruments of unjust and unruly men. Even these ought not to be scourged every day perhaps; for their skin is the only sensitive part of them, and such castigation might shorten their lives.

Plato. Which, in your tenderness and mercy, you would not do.

Diogenes. Longevity is desirable in them, that they may be exposed in coops to the derision of the populace on holidays, and that few may serve the purpose.

Plato. We will pass over this wild and thorny theory into the field of civilization in which we live; and here I must remark the evil consequences that would ensue if our domestics could listen to you about the hardships they are enduring.

Diogenes. And is it no evil that truth and beneficence should be shut out at once from so large a portion of mankind? Is it none when things are so perverted that an act of beneficence might lead to a thousand acts of cruelty, and that one accent of truth should be more pernicious than all the falsehoods that have been accumulated since the formation of language, since the gift of speech? I have taken thy view of the matter; take thou mine. Hercules was called just and glorious, and worshipped as a deity, because he redressed the grievances of others; is it unjust, is it inglorious, to redress one's own? If that man rises high in the favor of the people, high in the estimation of the valiant and the wise, high before God by the assertion and vindication of his holiest law, who punishes with death such as would reduce him or his fellow-citizens to slavery, how much higher rises he, who, being a slave, springs up indignantly from his low estate, and thrusts away the living load that intercepts from him what even the reptiles and insects, what even the bushes and brambles of the roadside, enjoy!

Plato. We began with definitions. I rejoice, O Diogenes, that you are warmed into rhetoric, in which you will find me a most willing auditor; for I am curious to collect a specimen of your prowess where you have not yet established any part of your celebrity.

Diogenes. I am idle enough for it; but I have other things yet for thy curiosity, other things yet for thy castigation.

Thou wouldst separate the military from the citizens, from artisans, and from agriculturists. A small body of soldiers, who never could be any thing else, would in a short time subdue and subjugate the industrious and the wealthy. They would begin by demanding an increase of pay; then they would insist on admission to magistracies; and presently their general would assume the sovereignty, and create new offices of trust and profit for the strength and security of his

usurpation. Soldiers, in a free state, should be enrolled from those principally who are most interested in the conservation of order and property; chiefly the sons of tradesmen in towns. First, because there is the less detriment done to agriculture, — the main thing to be considered in all countries; secondly, because such people are pronest to sedition, from the two opposite sides of enrichment and poverty; and lastly, because their families are always at hand, responsible for their fidelity, and where shame would befall them thickly in case of cowardice, or any misconduct. Those governments are the most flourishing and stable which have the fewest idle youths about the streets and theatres; it is only with the sword that they can cut the halter.

Thy faults arise from two causes principally: first, a fondness for playing tricks with argument and with fancy; secondly, swallowing from others what thou hast not taken time enough nor exercise enough to digest.

Plato. Lay before me the particular things you accuse me of drawing from others.

Diogenes. Thy opinions on numbers are distorted from those of the Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Syrians; who believe that numbers, and letters too, have peculiar powers, independent of what is represented by them on the surface.

Plato. I have said more, and often differently.

Diogenes. Thou hast indeed. Neither they nor Pythagoras ever taught, as thou hast done, that the basis of the earth is an equilateral triangle, and the basis of water a rectangular. We are then informed by thy sagacity, that "the world has no need of eyes, because nothing is left to be looked at out of it; nor of ears, because nothing can be heard beyond it; nor of any parts for the reception, concoction, and voidance of nutriment, because there can be no secretion nor accretion."*

This indeed is very providential. If things were otherwise, foul might befall your genii, who are always on active service; a world would not bespatter them so lightly as we mortals are bespattered by a swallow. Whatever is asserted on things tangible should be asserted from experiment only. Thou shouldst have defended better that which thou hast stolen; a thief should not only have impudence, but courage.

* Timæus.

Plato. What do you mean?

Diogenes. I mean that every one of thy whimsies hath been picked up somewhere by thee in thy travels; and each of them hath been rendered more weak and puny by its place of concealment in thy closet. What thou hast written on the immortality of the soul goes rather to prove the immortality of the body; and applies as well to the body of a weasel or an eel as to the fairer one of Agathon or of Aster. Why not at once introduce a new religion,* since religions keep and are relished in proportion as they are salted with absurdity, inside and out? and all of them must have one great crystal of it for the centre; but Philosophy pines and dies unless she drinks limpid water. When Pherecydes and Pythagoras felt in themselves the majesty of contemplation, they spurned the idea that flesh and bones and arteries should confer it; and that what comprehends the past and the future should sink in a moment and be annihilated for ever. "No," cried they, "the power of thinking is no more in the brain than in the hair, although the brain may be the instrument on which it plays. It is not corporeal, it is not of this world; its existence is eternity, its residence is infinity." I forbear to discuss the rationality of their belief, and pass on straightway to thine; if, indeed, I am to consider as one, belief and doctrine.

Plato. As you will.

Diogenes. I should rather, then, regard these things as mere ornaments; just as many decorate their apartments with lyres and harps, which they themselves look at from the couch, supinely complacent, and leave for visitors to admire and play on.

Plato. I foresee not how you can disprove my argument on the immortality of the soul, which, being contained in the best of my dialogues, and being often asked for among my friends, I carry with me.

Diogenes. At this time?

Plato. Even so.

Diogenes. Give me then a certain part of it for my perusal.

Plato. Willingly.

* He alludes to the various worships of Egypt, and to what Plato had learned there.

Diogenes. Hermes and Pallas! I wanted but a cubit of it, or at most a fathom, and thou art pulling it out by the plethron.

Plato. This is the place in question.

Diogenes. Read it.

Plato. (reads.) "Sayest thou not that death is the opposite of life, and that they spring the one from the other?" "*Yes.*" "What springs then from the living?" "*The dead.*" "And what from the dead?" "*The living.*" "Then all things alive spring from the dead."

Diogenes. Why that repetition? but go on.

Plato. (reads.) "Souls therefore exist after death in the infernal regions."

Diogenes. Where is the *therefore?* where is it even as to *existence?* As to the *infernal regions*, there is nothing that points toward a proof, or promises an indication. Death neither springs from life, nor life from death. Although death is the inevitable consequence of life, if the observation and experience of ages go for any thing, yet nothing shows us, or ever hath signified, that life comes from death. Thou mightest as well say that a barley-corn dies before the germ of another barley-corn grows up from it, than which nothing is more untrue; for it is only the protecting part of the germ that perishes, when its protection is no longer necessary. The consequence, that souls exist after death, cannot be drawn from the corruption of the body, even if it were demonstrable that out of this corruption a live one could rise up. Thou hast not said that the soul is among those dead things which living things must spring from; thou hast not said that a living soul produces a dead soul, or that a dead soul produces a living one.

Plato. No, indeed.

Diogenes. On my faith, thou hast said however things no less inconsiderate, no less inconsequent, no less unwise; and this very thing must be said and proved, to make thy argument of any value. Do dead men beget children?

Plato. I have not said it.

Diogenes. Thy argument implies it.

Plato. These are high mysteries, and to be approached with reverence.

Diogenes. Whatever we cannot account for is in the

same predicament. We may be gainers by being ignorant if we can be thought mysterious. It is better to shake our heads and to let nothing out of them, than to be plain and explicit in matters of difficulty. I do not mean in confessing our ignorance or our imperfect knowledge of them, but in clearing them up perspicuously: for, if we answer with ease, we may haply be thought good-natured, quick, communicative; never deep, never sagacious; not very defective possibly in our intellectual faculties, yet unequal and chinky, and liable to the probation of every clown's knuckle.

Plato. The brightest of stars appear the most unsteady and tremulous in their light; not from any quality inherent in themselves, but from the vapors that float below, and from the imperfection of vision in the surveyor.

Diogenes. To the stars again! Draw thy robe round thee; let the folds fall gracefully, and look majestic. That sentence is an admirable one; but not for me. I want sense, not stars. What then? Do no vapors float below the others? and is there no imperfection in the vision of those who look at *them*, if they are the same men, and look the next moment? We must move on: I shall follow the dead bodies, and the benighted driver of their fantastic bier, close and keen as any hyena.

Plato. Certainly, O Diogenes, you excel me in elucidations and similes: mine was less obvious. Lycaon became against his will what you become from pure humanity.

Diogenes. When Humanity is averse to Truth, a fig for her.

Plato. Many, who profess themselves her votaries, have made her a less costly offering.

Diogenes. Thou hast said well, and I will treat thee gently for it.

Plato. I may venture then, in defence of my compositions, to argue that neither simple metaphysics nor strict logic would be endured long together in a dialogue.

Diogenes. Few people can endure them anywhere; but whatever is contradictory to either is intolerable. The business of a good writer is to make them pervade his works, without obstruction to his force or impediment to his facility; to divest them of their forms, and to mingle their potency in every particle. I must acknowledge that, in matters of love,

thy knowledge is twice as extensive as mine is; yet nothing I ever heard is so whimsical and silly as thy description of its effects upon the soul, under the influence of beauty. The *wings* of the soul, thou tellest us, are *bedewed;* and certain *germs* of theirs expand from every part of it.

The only thing I know about the soul is, that it makes the ground slippery under us when we discourse on it, by virtue (I presume) of this *bedewing;* and beauty does not assist us materially in rendering our steps the steadier.

Plato. Diogenes! you are the only man that admires not the dignity and stateliness of my expressions.

Diogenes. Thou hast many admirers; but either they never have read thee, or do not understand thee, or are fond of fallacies, or are incapable of detecting them. I would rather hear the murmur of insects in the grass than the clatter and trilling of cymbals and timbrels overhead. The tiny animals I watch with composure, and guess their business; the brass awakes me only to weary me: I wish it underground again, and the parchment on the sheep's back.

Plato. My sentences, it is acknowledged by all good judges, are well constructed and harmonious.

Diogenes. I admit it: I have also heard it said that thou art eloquent.

Plato. If style, without elocution, can be.

Diogenes. Neither without nor with elocution is there eloquence where there is no ardor, no impulse, no energy, no concentration. Eloquence raises the whole man: thou raisest our eyebrows only. We wonder, we applaud, we walk away, and we forget. Thy eggs are very prettily speckled; but those which men use for their sustenance are plain white ones. People do not every day put on their smartest dresses; they are not always in trim for dancing, nor are they practising their steps in all places. I profess to be no weaver of fine words, no dealer in the plumes of phraseology, yet every man and every woman I speak to understands me.

Plato. Which would not always be the case if the occulter operations of the human mind were the subject.

Diogenes. If what is occult must be occult for ever, why throw away words about it? Employ on every occasion the simplest and easiest, and range them in the most natural order; thus they will serve thee faithfully, bringing thee many

hearers and readers from the intellectual and uncorrupted. All popular orators, victorious commanders, crowned historians, and poets above crowning, have done it. Homer, for the glory of whose birthplace none but the greatest cities dared contend, is alike the highest and the easiest in poetry. Herodotus, who brought into Greece more knowledge of distant countries than any or indeed than all before him, is the plainest and gracefulest in prose. Aristoteles, thy scholar, is possessor of a long and lofty treasury, with many windings and many vaults at the sides of them, abstruse and dark. He is unambitious of displaying his wealth; and few are strong-wristed enough to turn the key of his iron chests. Whenever he presents to his reader one full-blown thought, there are several buds about it which are to open in the cool of the study; and he makes you learn more than he teaches.

Plato. I can never say that I admire his language.

Diogenes. Thou wilt never say it; but thou dost. His language, where he wishes it to be harmonious, is highly so; and there are many figures of speech exquisitely beautiful, but simple and unobtrusive. You see what a fine head of hair he might have if he would not cut it so short. Is there as much true poetry in all thy works, prose and verse, as in that *Scolion* of his on Virtue?

Plato. I am less invidious than he is.

Diogenes. He may indeed have caught the infection of malignity, which all who live in the crowd, whether of a court or a school, are liable to contract. We had dismissed that question; we had buried the mortal and corruptible part of him, and were looking into the litter which contains his true and everlasting effigy: and this effigy the strongest and noblest minds will carry by relays to interminable generations. We were speaking of his thoughts and what conveys them. His language then, in good truth, differs as much from that which we find in thy dialogues, as wine in the goblet differs from wine spilt upon the table. With thy leave, I would rather drink than lap.

Plato. Methinks such preference is contrary to your nature.

Diogenes. Ah, Plato! I ought to be jealous of thee, finding that two in this audience can smile at thy wit, and not one at mine.

Plato. I would rather be serious, but that my seriousness is provocative of your moroseness. Detract from me as much as can be detracted by the most hostile to my philosophy, still it is beyond the power of any man to suppress or to conceal from the admiration of the world the amplitude and grandeur of my language.

Diogenes. Thou remindest me of a cavern I once entered. The mouth was spacious; and many dangling weeds and rampant briers caught me by the hair above, and by the beard below, and flapped my face on each side. I found it in some places flat and sandy; in some rather miry; in others I bruised my shins against little pointed pinnacles, or larger and smoother round stones. Many were the windings, and deep the darkness. Several men came forward with long poles and lighted torches on them, promising to show innumerable gems, on the roof and along the sides, to some ingenuous youths whom they conducted. I thought I was lucky, and went on among them. Most of the gems turned out to be drops of water; but some were a little more solid. These however in general gave way and crumbled under the touch; and most of the remainder lost all their brightness by the smoke of the torches underneath. The farther I went in, the fouler grew the air and the dimmer the torchlight. Leaving it, and the youths, and the guides and their long poles, I stood a moment in wonder at the vast number of names and verses graven at the opening, and forbore to insert the ignoble one of Diogenes.

The vulgar, indeed, and the fashionable do call such language as thine the noblest and most magnificent; the scholastic bend over it in paleness, and with the right hand upon the breast, at its unfathomable depth: but what would a man of plain, simple, sound understanding say upon it? — what would a metaphysician? — what would a logician? — what would Pericles? Truly, he had taken thee by the arm, and kissed that broad well-perfumed forehead, for filling up with light (as thou wouldst say) the dimple in the cheek of Aspasia, and for throwing such a gadfly in the current of her conversation. She was of a different sect from thee both in religion and in love, and both her language and her dress were plainer.

Plato. She, like yourself, worshipped no deity in public; and probably both she and Aristoteles find the more favor

with you from the laxity of their opinions in regard to the powers above. The indifference of Aristoteles to religion may perhaps be the reason why King Philip bespoke him so early for the tuition of his successor; on whom, destined as he is to pursue the conquests of the father, moral and religious obligations might be incommodious.

Diogenes. Kings who kiss the toes of the most gods, and the most zealously, never find any such incommodiousness. In courts, religious ceremonies cover with their embroidery moral obligations; and the most dishonest and the most libidinous and the most sanguinary kings (to say nothing of private men) have usually been the most punctual worshippers.

Plato. There may be truth in these words. We however know your contempt for religious acts and ceremonies, which, if you do not comply with them, you should at least respect by way of an example.

Diogenes. What! if a man lies to me, should I respect the lie for the sake of an example! Should I be guilty of duplicity for the sake of an example? Did I ever omit to attend the Thesmophoria, the only religious rite worthy of a wise man's attendance? It displays the union of industry and law. Here is no fraud, no fallacy, no filching: the gods are worshipped for their best gifts, and do not stand with open palms for ours. I neither laugh nor wonder at any one's folly. To laugh at it is childish or inhumane, according to its nature; and to wonder at it would be a greater folly than itself, whatever it may be.

Must I go on with incoherences and inconsistences?

Plato. I am not urgent with you.

Diogenes. Then I will reward thee the rather.

Thou makest poor Socrates tell us that a beautiful vase is inferior to a beautiful horse; and as a beautiful horse is inferior to a beautiful maiden, in like manner a beautiful maiden is inferior in beauty to the immortal gods.

Plato. No doubt, O Diogenes!

Diogenes. Thou hast whimsical ideas of beauty: but, understanding the word as all Athenians and all inhabitants of Hellas understand it, there is no analogy between a horse and a vase. Understanding it as thou perhaps mayest choose to do on the occasion, understanding it as applicable to the service and utility of men and gods, the vase may be applied to

more frequent and more noble purposes than the horse. It may delight men in health ; it may administer to them in sickness ; it may pour out before the protectors of families and of cities the wine of sacrifice. But if it is the quality and essence of beauty to gratify the sight, there are certainly more persons who can receive gratification from the appearance of a beautiful vase than of a beautiful horse. Xerxes brought into Hellas with him thousands of beautiful horses and many beautiful vases. Supposing now that all the horses which were beautiful seemed so to all good judges of their symmetry, it is probable that scarcely one man in fifty would fix his eyes attentively on one horse in fifty ; but undoubtedly there were vases in the tents of Xerxes which would have attracted all the eyes in the army, and have filled them with admiration. I say nothing of the women, who in Asiatic armies are as numerous as the men, and who would every one admire the vases, while few admired the horses. Yet women are as good judges of what is beautiful as thou art, and for the most part on the same principles. But, repeating that there is no analogy between the two objects, I must insist that there can be no just comparison : and I trust I have clearly demonstrated that the postulate is not to be conceded. We will nevertheless carry on the argument and examination : for "the beautiful virgin is inferior in beauty to the immortal gods." Is not Vulcan an immortal god? Are not the Furies and Discord immortal goddesses? Ay, by my troth are they! and there never was any city and scarcely any family on earth to which they were long invisible. Wouldst thou prefer them to a golden cup, or even to a cup from the potter's? Would it require one with a dance of bacchanals under the pouting rim? would it require one foretasted by Agathon? Let us descend from the deities to the horses. Thy dress is as well adapted to horsemanship as thy words are in general to discourse. Such as thou art would run out of the horse's way ; and such as know thee best would put the vase out of thine.

Plato. So then, I am a thief, it appears, not only of men's notions, but of their vases!

Diogenes. Nay, nay, my good Plato! Thou hast however the frailty of concupiscence for things tangible and intangible, and thou likest well-turned vases no less than well-turned sentences ; therefore they who know thee would leave no

temptation in thy way, to the disturbance and detriment of thy soul. Away with the horse and vase! we will come together to the quarters of the virgin. Faith, my friend! if we find her only just as beautiful as some of the goddesses we were naming, her virginity will be as immortal as their divinity.

Plato. I have given a reason for my supposition.

Diogenes. What is it?

Plato. Because there is a beauty incorruptible, and for ever the same.

Diogenes. Visible beauty; beauty cognizable in the same sense as of vases and of horses; beauty that in degree and in quality can be compared with theirs? Is there any positive proof that the gods possess it? — and all of them? — and all equally? Are there any points of resemblance between Jupiter and the daughter of Acrisius? Any between Hatè and Hebe, whose sex being the same brings them somewhat nearer? In like manner thou confoundest the harmony of music with symmetry in what is visible and tangible; and thou teachest the stars how to dance to their own compositions, enlivened by fugues and variations from thy master-hand. This, in the opinion of thy boy-scholars, is sublimity! Truly it is the sublimity which he attains who is hurled into the air from a ballista. Changing my ground, and perhaps to thy advantage, in the name of Socrates I come forth against thee; not for using him as a wide-mouthed mask, stuffed with gibes and quibbles; not for making him the most sophistical of sophists, or (as thou hast done frequently) the most improvident of statesmen and the worst of citizens: my accusation and indictment is, for representing him, who had distinguished himself on the field of battle above the bravest and most experienced of the Athenian leaders (particularly at Delion and Potidea), as more ignorant of warfare than the worst-fledged crane that fought against the Pygmies.

Plato. I am not conscious of having done it.

Diogenes. I believe thee; but done it thou hast. The language of Socrates was Attic and simple: he hated the verbosity and refinement of wranglers and rhetoricians; and never would he have attributed to Aspasia, who thought and spoke like Pericles, and whose elegance and judgment thou thyself hast commended, the chaff and litter thou hast tossed

about with so much wind and wantonness in thy dialogue of *Menexenus*. Now, to omit the other fooleries in it, Aspasia would have laughed to scorn the most ignorant of her tire-women who should have related to her the story thou tellest in her name, about the march of the Persians round the territory of Eretria. This narrative seems to thee so happy an attempt at history, that thou betrayest no small fear lest the reader should take thee at thy word, and lest Aspasia should in reality rob thee or Socrates of the glory due for it.

Plato. Where lies the fault?

Diogenes. If the Persians had marched, as thou describest them forming a circle, and from sea to sea, with their hands joined together, fourscore shepherds with their dogs, their rams, and their bell-wethers might have killed them all, coming against them from points well chosen. As, however, great part of the Persians were horsemen, which thou appearest to have quite forgotten, how could they go in single line with their hands joined, unless they lay flat upon their backs along the backs of their horses, and unless the horses themselves went tail to tail, one pulling on the other? Even then the line would be interrupted, and only two could join hands. A pretty piece of net-work is here! and the only defect I can find in it is, that it would help the fish to catch the fisherman.

Plato. This is an abuse of wit, if there be any wit in it.

Diogenes. I doubt whether there is any; for the only man that hears it does not smile. We will be serious then. Such nonsense, delivered in a school of philosophy, might be the less derided; but it is given us as an oration, held before an Athenian army, to the honor of those who fell in battle. The beginning of the speech is cold and languid; the remainder is worse: it is learned and scholastic.

Plato. Is learning worse in oratory than languor?

Diogenes. Incomparably, in the praises of the dead who died bravely, played off before those who had just been fighting in the same ranks. What we most want in this business is sincerity; what we want least are things remote from the action. Men may be cold by nature, and languid from exhaustion, from grief itself, from watchfulness, from pity; but they cannot be idling and wandering about other times and nations when their brothers and sons and bosom-friends are brought lifeless into the city, and the least inquisitive, the

least sensitive, are hanging immovably over their recent wounds. Then burst forth their names from the full heart; their fathers' names come next, hallowed with lauds and benedictions that flow over upon their whole tribe; then are lifted their helmets and turned round to the spectators: for the grass is fastened to them by their blood, and it is befitting to show the people how they must have struggled to rise up, and to fight afresh for their country. Without the virtues of courage and patriotism, the seeds of such morality as is fruitful and substantial spring up thinly, languidly, and ineffectually. The images of great men should be stationed throughout the works of great historians.

Plato. According to your numeration the great men are scanty; and pray, O Diogenes! are they always at hand?

Diogenes. Prominent men always are. Catch them and hold them fast, when thou canst find none better. Whoever hath influenced the downfall or decline of a commonwealth, whoever hath altered in any degree its social state, should be brought before the high tribunal of History.

Plato. Very mean intellects have accomplished these things. Not only battering-rams have loosened the walls of cities, but foxes and rabbits have done the same. Vulgar and vile men have been elevated to power by circumstances: would you introduce the vulgar and vile into the pages you expect to be immortal?

Diogenes. They never can blow out immortality. Criminals do not deform by their presence the strong and stately edifices in which they are incarcerated. I look above them and see the image of Justice: I rest my arm against the plinth where the protectress of cities raises her spear by the judgment-seat. Thou art not silent on the vile; but delightest in bringing them out before us, and in reducing their betters to the same condition.

Plato. I am no writer of history.

Diogenes. Every great writer is a writer of history, let him treat on almost what subject he may. He carries with him for thousands of years a portion of his times; and indeed if only his own effigy were there, it would be greatly more than a fragment of his country.

In all thy writings I can discover no mention of Epaminondas, who vanquished thy enslavers the Lacedæmonians; nor

of Thrasybulus, who expelled the murderers of thy preceptor. Whenever thou again displayest a specimen of thy historical researches, do not utterly overlook the fact that these excellent men were living in thy days; that they fought against thy enemies; that they rescued thee from slavery; that thou art indebted to them for the whole estate of this interminable robe, with its valleys and hills and wastes; for these perfumes that overpower all mine; and moreover for thy house, thy grove, thy auditors, thy admirers, and thy admired.

Plato. Thrasybulus, with many noble qualities, had great faults.

Diogenes. Great men too often have greater faults than little men can find room for.

Plato. Epaminondas was undoubtedly a momentous man, and formidable to Lacedæmon, but Pelopidas shared his glory.

Diogenes. How ready we all are with our praises when a cake is to be divided, — if it is not ours!

Plato. I acknowledge his magnanimity, his integrity, his political skill, his military services, and, above all, his philosophical turn of mind; but since his countrymen, who knew him best, have until recently been silent on the transcendency of his merits, I think I may escape from obloquy in leaving them unnoticed. His glorious death appears to have excited more enthusiastic acclamation than his patriotic heroism.

Diogenes. The sun colors the sky most deeply and most diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said, "How beneficently he shines!" say at last, "How brightly he set!" They who believe that their praise gives immortality, and who know that it gives celebrity and distinction, are iniquitous and flagitious in withdrawing it from such exemplary men, such self-devoted citizens, as Epaminondas and Thrasybulus.

Great writers are gifted with that golden wand which neither ages can corrode nor violence rend asunder, and are commanded to point with it toward the head (be it lofty or low) which nations are to contemplate and to revere.

Plato. I should rather have conceived from you that the wand ought to designate those who merit the hatred of their species.

Diogenes. This too is another of its offices, no less obligatory and sacred.

Plato. Not only have I particularized such faults as I could investigate and detect, but in that historical fragment, which I acknowledge to be mine (although I left it in abeyance between Socrates and Aspasia), I have lauded the courage and conduct of our people.

Diogenes. Thou recountest the glorious deeds of the Athenians by sea and land, staidly and circumstantially, as if the Athenians themselves, or any nation of the universe, could doubt them. Let orators do this when some other shall have rivalled them, which, as it never hath happened in the myriads of generations that have passed away, is never likely to happen in the myriads that will follow. From Asia, from Africa, fifty nations came forward in a body, and assailed the citizens of one scanty city: fifty nations fled from before them. All the wealth and power of the world, all the civilization, all the barbarism, were leagued against Athens; the ocean was covered with their pride and spoils; the earth trembled; mountains were severed, distant coasts united. Athens gave to Nature her own again; and equal laws were the unalienable dowry brought by Liberty to the only men capable of her defence or her enjoyment. Did Pericles, did Aspasia, did Socrates foresee that the descendants of those whose heroes and gods were at best but like them should enter into the service of Persian satraps, and become the parasites of Sicilian kings?

Plato. Pythagoras, the most temperate and retired of mortals, entered the courts of princes.

Diogenes. True; he entered them and cleansed them: his breath was lustration; his touch purified. He persuaded the princes of Italy to renounce their self-constituted and unlawful authority; in effecting which purpose thou must acknowledge, O Plato, that either he was more eloquent than thou art, or that he was juster. If, being in the confidence of a usurper, which in itself is among the most heinous of crimes, since they virtually are outlaws, thou never gavest him such counsel at thy ease and leisure as Pythagoras gave at the peril of his life, thou in this likewise wert wanting to thy duty as an Athenian, a republican, a philosopher. If thou offeredst it, and it was rejected, and after the rejection thou yet tarriedst with him, then wert thou, friend Plato, an importunate sycophant and self-bound slave.

Plato. I never heard that you blamed Euripides in this manner for frequenting the court of Archeläus.

Diogenes. I have heard *thee* blame him for it; and this brings down on thee my indignation. Poets, by the constitution of their minds, are neither acute reasoners nor firmly-minded. Their vocation was allied to sycophancy from the beginning; they sang at the tables of the rich, and he who could not make a hero could not make a dinner. Those who are possessed of enthusiasm are fond of every thing that excites it; hence poets are fond of festivals, of wine, of beauty, and of glory. They cannot always make their selection; and generally they are little disposed to make it, from indolence of character. Theirs partakes less than others of the philosophical and the heroic. What wonder if Euripides hated those who deprived him of his right, in adjudging the prize of tragedy to his competitor? From hating the arbitrators who committed the injustice, he proceeded to hate the people who countenanced it. The whole frame of government is bad to those who have suffered under any part. Archeläus praised Euripides's poetry: he therefore liked Archeläus; the Athenians bantered his poetry: therefore he disliked the Athenians. Beside, he could not love those who killed his friend and teacher: if thou canst, I hope thy love may be for ever without a rival.

Plato. He might surely have found, in some republic of Greece, the friend who would have sympathized with him.

Diogenes. He might; nor have I any more inclination to commend his choice than thou hast right to condemn it. Terpander and Thales and Pherecydes were at Sparta with Lycurgus; and thou too, Plato, mightest have found in Greece a wealthy wise man ready to receive thee, or (where words are more acceptable) an unwise wealthy one. Why dost thou redden and bite thy lip? Wouldst thou rather give instruction, or not give it?

Plato. I would rather give it, where I could.

Diogenes. Wouldst thou rather give it to those who have it already and do not need it, or to those who have it not and do need it?

Plato. To these latter.

Diogenes. Impart it then to the unwise; and to those who

are wealthy in preference to the rest, as they require it most, and can do most good with it.

Plato. Is not this a contradiction to your own precepts, O Diogenes? Have you not been censuring me, I need not say how severely, for my intercourse with Dionysius? And yet surely he was wealthy; surely he required the advice of a philosopher; surely he could have done much good with it.

Diogenes. An Athenian is more degraded by becoming the counsellor of a king, than a king is degraded by becoming the schoolmaster of paupers in a free city. Such people as Dionysius are to be approached by the brave and honest from two motives only: to convince them of their inutility, or to slay them for their iniquity. Our fathers and ourselves have witnessed in more than one country the curses of kingly power. All nations, all cities, all communities, should enter into one great hunt, like that of the Scythians at the approach of winter, and should follow it up unrelentingly to its perdition. The diadem should designate the victim: all who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish. The smallest, the poorest, the least accessible village whose cottages are indistinguishable from the rocks around, should offer a reward for the heads of these monsters, as for the wolf's, the kite's, and the viper's.

Thou tellest us, in thy fourth book on *Polity*, that it matters but little whether a State be governed by many or one, if the one is obedient to the laws. Why hast not thou likewise told us that it little matters whether the sun bring us heat or cold, if he ripens the fruits of the earth by cold as perfectly as by heat? Demonstrate that he does it, and I subscribe to the proposition. Demonstrate that kings, by their nature and education, are obedient to the laws, bear them patiently, deem them no impediment to their wishes, designs, lusts, violences; that a whole series of monarchs hath been of this character and condition, wherever a whole series hath been permitted to continue; that under them independence of spirit, dignity of mind, rectitude of conduct, energy of character, truth of expression, and even lower and lighter things — eloquence, poetry, sculpture, painting — have flourished more exuberantly than among the free. On the contrary, some of the best princes have rescinded the laws they themselves in-

troduced and sanctioned. Impatient of restraint and order are even the quiet and inert of the species.

Plato. There is a restlessness in activity: we must find occupation for kings.

Diogenes. Open the fold to them and they will find it themselves: there will be plenty of heads and shanks on the morrow. I do not see why those who, directly or indirectly, would promote a kingly government should escape the penalty of death, whenever it can be inflicted, any more than those who decoy men into slave-ships.

Plato. Supposing me to have done it, I have used no deception.

Diogenes. What! it is no deception to call people out of their homes, to offer them a good supper and good beds if they will go along with thee; to take the key out of the house-door, that they may not have the trouble of bearing the weight of it; to show them plainly through the window the hot supper and comfortable bed to which indeed the cook and chamberlain do beckon and invite them, but inform them however on entering it is only on condition that they never stir a foot beyond the supper-room and bed-room; to be conscious, as thou must be, when they desire to have rather their own key again, eat their own lentils, sleep on their own pallet, that thy friends the cook and chamberlain have forged the title-deeds, mortgaged the house and homestead, given the lentils to the groom, made a horse-cloth of the coverlet and a manger of the pallet; that, on the first complaint against such an apparent injury (for at present they think and call it one), the said cook and chamberlain seize them by the hair, strip, scourge, imprison, and gag them, showing them through the grating what capital dishes are on the table for the more deserving, what an appetite the fumes stir up, and how sensible men fold their arms upon the breast contentedly, and slumber soundly after the carousal.

Plato. People may exercise their judgment.

Diogenes. People may spend their money. All people have not much money; all people have not much judgment. It is cruel to prey or impose on those who have little of either. There is nothing so absurd that the ignorant have not believed: they have believed, and will believe for ever, what thou wouldst teach; namely, that others who never saw

them, never are likely to see them, will care more about them than they should care about themselves. This pernicious fraud begins with perverting the intellect, and proceeds with seducing and corrupting the affections, which it transfers from the nearest to the most remote, from the dearest to the most indifferent. It enthralls the freedom both of mind and body; it annihilates not only political and moral but, what nothing else however monstrous can do, even arithmetical proportions, making a unit more than a million. Odious is it in a parent to murder or sell a child, even in time of famine; but to sell him in the midst of plenty, to lay his throat at the mercy of a wild and riotous despot, to whet and kiss and present the knife that immolates him, and to ask the same favor of being immolated for the whole family in perpetuity, — is not this an abomination ten thousand times more execrable?

Let Falsehood be eternally the enemy of Truth, but not eternally her mistress; let Power be eternally the despiser of Weakness, but not eternally her oppressor; let Genius be eternally in the train or in the trammels of Wealth, but not eternally his sycophant and his pander.

Plato. What a land is Attica! in which the kings themselves were the mildest and best citizens, and resigned the sceptre; deeming none other worthy of supremacy than the wisest and most warlike of the immortal gods. In Attica the olive and corn were first cultivated.

Diogenes. Like other Athenians, thou art idly fond of dwelling on the antiquity of the people, and wouldst fain persuade thyself not only that the first corn and olive, but even that the first man, sprang from Attica. I rather think that what historians call the emigration of the Pelasgians under Danaüs was the emigration of those "*shepherds*," as they continued to be denominated, who, having long kept possession of Egypt, were besieged in the city of Aoudris by Thoutmosis, and retired by capitulation. These probably were of Chaldaic origin. Danaüs, like every wise legislator, introduced such religious rites as were adapted to the country in which he settled. The ancient being once relaxed, admission was made gradually for honoring the brave and beneficent, who in successive generations extended the boundary of the colonists, and defended them against the resentment and reprisal of the native chieftains.

Plato. This may be ; but evidence is wanting.

Diogenes. Indeed it is not quite so strong and satisfactory as in that piece of history where thou maintainest that "*each of us is the half of a man.*"* By Neptune! a vile man, too, or the computation were overcharged.

Plato. We copy these things from old traditions.

Diogenes. Copy rather the manners of antiquity than the fables ; or copy those fables only which convey the manners. That one man was cut off another is a tradition little meriting preservation. Any old woman who drinks and dozes could recite to us more interesting dreams, and worthier of the Divinity.

Surely thy effrontery is of the calmest and most philosophical kind, that thou remarkest to me a want of historic evidence when I offered a suggestion ; and when thou thyself hast attributed to Solon the most improbable falsehoods on the antiquity and the exploits of your ancestors, telling us that time had "*obliterated*" these "*memorable*" annals. What is obliterated at home, Solon picks up fresh and vivid in Egypt. An Egyptian priest, the oldest and wisest of the body, informs him that Athens was built a thousand years before Sais, by the goddess Neithes, as they call her, but as we, Athenè, who received the *seed* of the city from the Earth and Vulcan. The records of Athens are lost, and those of Sais mount up no higher than eight thousand years. Enough to make her talk like an old woman.

I have, in other places and on other occasions, remarked to those about me many, if not equal and similar yet gross, absurdities in thy writings.

Plato. Gently! I know it. Several of these, supposing

* In the *Banquet.* No two qualities are more dissimilar than the imagination of Plato and the imagination of Shakspeare. The *Androgyne* was probably of higher antiquity than Grecian fable. Whencesoever it originated, we cannot but wonder how Shakspeare met with it. In his *King John*, the citizen of Angiers says of the Lady Blanche and of the Dauphin : —

> "He is the half-part of a blessed man,
> Left to be finished by such a *she ;*
> And *she* a fair divided excellence
> Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

What is beautiful in poetry may be infantine in philosophy, and monstrous in physics.

them to be what you denominate them, are originally from others, and from the gravest men.

Diogenes. Gross absurdities are usually of that parentage: the idle and weak produce but petty ones, and such as gambol at theatres and fairs. Thine are good for nothing: men are too old, and children too young, to laugh at them. There is no room for excuse or apology in the adoption of another's foolery. Imagination may heat a writer to such a degree that he feels not what drops from him or clings to him of his own: another's is taken up deliberately, and trimmed at leisure. I will now proceed with thee. I have heard it affirmed (but, as philosophers are the affirmers, the assertion may be questioned) that there is not a notion or idea, in the wide compass of thy works, originally thy own.

Plato. I have made them all mine by my manner of treating them.

Diogenes. If I throw my cloak over a fugitive slave to steal him, it is so short and straight, so threadbare and chinky, that he would be recognized by the idlest observer who had seen him seven years ago in the market-place; but if thou hadst enveloped him in thy versicolored and cloudlike vestiary, puffed and effuse, rustling and rolling, nobody could guess well what animal was under it, much less what man. And such a tissue would conceal a gang of them as easily as it would a parsley-bed, or the study yonder of young Demosthenes. Therefore, I no more wonder that thou art tempted to run in chase of butterflies, and catchest many, than I am at discovering that thou breakest their wings and legs by the weight of the web thou throwest over them; and that we find the head of one indented into the body of another, and never an individual retaining the color or character of any species. Thou hast indeed, I am inclined to believe, some ideas of thy own: for instance, when thou tellest us that a well-governed city ought to let her walls go to sleep along the ground. Pallas forbid that any city should do it where thou art, for thou wouldst surely deflour her before the soldiers of the enemy could break in on the same errand. The poets are bad enough; they every now and then want a check upon them: but there must be an eternal vigilance against philosophers. Yet I would not drive you all out of the city gates, because I fain would keep the country parts from pollution.

Plato. Certainly, O Diogenes, I cannot retort on you the accusation of employing any language or any sentiments but your own, unquestionably the purest and most genuine Sinopèan.

Diogenes. Welcome to another draught of it, my courteous guest! By thy own confession, or rather thy own boast, thou stolest every idea thy voluminous books convey; and therefore thou wouldst persuade us that all other ideas must have an archetype; and that God himself, the demiurgos, would blunder and botch without one. Now cannot God, by thy good leave, gentle Plato! quite as easily form a thing as conceive it? and execute it as readily at once as at twice? Or hath he rather, in some slight degree, less of plastic power than of mental? Seriously, if thou hast received these fooleries from the Egyptian priests, prythee, for want of articles more valuable to bring among us, take them back on thy next voyage, and change them against the husk of a pistachio dropped from the pouch of a sacred ape.

Thy God is like thyself, as most men's gods are. He throws together a vast quantity of stuff, and leaves his workpeople to cut it out and tack it together, after their own fashion and fancy. These demons or genii are mischievous and fantastical imps: it would have been better if they had always sitten with their hands before them, or played and toyed with one another, like the young folks in the garden of Academus. As thou hast modified the ideas of those who went before thee, so those who follow thee will modify thine. The wiser of them will believe, and reasonably enough, that it is time for the demiurgos to lay his head upon his pillow, after heating his brains with so many false conceptions, and to let the world go on its own way, without any anxiety or concern.

Beside, would not thy dialogues be much better and more interesting, if thou hadst given more variety to the characters, and hadst introduced them conversing on a greater variety of topics? Thyself and Prodicus, if thou wouldst not disdain to meet him, might illustrate the nature of allegory, might explain to your audience where it can enter gracefully, and where it must be excluded. We should learn from you, perhaps, under whose guidance it first came into Greece, whether any one has mentioned the existence of it in the poems of Orpheus and Musæus (now so lost that we possess no traces of them),

or whether it was introduced by Homer, and derived from the tales and mythology of the East. Certainly he has given us for deities such personages as were never worshipped in our country; some he found, I suspect, in the chrysalis state of metaphors, and hatched them by the warmth of his genius into allegories, giving them a strength of wing by which they were carried to the summit of Olympus. Euripides and Aristophanes might discourse upon comedy and tragedy, and upon that species of poetry which, though the earliest and most universal, was cultivated in Attica with little success until the time of Sophocles.

Plato. You mean the Ode.

Diogenes. I do. There was hardly a corner of Greece, hardly an islet, where the children of Pallas were not called to school and challenged by choristers.

Plato. These disquisitions entered into no portion of my plan.

Diogenes. Rather say, ill-suited thy genius; having laid down no plan whatever for a series of dialogues. School-exercises, or, if thou pleasest to call them so, *disquisitions*, require no such form as thou hast given to them, and they block up the inlets and outlets of conversation, which, to seem natural, should not adhere too closely to one subject. The most delightful parts both of philosophy and of fiction might have opened and expanded before us, if thou hadst selected some fifty or sixty of the wisest, most eloquent, and most facetious, and hadst made them exert their abilities on what was most at their command.

Plato. I am not certain that I could have given to Aristophanes all his gayety and humor.

Diogenes. Art thou certain thou hast given to Socrates all his irony and perspicacity, or even all his virtue?

Plato. His virtue I think I have given him fully.

Diogenes. Few can comprehend the whole of it, or see where it is separated from wisdom. Being a philosopher, he must have known that marriage would render him less contemplative and less happy, though he had chosen the most beautiful, the most quiet, the most obedient, and most affectionate woman in the world; yet he preferred what he considered his duty as a citizen to his peace of mind.

Plato. He might hope to beget children in sagacity like himself.

Diogenes. He can never have hoped it at all, or thought about it as became him. He must have observed that the sons of meditative men are usually dull and stupid; and he might foresee that those philosophers or magistrates whom their father had excelled would be, openly or covertly, their enemies.

Plato. Here then is no proof of his prudence or his virtue. True indeed is your remark on the children of the contemplative; and we have usually found them rejected from the higher offices, to punish them for the celebrity of their fathers.

Diogenes. Why didst not thou introduce thy preceptor arguing fairly and fully on some of these topics? Wert thou afraid of disclosing his inconsistencies? A man to be quite consistent must live quite alone. I know not whether Socrates would have succeeded in the attempt; I only know I have failed.

Plato. I hope, most excellent Diogenes, I shall not be accused of obstructing much longer so desirable an experiment.

Diogenes. I will bear with thee some time yet. The earth is an obstruction to the growth of seed; but the seed cannot grow well without it. When I have done with thee, I will dismiss thee with my usual courtesy.

There are many who marry from utter indigence of thought, captivated by the playfulness of youth, as if a kitten were never to be a cat! Socrates was an unlikely man to have been under so sorrowful an illusion. Those among you who tell us that he married the too handy Xantippe for the purpose of exercising his patience, turn him from a philosopher into a fool. We should be at least as moderate in the indulgence of those matters which bring our patience into play, as in the indulgence of any other. It is better to be sound than hard, and better to be hard than callous.

Plato. Do you say that, Diogenes?

Diogenes. I do say it; and I confess to thee that I am grown harder than is well for me. Thou wilt not so easily confess that an opposite course of life hath rendered thee callous. Frugality and severity must act upon us long and uninterruptedly before they produce this effect: pleasure and selfishness soon produce the other. The red-hot iron is but one moment in sending up its fumes from the puddle it is turned into, and in losing its brightness and its flexibility.

Plato. I have admitted your definitions, and now I accede to your illustrations. But illustrations are pleasant merely; and definitions are easier than discoveries.

Diogenes. The easiest things in the world when they are made; nevertheless thou hast given us some dozens, and there is hardly a complete or a just one on the list; hardly one that any wench, watching her bees and spinning on Hymettus, might not have corrected.

Plato. As you did, no doubt, when you threw into my school the cock you had stripped of its feathers.

Diogenes. Even to the present day, neither thou nor any of thy scholars have detected the fallacy.

Plato. We could not dissemble that our definition was inexact.

Diogenes. I do not mean that.

Plato. What then?

Diogenes. I would remark that neither thou nor thy disciples found me out.

Plato. We saw you plainly enough; we heard you too, crying, *Behold Plato's man!*

Diogenes. It was not only a reproof of thy temerity in definitions, but a trial of the facility with which a light and unjust ridicule of them would be received.

Plato. Unjust perhaps not, but certainly rude and vulgar.

Diogenes. Unjust, I repeat it; because thy definition was of man as Nature formed him; and the cock, when I threw it on the floor, was no longer as Nature had formed it. Thou art accustomed to lay down as peculiarities the attributes that belong, equally or nearly, to several things or persons.

Plato. The characteristic is not always the definition, nor meant to be accepted for it. I have called tragedy *δημοτερπέστατον*, "most delightful to the people;" and *ψυχαγωγικώτατον*, "most agitating to the soul:" no person can accuse me of laying down these terms as the *definition* of tragedy. The former is often as applicable to rat-catching, and the latter to cold bathing. I have called the dog *φιλόμαθες*, "fond of acquiring information," and *φιλόσοφον*, "fond of wisdom;" but I never have denied that man is equally or more.

Diogenes. Deny it then, instantly. Every dog has that property; every man has not: I mean the *φιλόμαθες*. The *φιλόσοφον* is false in both cases; for words must be taken as

they pass current in our days, and not according to any ancient acceptation. The author of the *Margites* says: —

Τόνδ' ὔντ' ἂν σκαπτῆρα θεοί θέσαν ὔντ' ἀροτῆρα
Ὄυτ' ἄλλως τι σοφόν.

Here certainly the σοφός has no reference to the higher and intellectual powers, as with us, since he is placed by the poet among delvers and ploughmen. The compound word φιλόσοφος did not exist when the author of *Margites* wrote; and the lover of wisdom, in his days, was the lover of the country. Her aspirants, in ours, are quarrelling and fighting in the streets about her; and nevertheless, while they rustle their Asiatic robes around them, leave her as destitute, as naked, and as hungry as they found her.

Plato. Did your featherless cock render her any service?

Diogenes. Yes.

Plato. I corrected and enlarged the definition without your assistance.

Diogenes. Not without it: the best assistance is the first, and the first was the detection of insufficiency and error. Thy addition was, "that man has broad nails;" now art thou certain that all monkeys have sharp and round ones? I have heard the contrary; and I know that the mole has them broad and flat.

Plato. What wouldst thou say man is, and other animals are not?

Diogenes. I would say, *lying* and *malicious*.

Plato. Because he alone can speak; he alone can reflect.

Diogenes. Excellent reason! If speech be the communication of what is felt, made by means of the voice, thinkest thou other creatures are mute? All that have legs, I am inclined to believe, have voices: whether fishes have, I know not. Thou wouldst hardly wish me to take the trouble of demonstrating that men lie, both before their metamorphosis into philosophers and after; yet perhaps thou mayst wish to hear wherefore, if other animals reason and reflect (which is proved in them by apprehending mischief and avoiding it, and likewise by the exertion of memory), they are not also malicious.

Plato. Having kept in their memory an evil received, many

of them evince their malice, by attacking long afterward those who did it.

Diogenes. This is not malice, in man or beast. Malice is ill-will without just cause, and desire to injure without any hope of benefiting from it. Tigers and serpents seize on the unwary, and inflict deadly wounds: tigers from sport or hunger, serpents from fear or hurt; neither of them from malice, neither of them from hatred. Dogs indeed and horses do acquire hatred in their domestic state; they had none originally: they must sleep under man's roof before they share with him his high feeling; that high feeling which renders him the destroyer of his own kind, and the devourer of his own heart. We are willing to consider both revenge and envy as much worse blemishes in the character than malice. Yet for one who is invidious there are six or seven who are malicious, and for one who is revengeful there are fifty. In revenge there must be something of energy, however short-breathed and indeterminate. Many are exempt from it because they are idle and forgetful; more, because they are circumspect and timid: but nothing hinders the same people from being malicious. Envy, abominable as we call her, and as she is, often stands upon a richly-figured base, and is to be recognized only by the sadness with which she leans over the emblems of power and genius. The contracted heart of Malice can never swell to sadness. Seeing nothing that she holds desirable, she covets nothing; she would rather the extinction than the possession of what is amiable; she hates high and low, bad and good, coldly pertinacious and lazily morose.

Thou Plato, who hast cause to be invidious of not many, art of nearly all; and thy wit pays the fine, being rendered thereby the poorest I know in any Athenian ambitious of it.

Plato. If the fact be thus, the reason is different.

Diogenes. What is it, then?

Plato. That every witticism is an inexact thought; that what is perfectly true is imperfectly witty; and that I have attended more sedulously and more successfully to verity.

Diogenes. Why not bring the simplicity of truth into the paths of life? Why not try whether it would look as becomingly in actions as in words; in the wardrobe and at table as in deductions and syllogisms? Why not demonstrate to the

youth of Athens that thou in good earnest canst be contented with a little?

Plato. So I could, if the times required it.

Diogenes. They will soon; and we should at least be taught our rudiments, before a hard lesson is put into our hands.

Plato. This makes me think again that your grammatical knowledge, O Diogenes, is extensive. The plain and only sense of the second verse —

Diogenes. What second verse? Were we talking of any such things?

Plato. Yes, just now.

Diogenes. I had forgotten it.

Plato. How! forgotten the *Margites?* The meaning of the words is, "nor fit for any thing else."

Homer in like manner uses εἰδώς very frequently, to indicate mere manual skill. The spirit of inquiry, the φιλόμαθες, we take upon ourselves with the canine attributes; we talk of *indagating*, of *investigating*, of *questing*.

Diogenes. I know the respect thou bearest to the dogly character, and can attribute to nothing else the complacency with which thou hast listened to me since I released thy cloak. If ever the Athenians, in their inconstancy, should issue a decree to deprive me of the appellation they have conferred on me, rise up, I pray thee, in my defence, and protest that I have not merited so severe a mulct. Something I do deserve at thy hands; having supplied thee, first with a store of patience, when thou wert going without any about thee, although it is the readiest viaticum and the heartiest sustenance of human life; and then with weapons from this tub, wherewith to drive the importunate cock before thee out of doors again.

Plato. My presence then may, after so generous and long a hospitality, be excused.

Diogenes. Wait a little yet, to accept a few gifts and gratuities at parting. The *Defence of Socrates* comes out somewhat late. The style pleases me greatly more than in any of thy dialogues: truth is the chief thing wanting in it.

Plato. In what part? For surely the main is well remembered by all the city.

Diogenes. Socrates, I am credibly informed, never called Meletus a strange man, as thou recordest, for accusing him of

thinking the sun stone, the moon earth, instead of gods ; telling him before the judges that such an accusation ought rather to have been brought against Anaxagoras, whose treatise to this purport was sold at the theatre for a drachma. Never did Socrates say that he might fairly be laughed to scorn if he ever had countenanced so absurd a doctrine. Now, Plato, although in thy work on the Laws thou art explicit in thy declaration that the sun and moon are deities, Anaxagoras denied the fact, and Socrates never asserted it. In this misrepresentation of thine, regarding the friend of Pericles, there was little harm beyond the falsehood ; for Anaxagoras was dead, and hemlock might be growing on his grave, but could not reach his heart or even his extremities. When I was a youngster I often tried to throw a stone over the moon, unsuspicious that it was a goddess ; had it been, she must be the best tempered of all in heaven, or she would have sent the stone back on my head for my impiety. My wonder was, that, although I clearly saw the stone ascend as high as the moon, and somewhat higher, it always fell on this side. The moon seemed only to laugh at me ; and so did the girls who were reaping. Had they been philosophers, with any true religion about them, they would have made an Orpheus of me, and have torn me to pieces. But being of Sinopè, not of Athens, they thought about nothing else than merriment at an idle pelter of the moon.

Plato. We may know more hereafter in relation to these matters.

Diogenes. Not if philosophers are agreed that it is impious to inquire into them, which, as thou relatest, was the opinion of Socrates. Without sun and moon we have more gods than we know what to do with. If the greater are unable to manage us and keep us in order, sun and moon can help them but little. It is long before men apply to any good the things that lie before them. Air, fire, water, have been applied to new purposes from age to age: poets have seen dimly some of them ; philosophers would extinguish the little lamps they carry, but not such philosophers as Anaxagoras. Common things, which at present are brought into little or no use, will hereafter be applied to many: above other common things, common sense. Socrates calls that forbidden which, piling up syllogism on syllogism, and exerting the whole length of

his tongue, he was unable to reach. Pythagoras, as wise a man, Anaxagoras a wiser, were invited by Nature to investigate her secrets; when they were advancing too boldly, she gently pushed them back, but never threw the door abruptly in their faces: it stands wide open still. Socrates denounced as impious all physical speculations; these the religious man, the only true philosopher, might find manifested to him through oracles and omens. If thy master, among his many acquirements, had acquired the faculty of speaking plainly, he would have spoken like Anaxagoras, whom, at least it must be conceded, he never had, as thou representest, the folly, the disingenuousness, the impudence, to decry.

Plato. Did not the priestess of Apollo declare him to be the wisest of mankind?

Diogenes. The priestess was an old woman, and the fumes were potent. I have never been able to find out on what occasion this oracle was delivered. Oracles are consulted by those who are the most interested. Surely not even a philosopher would be so impudent as to ask a god whether he was the wisest man upon earth. Nor are such the matters on which oracles are pronounced; but future results of arduous undertakings. The story carries a falsehood on the face of it.

Plato. You are the first that ever doubted the fact, whatever may have been the occasion; there is a cloud of witnesses to its universal belief.

Diogenes. I never could see my way through a cloud of witnesses, especially in temples. Lies are as communicative as fleas; and truth is as difficult to lay hold upon as air.

Plato. I feel the acuteness of the former simile; and I wish I could controvert the latter.

Diogenes. Consider well the probability of such a declaration from Delphi. Would the people of Athens, religious as they are, ever have ventured to accuse of impiety, and to condemn to death for it, the very man whom an infallible god had so signalized? If fifty ages and fifty nations had taken up this fable, I would reduce it to dust under my feet.

Plato. I dare not listen to such discourse.

Diogenes. Thou shalt; were it only for variety.

Plato. I limited my discourse to the defence of Socrates; with such as Anaxagoras and Democritus we have nothing in

common. But, censuring Socrates as you do, you must surely want your usual modesty, O citizen of Sinopè!

Diogenes. Praise me then; since, wanting it, I never took any one's away.

Plato. Little should I now wonder to hear you call yourself as wise as he was.

Diogenes. Could he keep at home as I do? Could he abstain from questioning and quibbling, to win the applause of boys and pedants? Am I not contented in my own house here, over whose roof, standing on level ground, I cast my shadow? I pretend not to know the secrets of the lower regions or the upper: I let the gods sit quiet, and they do the same by me. Hearing that there are three Furies, I have taken the word of the wise for it, and never have carried a link down below in search of a fourth. He found her up here. I neither envy him his discovery, nor wonder at the tranquillity of his death. Wisdom is tripartite: saying, doing, avoiding.

Plato. Mine, I must acknowledge, has been insufficient in the latter quality; but I hope to correct my fault in future.

Diogenes. On this particular I am not incredulous. Thou owest me too much ever to let me smell thy beard again. From this humble and frugal house of mine thou shalt carry home whole truths, and none mutilated; intelligible truths, and none ambiguous. Probably I know not a quarter of thy writings; but, in the number I do know, I find more incongruous scraps of philosophy and religion, sweet, sour, and savory, thrown into one stewing-pan, and simmering and bubbling, than my stomach can digest or my fingers separate.

Plato. Too encomiastic! If I may judge by the fumes of the garlic, the stomach is surely strong; and, if another sense is equally faithful, the fingers are armed at all points.

Diogenes. Well spoken and truly. I have improved thee already; go thy way, and carry thy whole robe safe back.

Diogenes Laertius, biographer of the Cynic, is among the most inelegant and injudicious writers of antiquity; yet his book is highly valuable for the anecdotes it preserves. No philosopher or other man more abounded in shrewd wit than the philosopher of Sinopè, whose opinions have been somewhat misunderstood, and whose memory hath suffered much injustice. One Diocles, and afterward Eubulides, mention him (it appears) as having been expelled from Sinopè for counterfeiting money; and his biographer tells us that he has recorded it of himself. His words led astray these authors. He says that he *marked* false money; for an

equivoke was ever the darling of Diogenes, and, by the marking of false money, he means only that he exposed the fallacies of pretenders to virtue and philosophy. Had he been exiled for the crime of forgery, Alexander of Macedon, we may well suppose, would not have visited him, would not have desired him to ask any favor he chose, would not have declared that, if he were not Alexander, he would fain have been Diogenes. He did not visit him from an idle curiosity, for he had seen him before in his father's camp on his first invasion of Greece, where he was apprehended as a spy; and, being brought before the king, exclaimed, "I am indeed a spy: a spy of thy temerity and cupidity, who hazardest on the cast of a die thy throne and life." This is related by Plutarch in his *Ethics*. Some men may think forgery no very heinous crime, but all must think it an act of dishonesty; and kings (whose moral scale is nowhere an exact one) would be likely to hold it in greater reprobation than any thing but treason and insurrection. Had the accusation been true, or credited, or made at the time, the Athenians would not have tolerated so long his residence among them, severe as he was on their manners, and peculiarly contemptuous and contumelious toward the orators and philosophers; Plato for instance, and afterward Demosthenes. Here however we may animadvert on the inaccuracy of attributing to him the reply, when somebody asked him what he thought of Socrates as having seen him, "*that he thought him a madman.*" Diogenes was but twelve years old at the death of Socrates, and did not leave Sinopè till long after. The answer, we may conceive, originated from the description that Plato in many of his dialogues had given of his master. Among the faults of Plato he ridiculed his affectation of new words unnecessary and inelegant; for instance, his coinage of τραπεζότης and κυαθότης, which Plato defended very frigidly, telling him that, although he had eyes to see a cup and a table, he had not understanding for *cuppeity* and *tableity;* and it indeed must be an uncommon one! Plato himself, the most invidious of the Greek writers, says that he was another Socrates, but a mad one; meaning (no doubt) that he was a Socrates when he spoke generally, a mad one when he spoke of *him.* Among his hearers was Phocion: a fact which alone would set aside the tale of his adversaries, a thousand times repeated by their readers, about his public indulgence in certain immoralities which no magistrature would tolerate.

Late in life he was taken by pirates, and sold to Xeniades the Corinthian, whose children he educated, and who declared that a good genius had entered his house in Diogenes. Here he died. A contest arose, to whom among his intimates and disciples should be allowed the distinction of supplying the expenses of his funeral; nor was it settled till the fathers of his auditors and the leaders of the people met together, and agreed to bury him at the public charge at the gate of the Isthmus: the most remarkable spot in Greece, by the assemblage of whose bravest inhabitants it was made glorious, and sacred by the games in honor of her gods.

VIII. XENOPHON AND CYRUS THE YOUNGER.

Cyrus. Xenophon, I have longed for an opportunity of conversing with thee alone, on matters in which thou excitest my admiration. According to report thou wert the disciple of Socrates the Mage, whom the Athenians condemned to drink hemlock, because he had a genius of his own.

Xenophon. It is true, O Cyrus, I was.

Cyrus. Verily, O wonderful man, thou must be the best farrier and hunter in Greece; and, thinking on thee, I have oftentimes wished in my heart that so deserving a country as thy Attica, which is not destitute of wolves, polecats, and foxes, had, for every one of them, a leopard, a lion, and a tiger.

Xenophon. O son of Darius, king of kings! the gods do not bestow all their gifts upon one country; or, having bestowed them, it seemeth good unto their divine majesties that mortals should counteract their beneficence. We no longer have those valiant creatures among us; to which privation I attribute it chiefly that we possess more eloquence indeed and learning than those who have them, but less bodily activity and strength.

Cyrus. There are other and better reasons, O Xenophon, for these things. You are unbelievers in the true religion, and have sunk through your idleness on the bosom of false gods; you clasp graven images, falling at the feet of such as have any.

Xenophon. O Cyrus, I have observed that the authors of good make men very bad as often as they talk much about them; whether it be to punish us for our presumption, or merely to laugh at us, I do not know; nor have I ever heard my master Socrates discourse upon the question. Certain it appears to me from whatever I have read, that the powerful and the wise lose both their power and their wisdom the moment they enter into this dim and sacred inclosure; just as, on entering the apartment of the women in your country, you lay aside both slipper and turban, and cover the head with only the extremity of the robe.

Cyrus. We will try to keep ourselves no less cool and orderly on our argument, if thou wilt come into it with me. And now inform me, O most excellent, on what difference in religion or government you Greeks denominate all other nations, and among the rest even us, barbarians?

Xenophon. If, O Cyrus, I may (as I believe I may) rely on thy wisdom, thy modesty, and moderation, I will answer the question to the best of my abilities.

Cyrus. I, who aspire to the throne of my ancestors, cannot be angry at the voice of truth, nor offended that a guest should execute my wishes.

Xenophon. Courtesy and gentleness distinguish the Persians from other mortals. They are less subject to cruelty than any race among men, unless sceptres lie across their path. Now, Cyrus, those things must surely be the worst of things which render the most humane of men the most inhumane. I deviate a little way from the main question, like my teacher, for the purpose of asking a preparatory one, which may lead me back again, and enable me to conduct thee smoothly and pleasantly. Pray inform me, O Cyrus, since I am about to be a leader in thy army, what are thy orders if I should happen to intercept the concubines of any hostile satrap?

Cyrus. O Xenophon, keep thy hands, thy eyes, thy desires, away from them, as becomes thy gravity of wisdom and purity of heart, expressed in a countenance where we discern and venerate the beauty of seriousness and reserve.

Xenophon. O Cyrus, I am a hunter, and, being so, a deviser of stratagems, and may perchance take others than concubines. I dare not utter what labors in my bosom : in vain fidelity excites and urges me.

Cyrus. Speak, O best Xenophon !

Xenophon. If then destiny should cast down before me the horse of thy brother Artaxerxes, and the chances of war, or Mars after due sacrifice, should place him in my power, — what is my duty?

Cyrus. Canst not thou, having in turn with others of thy countrymen the command of ten thousand Greeks, do thy duty without consulting me in cases which, being unforeseen, are discretionary?

Xenophon. The fall of a king is terrible.

Cyrus. The rebound is worse. When your Saturn fell

from heaven, did any god or mortal lend a hand to raise him up again?

Xenophon. It were impiety to contend against Jupiter.

Cyrus. It were madness to contend against Destiny. According to your fables, Saturn came first; then came Jupiter. The same divine right of expelling and occupying will be asserted as occasion may require. But Destiny saw the order of things rise, and sees it continue; and gods before her are almost as little and weak as we are: she teaches them to repeat her words and obliges them to execute her will. If thou hast any wisdom, as thou surely hast, O disciple of Socrates the Mage, never ask me another question on such a contingency. But answer me now, I entreat thee, about the strange word *barbarian*, at which (I hear) there are satraps and royalets who take offence when you apply it to them.

Xenophon. Attribute not the invention of the word to us, O Cyrus! I have been as studious to know the derivation of it, as thou art; for it is not Greek. On the return of Plato (of whom perhaps thou hast heard some mention) from Egypt, I learned from him * that the expression was habitual with the priests of that country; whence we, who have borrowed much knowledge from the Egyptians, borrowed also this term. They apply it as we do, to all strangers indiscriminately; but originally it signified those only who live nearest to them, and whom on that account, as is customary with every nation in the world, they hated most. The Africans to the westward are called by themselves *ber-ber*, a generic name, and probably of honorable import.

Cyrus. O Xenophon, thou art indeed a treasury of wisdom; and in addition to it, I pray thee, do the gods, as I have heard, manifest to thee future events in dreams?

Xenophon. Some they have truly laid open unto me.

Cyrus. Couldst not thou, O most wonderful, pray to them (not telling them that I said any thing about the matter) to give thee one about the success of my arms? For our own pure religion does not allow us to expect or to pray for such an intervention.

* Plato says nothing on the subject; it seems probable that in this manner the expression came first among the Greeks, who would otherwise, we may suppose, have taken the name of some nearer and more ferocious tribe.

Xenophon. If we had an oracle near, I would consult it. For dreams usually are confined to the eventual good or evil of the dreamer, although there are instances to the contrary; but in these instances the dreams fall upon minds peculiarly gifted, and properly fitted for their reception.

Cyrus. I have asked the Sun several times for counsel; and yet I never could collect out of his radiance any certain sign or token. Only once it was attended by a lark, suddenly

> "Springing from crystal step to crystal step
> In the bright air, where none can follow her."

Thus one of our old poets, in a volume laid up at Persepolis, describes her. The lark herself, and the recollection of the lines, comforted and animated me greatly: first the bird, merry and daring; then the brightness of the air; and lastly, but principally, the words "that she was rising where none could follow her." This must certainly mean myself; for who can suppose that Artaxerxes at that moment saw another lark doing the like, or remembered the same verses, which came upon me like a voice inspired?

Xenophon. Although larks are not strictly birds of augury, like eagles and vultures, and swans and herons, and owls and chickens, yet in this country, and against the Sun, and upon such an occasion, the appearance hath its weight with me, O Cyrus! However, I would not neglect to sharpen the scimitar, and to see that the horses be well exercised, and have plenty of oats and barley in the manger, and that their manes be carefully combed, lest the adversary think us disorderly and unprovided, and inclined to flight. For the immortal gods have often changed their minds upon finding us too confident and secure, or too negligent and idle, and have enlightened ours, to our cost, with a new and contrary interpretation of sentences uttered by their oracles.

Cyrus. On reflecting a little, I think these oracles in general are foolish things.

Xenophon. I wish, O blameless Cyrus, that such a word had never overflown the enclosure of thy teeth, as the divine Homer says.

Cyrus. I wonder, O most intelligent and thoughtful Xenophon, that you Greeks, so few as there are of you, should worship such a number of gods.

Xenophon. And I, O Cyrus, that you who have occasion for so many, and particularly just at present, should adore but one. The Sun (I would speak it without offence) is nothing but an orb of fire; although, as some say, of a prodigious magnitude, hardly less than the Peloponnese.

Cyrus. I once heard from a slave, a scholar of Democritus, that it is many hundred times greater than the earth.

Xenophon. I seldom laugh, and ought never at insanity, and least of all at this. Alas, poor Greek! when he lost his freedom he lost his senses. O immortal gods! may my countrymen at no time be reduced to that calamity, which nothing but this can mitigate!

Cyrus. He added that, immense as is the glorious orb, it is only a dewdrop on the finger of God, shining from it under the light of his countenance, as he waves his paternal blessing over the many-peopled world.

Xenophon. This is poetry, but oriental. Strange absurdity! when Jupiter is barely a foot taller than I am; as may be well imagined by his intermingling with our women, and without inconvenience on either side: at least I have heard of none recorded by the priests. He has indeed a prodigious power of limb, and his expansion at need is proportionate to his compactness.

Cyrus. Give me thy sentiments, freely and entirely.

Xenophon. I cannot but marvel then, O Cyrus, at the blindness of the Persians. There is no other great nation, at all known to us, that does not acknowledge a plurality and variety of gods; and this consent, so nearly universal, ought to convince the ingenuous and unprejudiced. I see the worst consequences to a government in countenancing the adoration of a single one, to the exclusion and mortification of the rest.

Cyrus. Perhaps to such a loose fabric as a republic.

Xenophon. In a monarchy no less. Power hath here too its gradations: the monarch, the mages, and the satraps.

Cyrus. Do not you see at once the beauty of this form? No government is harmonious or rational without three estates; none decorous or stable. The throne must have legs; but the legs must never stand uppermost: the king bears upon the mages, they bear upon the floor, or people. The king reserves to himself omnipotence; he grants to his mages

omniscience ; to his people, in the body, omnipresence. In this manner he divides himself ; but all is one. Where power is so well poised, in case of urgency we might impose taxes to the amount of nearly a tenth, and rarely hear a murmur in the land. If you, the magistrates of free Greeks, were to demand a fifteenth of the property in Attica for the purposes of government, the people would stone you. Now unquestionably that regimen is the best which hath constantly the most power over them ; as that is the best riding by which the horse is managed the most easily and quietly, in even places and uneven. Nothing is truer or plainer. If we had as many gods and temples as you have, and if our deities and priests had as good appetites, our armies must be smaller, our horses leaner, and there would be more malignity and discord in the provinces. For all sects, all favorers I mean of particular gods and goddesses, are united in one sentiment: that their deities are equally fond of picking bones and breaking them.

Xenophon. Our religion is most beautiful.

Cyrus. Extremely so on the outside. In this external beauty, as in that of women when it is extreme, there is little expression, little sense. Our ritual is the best that can be devised for any hot climate. In order to adore the Sun at his rising, we must (it is needless to say) rise early. This is the time of day when the mind and body are most active, and most labor can be performed both by men and cattle. Hence agriculture flourishes among us. Cleanliness, the consequence of our ablutions, is another spring of activity and health. We possess large sandy plains, which never would be cultivated unless they produced myrrh, benzoin, lavender, and other odors ; the only sacrifices we make to God. The earth offers them to her Creator where she hath nothing else to offer ; and he receives with a paternal smile, in these silent downs remote from groves, from cities and from temples, her innocent oblations, her solitary endearments, her pure breath. I do not complain that the Bœotians kill a bull for the same purpose ; but a bull is that to which others beside gods and priests could sit down at table: and the richer plains of Bœotia would be cultivated whether Jupiter ate his roast beef or not.

Xenophon. There are many reasons, O Cyrus, politically

speaking, for your religion; but it is not founded on immutable truth, nor supported by indubitable miracles.

Cyrus. What things are those?

Xenophon. I could mention several, attested by thousands. Those of Bacchus, who traversed your country, are remembered still among you; but as Apollo is the god from whom at this crisis we may hope a favorable oracle, I would represent to you his infancy, his flight in the arms of Latona, and his victory over the serpent: all as evident as that he sits above us arrayed in light, and is worshipped by you, O Cyrus, although in ignorance of his godhead.

Cyrus. I have heard about these things; and since perhaps we may consult his oracle, I will not question his power or deity until that is over. About the event I have more curiosity than inquietude, knowing the force of legitimacy on the minds of men.

Why dost thou sigh, my friend? do I appear to thee light, irresolute, inconstant?

Xenophon. Not thou, O Cyrus, but thy evil station. Nothing is so restless as royalty; not air, nor ocean, nor fire: nothing can content or hold it. Certainties are uninteresting and sating to it; uncertainties are solicitous and sad. In its weakness it ruins many, in its strength more. Thou, O Cyrus, art the most intelligent of kings, and wilt be (let me augur it) the most potent. Think that the immortal gods have placed thee on thy eminence only as their sentinel, whose watch is long and wide, stationing thee at the principal gate in the encampment of mankind. Great is the good or evil that is about to flow far and near under thee.

Cyrus. Far and near! These words, I think, are rather ill placed, by one who was the disciple of Socrates the Mage. They have however their meaning, their propriety, and, in thy eyes, their right order. Thou, O Xenophon, I perceive, wouldst wish to penetrate into my thoughts relating to the Athenians; I have already penetrated into theirs. I know that in sound policy you never should let an ally whom you have served be greater than yourselves, if you can prevent it; and that those whom you assist, like those whom you attack, should come off the worse for it in the end. Individuals whom you succor in private life may sometimes be grateful; kings never are. They will become of an unfriendly temper

toward you, were it only to prove to others, and to persuade themselves, that they were powerful and flourishing enough to have done without you.

If the victory should be mine, as cannot be doubted — I being born the son of a king, Artaxerxes not — there is no danger that so small a people as the Athenians should attempt to divide the kingdom, or to compromise it in any way between us; nor would I suffer it. But Policy is my voucher that I will assist you against your enemies; in such a manner however as to provide that you shall always have some, and dangerous enough at least to attract your notice. I say these words to you in pure confidence. To a friend here speaks a friend; to a wise man here speaks no simple one.

Xenophon. If you would worship, O Cyrus, the gods of Greece, I should be the more confident of success.

Cyrus. I have indeed at times to a certain degree a faith in auguries, in which I know the Greeks are expert; but although your religion is in her youth, your gods are as avaricious as old age could make them. Every religion that starts up, beyond Persia, takes only as much truth to stand upon as will raise her safely to men's purses. The Egyptian priests have extensive lands; Attica is poorer in soil: there it is requisite to have oracles too and sacrifices, gold and cattle, oil and milk, wax and honey. If this religion should be succeeded by another, as it must be when the fraud is laid open, the populace will follow those enthusiasts who threw down the images of the gods, and will help them the next morning to raise up others in the same places, or even those elsewhere, differing but in name. Pride will at first put on the garment of Humility; and soon afterward will Humility raise up her sordid baldness out of Pride's. Change in rituals is made purely for lucre, and, under the name of Reformation, comes only to break up a virgin turf or to pierce into an unexplored mine. Religion with you began in veneration for those who delivered you from robbers: it will end in the discovery that your temples have been ever the dens of them. But in our hopes we catch at straws; the movement of a feather shakes us; the promise of a priest confirms us.

Let us now go to the stables: I have intelligence of a noble tiger, scarcely three days' hard riding from us. The peasant

who found the creature shall be exalted in honor, and receive the government of a province.

Xenophon. Is the beast a male or female, to the best of his knowledge?

Cyrus. A female: she was giving milk to her young ones. On perceiving the countryman, she drew up her feet gently, and squared her mouth, and rounded her eyes, slumberous with content; and they looked, he says, like sea-grottos, obscurely green, interminably deep, at once awakening fear and stilling and compressing it.

Xenophon. Fortunate he escaped her! We might have lost a fine day's hunting in ignorance of her lair.

Cyrus. He passed away gently, as if he had seen nothing; and she lay still, panting. Come, thou shalt take thy choice, O wonderful Xenophon, of my spears.

IX. ALCIBIADES AND XENOPHON.

Xenophon. Hail, O Alcibiades! Welcome art thou to the Athenian who hath retired from the contentions and turmoils of Athens, to spend his latter days among these hills and woodlands.

Alcibiades. Hail also, in return, O Xenophon, to thee! Long life, and sound health for the enjoyment of it! Thou wast always a lover of the chase, of which there is none within our Attic territory; and of whatever else is manly, of which there is but little.

Xenophon. My old pursuits are indeed not wanting here. We are, as thou discernest, under the ridges of Taygetos; which are reflected at this eventime with more than their own grandeur on the broad Eurotas.

Alcibiades. Graciously and hospitably am I received by the most illustrious of the Athenians, under whose command it would have been my glory to have fought. But, pardon my interrogation when I diffidently ask thee, in the name of all

the gods and demigods, why thou withdrewest thy right hand so suddenly and abruptly?

Xenophon. Wait, O Alcibiades, until the servants have brought the salt water.

Alcibiades. Infinite and immortal thanks, O most considerate of mankind! but I never drink it salt.

Xenophon. Of a certainty no such beverage is proposed to thee. Chian wine is far preferable. But, unless I see thee duly lustrated, I dare not touch thy hand.

Alcibiades. Thine own, O Xenophon, hath done bolder things repeatedly. It would have prostrated the monarch of the Medes and Persians, the king of kings.

Xenophon. Surely, had the gods so willed it. But behold, here comes the vase of water; here also the salt, gift of Poseidon to the human race; and virgin oil, strengthener and purifier, gift of the virgin goddess.

Alcibiades. Pleasant to the hand, after holding the bridle so many hours in the heat of the day, are truly all these appliances; excepting the salt, perhaps.

Xenophon. Precisely the one thing needful. Remember, O Alcibiades, the statues of Hermes, which it is believed, but believed (I hope) erroneously, were disfigured by thee. If it be true (and pardon my fears), lustration in this fortunate house may be accepted in some sort as expiatory. Grant it, ye gods! and especially thou, O son of Maia, grant it, I beseech thee! Methinks the dogs are howling ominously in the courtyard. Whether it portend good or evil will, perhaps, be manifested unto me in my dreams this night. Meanwhile, let me propitiate the Blessed by a libation. And now, O Alcibiades, the divine thing having been performed, tell me, are the girls and the youths and the philosophers as fond of thee as ever? Do they play as formerly with thy crisp glossy curls, so delicate and umbrageous? Do they attempt to make thee angry by applying the odious flute to thy lips, and threatening a worse infliction on thy refusal to blow it? O cruel Summer that absorbest Spring! thou deservest that Autumn should wither all thy flowers! Youth is a precious thing, O Alcibiades, and I would rather be the possessor of it than of nearly all my dogs and half my farms.

Alcibiades. Our teacher Socrates was entirely of the same opinion in regard to its value; but then indeed he had no

land wherewith to make the barter; and no such an inmate and confidant as that grave, sagacious old hound, that soothsayer in the courtyard, whose language methinks is unambiguous and impressive.

Xenophon. Thou mockest inconsiderately, I am loth to say impiously, the admonitions sent us from above through the brute creation. The wisest men that ever existed upon earth have implicitly believed in them. If birds foretell us events, and guide us by their voices and their flight, surely those animals may as reasonably be listened to which have spent their lives with us, and know our habitudes and tempers, our desires and imperfections. But, alas! there are men in the present times who doubt whether an image of Pallas ever brandished a spear; whether Aphroditè ever smiled on her worshipper; whether Herè ever frowned with indignation on the wife who had violated her vows; whether Apollo flayed Marsyas for impious presumption; whether the marble brow of Zeus or Poseidon ever sweated.

Alcibiades. Incredulous men indeed! — sheer atheists! I myself have known miscalled philosophers who doubted, or pretended to doubt, whether Pallas sprang in full growth and complete armature from the forehead of Zeus.

Xenophon. Possibly this may be allegorical: I would neither say nor deny it; nor willingly entertain the question. Hesitation and awe become us in the presence of the gods; resolution and courage in presence of mortal men. Cavillers! they might even object to the recorded fact, that Bacchus was inclosed in the thigh of his father for safety, and cut out from it in due season.

Alcibiades. His father would have afforded him a residence more commodious to both parties, had he recollected his own, at nearly the same age, among the Nymphs of Crete. Readily do I believe that both Zeus and Poseidon sweated: Zeus, when the Titans were almost as bad toward him as if they had been, one and all, his own fathers; and Poseidon, when the flaming car of Apollo was within a hair's breadth of his beard. But possibly it was only the statues that were in question, and not the gods personally.

Xenophon. Verily, O Alcibiades, in the truly religious mind there is no difference whatsoever. Zeus is omnipresent, but more particularly existent within his image. And, when

his votaries have knelt before him, he sometimes hath nodded affirmatively, sometimes negatively. Aphroditè herself, who listens in general more complacently, hath been known to turn quite round.

Alcibiades. What did she refuse by this extraordinary tergiversation?

Xenophon. To listen.

Alcibiades. I have always found that Aphroditè is best disposed toward those who are least importunate. Her ears were as nigh to the supplicant as before. Neither would I have left her until I had found her placable.

Xenophon. Thou speakest now discreetly and devoutly, as becomes the scholar of Socrates.

Alcibiades. There are some, I grieve to say it, who doubt his discretion; many, his devotion.

Xenophon. His last command ought to have given those sceptics the most complete satisfaction in that matter. The cock, I hope and trust, was duly sacrificed: otherwise, ye may expect ere long another plague within your city.

Alcibiades. Certainly the offence would deserve it.

Xenophon. Asclepius is among the most beneficent of the immortals, yet he demands his dues.

Alcibiades. Our teacher was accused of impiety, and of corrupting the youth of Athens. Pious men have lately turned the tide, and stand ready and alert to take all the youth into their own hands and all their little sins into their own bosoms. They come with authority, they tell us.

Xenophon. With whose?

Alcibiades. A priest's, whom they have chosen and appointed from their own body.

Xenophon. So! they give the authority first, and then receive it?

Alcibiades. It seems so. But they say that a god always guides them in their choice.

Xenophon. Then the object of their choice must always be pure, beneficent, and consistent. But is it possible that a mortal, who believes in the existence of any god, should assume that god's nature and exercise his authority? The worst atheists are not those who deny the existence of a deity, but those who arrogate to themselves the attributes. Every man must be conscious of his daily wants and weaknesses, com-

mon alike to him and to all his fellow creatures. And if it were in the nature of things that his vanity should render him blind to them, or that his presumption should impel him to seize with avidity what the imbecile or the wicked may offer, yet there are hours of repentance and of remorse; there are lights brought by invisible hands into the midnight chamber; and there is an account-book laid by them on his breast, of insufferable weight until he rises to open it, and even less tolerable when he peruses its contents.

Alcibiades. The world is occupied, O Xenophon, and occupied almost exclusively, by knaves who deceive and by fools who are deceived. Our nurses lull us to sleep by their cant; other old women take us out of their arms and prolong it by their incantations.

Xenophon. Whether in these there be efficacy, or none, I would not here inquire. But supposing a hierophant such as thou hast represented to me, with power unlimited and divine, and equal benevolence, he must be able and willing to compose all the differences of mankind, and to diffuse universal peace and good-will. Do those under him preach such doctrine?

Alcibiades. Some of them do. Indeed I believe it is to be found in the holy books, which all of them profess to read and to be guided by. However, the universal good-will is confined to their own peculiar sect's universality. Benevolent as they profess themselves to be, they have been known to shut up young persons in the dark, as we shut up quails, and to keep them all their lifetime in such a situation. The refractory or incredulous they lash and famish. Those who only laugh at them, or refuse to be handled by them, or recalcitrate at their caresses, they threaten with Tartarus and Cerberus and Phlegethon and the Furies.

Xenophon. Comminations such as these are against the laws. Intimidation is not for men, but for children; and the parent is the only judge in the court. Religious men show us the way to the gods, but never drag us by the throat to them, nor fire us as we do horses to correct the bad humors and to increase the speed. But who and whence, O Alcibiades, are these priests?

Alcibiades. Egyptian mostly. Even Athenians are beginning to inculcate their dogmas, together with other oriental

superstitions ; pretending that, as they are the most ancient, they are also for this reason the most venerable, and that our own religion is only a cutting or slip from theirs, much withered and dwarfed by transplantation. Isis is striding up rapidly to the Parthenon ; and some sagacious ones smell the sludge of the Nile, and dream of its inundating the Ilyssus.

Xenophon. O saviour Zeus ! O protectress Pallas ! avert this dire calamity ! Return ye also, twin sons of Leda, from your beneficent and warning stars ! stand again on the confines of your country and defend her ! If Athens falls, Sparta falls too. Civilization and manliness are carried down the same torrent, and courage makes vain efforts in the dark. Incredible ! that men deriding the sophist, denouncing the philosopher, contemning the institutions of our city, defying its enactments, should embrace the most humiliating and emasculating of Egyptian superstitions !

Alcibiades. Many have gone over into Egypt, and have thought themselves as wise as Pythagoras, or Herodotus, or Plato, for having made the same voyage. Some indeed have found such favor with the priesthood of that country, as to have received a scale of a crocodile, a tail of an ichneumon, or a feather of an ibis. Few of them however are disposed to shave their crowns until the hair is thinner and grayer, apprehensive that they might be less efficient in bringing over the flexible sex to embrace their tenets.

Xenophon. Where priests have much influence, the gods have little ; and where they are numerous and wealthy, the population is scanty and miserably poor. War may be, and certainly is, destructive ; but war, as thou well knowest, if it cuts off boughs and branches, yet withers not the trunk. Priests, like ants, corrode and corrupt whatever they enter. Consider how potent was Egypt in the reign of her king Sesostris, when the military, for ever in action, kept the priesthood to its own duties and subordinate. Consider what she afterward became when the helmet was less honored than the tonsure. Cambyses overran her fertile regions, throwing down the images of gods and heroes, under which it is probable Menelaüs, holding the hand of Helen, stood in amazement at their majesy and antiquity. Unconscious that he was about to meet another Memnon on the banks of the Sca-

mander, he gazed intently on the tranquil features of the hero who had held his station for ages by the Pyramid. No long period before the invasion of Greece, which ended with such disaster and shame to the barbarian, the monuments of Egypt, too solid to be overthrown, were mutilated and effaced; even the records of her ancient glory were obliterated. The season of peace is indeed a happy season; and sorrowful is it to see a mother and her daughters in the field all day without a stronger arm to help them in their labor. Yes, happy is the season of peace even to men; but it is only when strenuous toil hath preceded a harvest which, without industry and forethought, must be unproductive. Whatever nation supposes that peace is the greatest of blessings will enjoy none; and peace itself will remain with it more uncertainly and precariously than any. What hath rendered Sparta powerful and prosperous? Not her priests, nor even the dioscuri (with reverence be it spoken!), her patrons and protectors; but prudent kings, valiant citizens, disciplined soldiers, dutiful wives, virtuous mothers and maidens, who breathe courage into the heart before it beats to love.

Alcibiades. Religions that blunt the sword and emasculate the soldier level the road for despotism. When I hear the sound of drum and trumpet, let it not be Cybelè's.

Xenophon. Powerful as is Cybelè, and mother of the gods, the manlier Greeks erect no temples and offer no sacrifices or prayers to her; enough of honor to be mother of the gods. Pallas and Arès we supplicate.

Alcibiades. Believe me, those importations from Egypt will presently bring toward our market-place no welcome customers from Macedon.

Xenophon. Philip, king of that country, is politic and warlike.

Alcibiades. He is reported to be given to drunkenness.

Xenophon. Drunken men often imagine vain things, and sometimes dreadful ones. Martial ardor I have seen among them, such, my friend, as we soberer could with difficulty extinguish. Although the Macedonians are addicted to conviviality and indulge somewhat largely in wine, do not fancy that they are in the daily habitude of such excesses. They rise early, which habitual drunkards never do; and many hours of every day are spent in the habitual exercise of arms, not

always singly, nor by twos and threes, but oftener in divisions of the phalanx. Sometimes the whole phalanx is ranged in order, performs its evolutions, and remains in the field the greater part of the morning. Moreover, the king of Macedon hath archers and slingers from among his tributaries and allies. Variety of arms hath frequently been disastrous to armies well disciplined, but ill prepared to encounter them. We may despise the barbarians at a distance; but there are places and occurrences where they are far from despicable. Be sure the faces of the Macedonians are not always turned northward. The fountain of Dircè may tremble and dry up under the hoof of the Thessalian charger; and he may stamp and paw, to make it sufficiently turbid for his draught, the clear Ismenos. Sorrow and shame and indignation seize and agitate me when I think it possible (O ye gods avert it!) that in our very birthplace, in the city of Theseus, of Codrus, and of Solon, Pallas may lower her spear, and he who shakes the earth may drop his trident. And shall these locusts from Egypt settle in the holy places where they stood?

Alcibiades. Nothing more likely. The schools of Pythagoras, no longer modest, no longer taciturn, are sending over to us from the middle of Italy thriftless though busy swarms.

Xenophon. Religion and irreligion seem to prevail by turns. Better an empty cup than a cup of poison.

Alcibiades. It appears to me, O Xenophon, who indeed have thought but little and incuriously about the varieties of religion, that whichever is the least intrusive and dogmatical is the best. All are ancient; as ancient as man's fears and wishes: the gods would all be kind enough if nations would not call upon them to scatter and exterminate their enemies. Hitherto it has been our privilege to worship them in our own way, whether in the temple or round the domestic hearth; grateful to those of our family who taught us how best to propitiate them, but indignant at any impudent intruder from Samothrace or from Taurica who exacted bloody sacrifices. And indeed at the present day we are not highly pleased at the near prospect of strangers, less ferocious but more perfidious, raising up their altar on our olive-grounds, or tinkling their brass to attract the bees from our gardens.

Xenophon. Let every man hive his own bees in his own garden; let every man worship his own god in his own house!

Alcibiades. Be those, who assume to themselves the right of controlling it, driven out with scourges from the precincts of the city!

Xenophon. Now, O Alcibiades, come into another room, and, this being the supper hour, partake with me, complacently and benignly, of our Spartan fare.

X. DEMOSTHENES AND EUBULIDES.*

Eubulides. You have always convinced me, O Demosthenes, while you were speaking; but I had afterward need to be convinced again; and I acknowledge that I do not yet believe in the necessity, or indeed in the utility, of a war with Philip.

Demosthenes. He is too powerful.

Eubulides. This is my principal reason for recommending that we should abstain from hostilities. When you have said that he is too powerful, you have admitted that we are too weak; we are still bleeding from the Spartan.

Demosthenes. Whatever I could offer in reply, O Eubulides, I have already spoken in public, and I would rather not enlarge at present on it. Come, tell me freely what you think of my speech.

Eubulides. In your language, O Demosthenes, there is, I think, a resemblance to the Kephisos, whose waters, as you must have observed, are in most seasons pure and limpid and equable in their course, yet abounding in depths of which, when we discern the bottom, we wonder that we discern it so clearly; the same river at every storm swells into a torrent, without ford or boundary, and is the stronger and the more impetuous from resistance.

Demosthenes. Language is part of a man's character.

Eubulides. It often is artificial.

Demosthenes. Often both are. I speak not of such lan-

* A philosopher of Miletus, and a dramatic poet. Demosthenes is said to have been his scholar.

guage as that of Gorgias and Isocrates and other rhetoricians, but of that which belongs to eloquence; of that which enters the heart however closed against it, of that which pierces like the sword of Perseus, of that which carries us aloft and easily as Medea her children, and holds the world below in the same suspense.

Eubulides. When I had repeated in the morning to Cynobalanos part of a conversation I held with you the evening before, word for word, — my memory being very exact as you know, and especially in retaining your phrases, — he looked at me with a smile on his countenance, and said, "Pardon me, O Eubulides, but this surely is not the language of Demosthenes." In reality, you had then, as you often do when we are alone together, given way to your genius, and had hazarded an exuberance of thought, imagination, and expression, which delighted and transported me. For there was nothing idle, nothing incorrect, but much both solid and ornamental; as those vases and tripods are which the wealthy and powerful offer to the gods.

Demosthenes. Cynobalanos is a sensible man, and conversant in style; but Cynobalanos never has remarked that I do not wear among my friends at table the same short dress I put on for the bema. A more sweeping train would be trodden down, and the wearer not listened to, but laughed at. Look into the field before you. See those anemones, white, pink, and purple, fluttering in the breeze; and those other flowers, whatever they are, with close-knotted spiral blossoms, in the form of a thyrsus. Some of both species rise above the young barley, and are very pretty; but the farmer will root them out as a blemish to his cultivation, and unprofitable in sustaining his family. In such a manner must we treat the undergrowth of our thoughts, pleasing as they may be at their first appearance in the spring of life. One fellow thinks himself like Demosthenes, because he employs the same movement of the arms and body; another, for no better reason than because he is vituperative, acrid, and insolent, and, before he was hissed and hooted from the Agora, had excited the populace by the vehemence of his harangues. But you, who know the face and features of Demosthenes, his joints and muscles and whole conformation, know that Nature hath separated this imitative animal most widely from him.

Eubulides. Mischievous as an ape, noisy as a lap-dog, and restless as a squirrel, he runs along to the extremity of every twig, leaps over from party to party, and, shaken off from all, creeps under the throne at Pella.

Demosthenes. Philip is the fittest ruler for his own people, but he is better for any one else to dine with than to act or think with. His conversation is far above the kingly: it is that of an urbane companion, of a scholar, I was going to say of a philosopher; I will say more, of a sound unwrangling reasoner, of a plain, intelligent, and intelligible man. But those qualities, not being glaring, do not attract to him the insects from without. Even the wise become as the unwise in the enchanted chambers of Power, whose lamps make every face of the same color. Royalty is fed incessantly by the fuel of slavish desires, blown by fulsome breath and fanned by cringing follies. It melts mankind into one inert mass, carrying off and confounding all beneath it; like a torrent of Ætnean lava, bright amid the darkness, and dark again amid the light.

Eubulides. O for Cynobalanos! how would he stare and lift up his shoulders at this torrent!

Demosthenes. He never can have seen me but in the Agora; and I do not carry a full purse into the crowd. Thither I go with a tight girdle round my body; in the country I walk and wander about discinct. How I became what I am, you know as well as I do. I was to form a manner, with great models on one side of me, and Nature on the other. Had I imitated Plato (the writer then most admired) I must have fallen short of his amplitude; and his sentences are seldom such as could be admitted into a popular harangue. Xenophon is elegant, but unimpassioned, and not entirely free, I think, from affectation. Herodotus is exempt from it: what simplicity! what sweetness! what harmony! not to mention his sagacity of inquiry and his accuracy of description. He could not, however, form an orator for the times in which we live; nor indeed is vigor a characteristic or a constituent of his style. I profited more from Isæus, from the study of whose writings, and attendance on whose pleadings, I acquired greater strength, compression, and concentration. Aristoteles and Thucydides were before me: I trembled lest they should lead me where I might raise a recollection of Pericles, whose plain-

ness and conciseness and gravity they imitated, not always with success. Laying down these qualities as the foundation, I have ventured on more solemnity, more passion. I have also been studious to bring the powers of action into play; that great instrument in exciting the affections which Pericles disdained. He and Jupiter could strike any head with their thunderbolts, and stand serene and immovable; I could not.

Eubulides. Your opinion of Pericles hath always been the same, but I have formerly heard you mention Plato with much less esteem than to-day.

Demosthenes. When we talk diversely of the same person or thing we do not of necessity talk inconsistently. There is much in Plato which a wise man will commend; there is more that will captivate an unwise one. The irony in his Dialogues has amused me frequently and greatly, and the more because in others I have rarely found it accompanied with fancy and imagination. If I however were to become a writer of dialogues, I should be afraid of using it constantly, often as I am obliged to do it in my orations. Woe betide those who force us into it by injustice and presumption! Do they dare to censure us? — they who are themselves the dust that sullies the wing of genius. Had I formed my opinion of Socrates from Plato, I should call Socrates a sophist. Who would imagine on reading Plato that his master, instead of questioning and quibbling, had occupied his time in teaching the uses and offices of philosophy? There is as wide a difference between the imputed and the real character of this man, as there is between him who first discovered corn growing and him who first instructed us how to grind and cleanse and prepare it for our sustenance. We are ashamed to give a false character of a slave, and not at all to give a falser of our betters. In this predicament stands Plato, regarding his master, his scholars, and his opponents.

Eubulides. Before him Pythagoras and Democritus, and earlier still Pherecydes, taught important truths, and, what is rarer, separated them from pernicious falsehoods. Pythagoras, who preceded Plato in Egypt, and from whom many of his fancies are taken, must have been a true lover of wisdom, to have travelled so far into countries known hardly by name in Greece.

Demosthenes. Perhaps he sought some congenial soul; for,

if two great men are existing at the extremities of the earth, they will seek each other.

Eubulides. Their greatness then must be of a different form and texture from what mankind hath usually admired. Greatness, as we daily see it, is unsociable.

Demosthenes. The perfect loves what generates it, what proceeds from it, what partakes its essence. If you have formed an idea of greatness, O Eubulides, which corresponds not with this description, efface it and cast it out. Pythagoras adapted his institutions to the people he would enlighten and direct. What portion of the world was ever so happy, so peaceable, so well-governed, as the cities of southern Italy? While they retained his manners they were free and powerful; some have since declined, others are declining, and perhaps at a future and not a distant time they may yield themselves up to despotism. In a few ages more, those flourishing towns, those inexpugnable citadels, those temples which you might deem eternal, will be hunted for in their wildernesses like the boars and stags. Already there are philosophers who would remedy what they call popular commotions by hereditary despotism, and who think it as natural and reasonable as that children who cry should be compelled to sleep: and there likewise are honest citizens who, when they have chewed their fig and swallowed it, say, "Yes, 'twere well." What a eulogy on the human understanding, to assert that it is dangerous to choose a succession of administrators from the wisest of mankind, and advisable to derive it from the weakest! There have been free Greeks, within our memory, who would have entered into alliance with the most iniquitous and most insolent of usurpers, Alexander of Pherai, — a territory in which Thebè, who murdered her husband, is praised above others of both sexes. O Juno! may such marriages be frequent in such countries!

Look at history: where do you find in continuation three hereditary kings, of whom one at least was not inhuman in disposition or weak in intellect? Either of these qualities may subvert a State, exposing it first to many sufferings. In our Athenian constitution, if we are weakly or indiscreetly governed, or capriciously, which hardly can happen, the mischief is transitory and reparable: one year closes it; and the people, both for its satisfaction and its admonition, sees that no corruption,

no transgression, in its magistrates, is unregarded or unchastised. This of all advantages is the greatest, the most corroborative of power, the most tutelary of morals. I know that there are many in Thrace, and some in Sicily, who would recall my wanderings with perfect good-humor and complacency. Demosthenes has not lived, has not reasoned, has not agitated his soul, for these: he leaves them in the quiet possession of all their moulten arguments, and in the persuasive hope of all their bright reversions. Pythagoras could have had little or no influence on such men: he raised up higher, who kept them down. It is easier to make an impression upon sand than upon marble: but it is easier to make a just one upon marble than upon sand. Uncivilized as were the Gauls, he with his moderation and prudence hath softened the ferocity of their religion, and hath made it so contradictory and inconsistent, that the first of them who reasons will subvert it. He did not say, "You shall no longer sacrifice your fellow-creatures:" he said, "Sacrifice the criminal." Other nations do the same; often wantonly, always vindictively: the Gauls appease by it, as they imagine, both society and the gods. He did not say, "After a certain time even this outrage on Nature must cease:" but he said, "We have souls which pass into other creatures." A belief in the transmigration of souls would abolish by degrees our inhumanity.

Eubulides. But what absurdity!

Demosthenes. Religion, when it is intended for the uncivilized, must contain things marvellous, things quite absurd to the wiser. But I discover no absurdity in making men gentler and kinder; and I would rather worship an onion or a crust of bread, than a god who requires me to immolate an ox or kid to appease him. The idea, not of having lost her daughter, but of having lost her by a sacrifice, fixed the dagger in the grasp of Clytemnestra. Let us observe, O Eubulides, the religion of our country, be it what it may, unless it command us to be cruel or unjust. In religion, if we are right, we do not know we are; if we are wrong, we would not. Above all, let us do nothing and say nothing which may abolish or diminish in the hearts of the vulgar the sentiments of love and awe; on the contrary, let us perpetually give them fresh excitement and activity, by baring them to the heavens. On the modifications of love it is unnecessary to expatiate; but I am

aware that you may demand of me what excitement is required to fear. Among its modifications or dependencies are veneration and obedience, against the weakening of which we ought to provide, particularly in what relates to our magisterial and military chiefs.

Eubulides. I do not conceive that Pythagoras has left behind him in Gaul, unless at Massilia, the remembrance of his doctrines or of his name.

Demosthenes. We hear little of the Gauls. It appears however that they have not forgotten the wisdom or the services of Pythagoras. The man of Samos was to some extent their teacher. It is remarkable that they should have preserved the appellation. He was too prudent, I suspect, to trust himself many paces beyond the newly-built walls of Massilia; for the ignorant and barbarous priests would be loth to pardon him the crime of withdrawing a dependant in a proselyte.

Eubulides. The Druids, the most ferocious and ignorant of all the priests our countrymen have anywhere discovered, fell back farther into their woods and wilderness at seeing the white stones of the citadel rise higher than their altars. Even these rude altars were not of their construction, but were the work of a much earlier race. The Phocæans and other Ionians were sufficiently well versed in policy to leave the natives unmolested in their religion. Already does that lively and imitative people prefer a worship in which the song and the dance and geniality warm the blood, to one which exacts it in the windy downs and gloomy woodlands, and spills it on the channelled stone, and catches it dropping from the suspended wicker. Young men crowned with flowers are likelier to be objects of aversion to the ancient priests than to the most timorous and shy of their disciples. The religion of blood, like the beasts of prey, will continue to trend northward. Worshippers of Apollo, and followers of Bromius and the Nymphs, would perish in the sunless oak forests; and the Druid has no inheritance in the country of the vine. But it becomes the quiet religion and placid wisdom of the Greeks to leave inviolate all the institutions of the circumjacent people, and especially of those who wish to live among them. By degrees they will acknowledge a superiority which they could contend against were it asserted.

Demosthenes. Pythagoras is said to have been vigorous in enforcing his doctrines.

Eubulides. In his school ; not beyond. They are such indeed as we would little wish to see established in a free State, but none ever were better adapted to prepare the road for civilization. We find it difficult to believe in the metempsychosis. In fact, as other things grow easy, belief is apt to grow difficult.

Demosthenes. Where there is mysticism we may pause and listen ; where there is argument we may contend and reply. Democritus, whom you often mention, certainly no mystic, often contradicts our senses. He tells us that colors have no color ; but his arguments are so strong, his language so clear, his pretensions so modest and becoming, I place more confidence in him than in others : future philosophers may demonstrate to calmer minds what we have not the patience to investigate.*

Eubulides. Plato hath not mentioned him.

Demosthenes. O greatness ! what art thou, and where is thy foundation ? I speak not, Eubulides, of that which the vulgar call greatness, — a phantom stalking forward from a saltmarsh in Bœotia, or from a crevice in some rock of Sunion or of Taxos ; † but the highest, the most illustrious, the most solid among men, what is it ? Philosophy gives us arms against others, not against ourselves ; not against those domestic traitors, those homestead incendiaries, the malignant passions, — arms that are brilliant on the exercise-ground, but brittle in the fight, when the most dangerous of enemies is pressing us. Early love was never so jealous in any one as philosophy in Plato. He resembles his own idea of God, whose pleasure in the solitudes of eternity is the contemplation of himself.

Eubulides. Jealousy is not quite excluded from the school opposite. Aristoteles, it has been suggested to me, when he remarks that by the elongation of the last member in a sentence a dignity is added to composition, looked toward you,

* Newton has elucidated the theory of colors first proposed by Democritus, the loss of whose voluminous works is the greatest that philosophy has sustained.

† Taxos was rich in silver-mines.

who, as you have heard the rhetoricians say, are sometimes inattentive or indifferent to nobility of expression.

Demosthenes. When Aristoteles gives an opinion upon eloquence I listen with earnestness and respect: so wise a man can say nothing inconsiderately. His own style on every occasion is exactly what it should be; his sentences, in which there are no cracks or inequalities, have always their proper tone: for whatever is rightly said, sounds rightly.

Ought I to speak nobly, as you call it, of base matters and base men? Ought my pauses to be invariably the same? Would Aristoteles wish that a coat of mail should be as flowing as his gown? Let peace be perfect peace, war decisive war; but let Eloquence move upon earth with all the facilities of change that belong to the gods themselves: only let her never be idle, never be vain, never be ostentatious; for these are indications of debility. We, who have habituated ourselves from early youth to the composition of sonorous periods, know that it requires more skill to finger and stop our instrument than to blow it. When we have gained over the ear to our party we have other work to do, and sterner and rougher. Then comes forward action, not unaccompanied by vehemence. Pericles you have heard used none, but kept his arm wrapped up within his vest. Pericles was in the enjoyment of that power which his virtues and his abilities well deserved. If he had carried in his bosom the fire that burns in mine, he would have kept his hand outside. By the contemplation of men like me, Aristoteles is what he is; and, instead of undervaluing, I love him the better for it. Do we not see with greater partiality and fondness those who have been educated and fed upon our farms, than those who come from Orchomenos or Mantinea? If he were now among us in Athens, what would he think of two or three haranguers, who deal forth metaphysics by the pailful in their addresses to the people?

Eubulides. I heard one, a little time since, who believed he was doing it, ignorant that the business of metaphysics is rather to analyze than to involve. He avoided plain matter, he rejected idiom; he filtered the language of the people, and made them drink through a sieve.

Demosthenes. What an admirable definition have you given, unintentionally, of the worst public speaker possible, and, I will add with equal confidence, of the worst writer! If I send

to Hymettos for a hare, I expect to distinguish it at dinner by its flavor as readily as before dinner by its ears and feet. The people you describe to me soak out all the juices of our dialect. Nothing is so amusing to me as to hear them talk on eloquence. No disciple at the footstool is so silent and ductile as I am at the lessons I receive; none attends with such composure, none departs with such hilarity.

I have been careful to retain as much idiom as I could, often at the peril of being called ordinary and vulgar. Nations in a state of decay lose their idiom, which loss is always precursory to that of freedom. What your father and your grandfather used as an elegance in conversation is now abandoned to the populace, and every day we miss a little of our own, and collect a little from strangers: this prepares us for a more intimate union with them, in which we merge at last altogether. Every good writer has much idiom; it is the life and spirit of language: and none such ever entertained a fear or apprehension that strength and sublimity were to be lowered and weakened by it. Speaking to the people, I use the people's phraseology: I temper my metal according to the uses I intend it for. In fact, no language is very weak in its natural course until it runs too far; and then the poorest and the richest are ineffectual equally. The habitude of pleasing by flattery makes a language soft; the fear of offending by truth makes it circuitous and conventional. Free governments, where such necessity cannot exist, will always produce true eloquence.

Eubulides. We have in Athens young orators from the schools, who inform us that no determinate and masculine peculiarities of manner should appear in public: they would dance without displaying their muscles, they would sing without discomposing their lips.

Demosthenes. I will drag them — so help me Jupiter! — back again to their fathers and mothers; I will grasp their wrists so tightly, the most perverse of them shall not break away from me. Tempestuous times are coming. Another month, or two at farthest, and I will throw such animation into their features and their gestures you shall imagine they have been singing to the drum and horn, and dancing to dithyrambics. The dust-box of metaphysics shall be emptied no more from the schoolroom into the council.

I suspect I have heard the chatterer you mentioned. The other day in the market-place I saw a vulgar and shuffling man lifted on a honey-barrel by some grocers and slave-merchants, and the crowd was so dense around me I could not walk away. A fresh-looking citizen, next me, nodded and winked in my face at the close of every sentence. Dissembling as well as I could my impatience at his importunity, "Friend," said I, "do believe me, I understand not a syllable of the discourse."

"Ah, Demosthenes!" whispered he, "your time is fairly gone by; we have orators now whom even you, with all your acuteness and capacity, cannot comprehend."

"Whom will they convince?" said I.

"Convince!" cried my narrator; "who has ever wished to be persuaded against the grain in any matter of importance or utility? A child, if you tell him a horrible or a pathetic story, is anxious to be persuaded it is true; men and women, if you tell them one injurious to the respectability of a neighbor. Desire of persuasion rests and dies here. We listen to those whom we know to be of the same opinion as ourselves, and we call them wise for being of it; but we avoid such as differ from us: we pronounce them rash before we have heard them, and still more afterward lest we should be thought at any time to have erred. We come already convinced: we want surprise, as at our theatres; astonishment, as at the mysteries of Eleusis."

"But what astonishes, what surprises, you?"

"To hear an Athenian talk two hours together, hold us silent and immovable as the figures of Hermes before our doors, and find not a single one among us that can carry home with him a thought or an expression."

"Thou art right," I exclaimed; "he is greater than Triptolemos: he not only gives you a plentiful meal out of chaff and husks, but he persuades you that it is a savory repast."

"By Jupiter!" swore aloud my friend, "he persuades us no such thing; but every one is ashamed of being the first to acknowledge that he never was master of a particle out of what he had listened to and applauded."

I had the curiosity to inquire who the speaker was.

"What! do you not know Anædestatos?" said he, making a mark of interrogation upon my ribs, with a sharper elbow

than from his countenance I could have imagined had belonged to him; "the clever Anædestatos who came into notice as a youth by the celebration in verse of a pebble at the bottom of the Ilyssos? He forthwith was presented to Anytos, who experienced a hearty pleasure in seducing him away from his guardians. Anytos on his deathbed (for the gods allowed him one) recommended the young Anædestatos warmly to his friends: such men have always many, and those the powerful. Fortunate had it been for our country if he had pilfered only the verses he pronounced. His new patrons connived at his withdrawing from the treasury no less than six hundred talents."

"Impossible! six hundred talents are sufficient for the annual stipend of all our civil magistrates, from the highest to the lowest, and of all the generals in our republic and its dependencies."

"It was before you came forward into public life, O Demosthenes! but my father can prove the exactness of my statement. The last little sip from the reservoir was seventy talents, * for a voyage to Lesbos and a residence there of about three months, to settle the value of forty skins of wine, owing to the Lesbians in the time of Thrasybulos. This, I know not by what oversight, is legible among the accounts."

Indignant at what I heard, I threatened to call him before the people.

"Let him alone," said slowly in an undervoice my prudent friend: "he has those about him who will swear, and adduce the proofs, that you are holding a traitorous correspondence with Philip or Artaxerxes."

I began to gaze in indignation on his florid and calm countenance; he winked again, again accosted me with his elbow, and withdrew.

Eubulides. Happy Athenians! who have so many great men of so many kinds peculiar to yourselves, and can make one even out of Anædestatos!

* 14,000 pounds.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Eubulides. It was nearly in this place that we met once before, but not so early in the day; for then the western sun had withdrawn from the plain, and was throwing its last rays among the columns of the Parthenon.

Demosthenes. I think it was about the time when the question was agitated of war or peace with the king of Macedon.

Eubulides. It was. Why do you look so cheerful on a sudden? Soon afterward followed the disastrous battle at Cheronæa.

Demosthenes. Certainly, I derive no cheerfulness out of that.

Eubulides. Well, I believe there is little reason at the present hour why we should be melancholy.

Demosthenes. If there is, I hope it lies not on the side of the Agora.

Eubulides. You have composed your features again, and seem to be listening; but rather (I suspect) at your own internal thoughts than in the expectation of mine.

Demosthenes. Let us avoid, I entreat you, my dear Eubulides, those thorny questions which we cannot so well avoid within the walls. Our opinions in matters of State are different; let us walk together where our pursuits are similar or the same.

Eubulides. Demosthenes! it is seldom that we have conversed on politics, sad refuge of restless minds, averse from business and from study.

Demosthenes. Say worse against them, Eubulides! and I, who am tossed on the summit of the wave, will cry out to you to curse them deeplier. There are few men who have not been witnesses that, on some slight divergence of incondite and unsound opinions, they have rolled away the stone from the cavern-mouth of the worst passions, and have evoked them up between two friends. I, of all men, am the least inclined to make them the subject of conversation; and particularly when I meet a literary man as you are, from whom I can receive, and often have received, some useful information, some philosophical thought, some generous sentiment, or some pleasant image. Beside, wishing to make an impression on

the public mind, I must not let my ideas run off in every channel that lies before me: I must not hear the words, "Demosthenes will say this or this to-day." People ought to come toward me in expectation, and not carrying my sentiments, crude and broken, walleted before them.

Eubulides. There are however occasions when even politics are delightful; when they rejoice and exult as a stripling, or breathe softly as an infant.

Demosthenes. Then we cannot do better than sit quiet and regard them in silence; for it is such a silence as the good citizen and good father of a family would be unwilling to disturb. Why do you smile and shake your head, Eubulides?

Eubulides. Answer me, first; had you no morning dream, Demosthenes, a few hours ago: which dreams (they tell us) are sure to be accomplished, or show us things that are already so?

Demosthenes. I dream seldom.

Eubulides. Were you awakened by no voices?

Demosthenes. I sleep soundly. Come, do not fall from philosophy to divination. We usually have conversed on eloquence. I am not reminding you of this, from the recollection that you once, and indeed more than once, have commended me. I took many lessons in the art from you; and will take more, if you please, as we walk along.

Eubulides. Be contented: none surpasses you.

Demosthenes. Many speak differently upon that subject, lying to the public and to their own hearts, which I agitate as violently as those incited by me to bleed in the service of our country. If among our literary men I have an enemy so rash and impudent as to decry my writings, or to compare them with the evanescences of the day, I desire for him no severer punishment than the record of his sentence. The cross will be more durable than the malefactor.

Eubulides. In proportion as men approach you, they applaud you. To those far distant and far below, you seem as little as they seem to you. Fellows who cannot come near enough to reverence you think they are only a stone's throw distant; and they throw it. Unfortunate men! Choked by their criticisms, which others expectorate so easily!

Demosthenes. Commiserate them more still, ignorant or regardless as they are, that they have indented and incorpo-

rated a mark of ignominy in their names. Ay, by the *dog!* (as Socrates used to swear) and such, too, as no anger of mine could have heated for them, no ability of mine impressed.

Eubulides. There are few among the ignorant, and especially if they are pompous and inflated, who, if we attend to them patiently, may not amuse us by the clumsy display of some rash opinion. I was present a few nights ago at a company where you were mentioned —

Demosthenes. My master in rhetoric! dear Eubulides! do we correctly say "present *at* a company"?

Eubulides. You and I do. We are present at many companies; we form a part of few.

Demosthenes. Continue the narrative: the objection is overcome.

Eubulides. Willingly do I continue it, for it reminds me of an evening in which your spirits had all their play, and soared above the city-walls and beyond the confines of Attica. Men whose brains are like eggs, boiled hard, thought your ideas or your speech exuberant; and very different was indeed your diction from its usual economy and frugality. This conversation of yours was repeated, the reciter employing the many metaphors you had used. Halmuros sat next me, kicking my legs now and then in his impatience to express that ill-humor which urges him on all occasions to querulousness and contradiction. At last he sprang up, and, wiping the corners of his mouth, declared that your mind was not rich enough for all those metaphors which an injudicious friend had quoted as yours. I replied to him calmly, that it was natural he should be ignorant of the fact, and certain that he must remain so, since Demosthenes only used such language when it was excited by the wit or the wisdom or the geniality of his friends; and I consoled him with the assurance that a warier man might have fallen into the same pit, without the same help of extrication. Although he saw how friendly I had been to him, he was not pacified, but protested that many doubts remained upon his mind. He appealed to Cliniades who sat opposite. "I have been present," said Cliniades, "at my father's and in other places, when Demosthenes hath scattered among us all the ornaments of diction; it would puzzle me to recount, and you to remember, the

names of them." "That is a modest youth," said Halmuros in my ear, "but rather too zealous in partisanship."

Demosthenes. Inconsiderate and silly is the criticism of Halmuros. Must a pugilist, because he is a pugilist, always clench his fist? — may he not relax it at dinner, at wine, at the reception of a friend? Is it necessary to display the strength of my muscles when I have no assailant to vanquish or intimidate? When we are wrestling we do not display the same attitudes as when we are dancing. On the sand and in the circle we contend for the crown; amid the modulations of flute and lyre, of tabor and cymbal, we wear it. And it is there, among our friends and favorites, among the elegant and refined, we draw attention to the brightness and the copiousness and the pliancy of its constituent parts. It is permitted me, I trust, O Eubulides, to indulge in a flowery and flowing robe when I descend from the bema, and relax my limbs in the cool retirement at home. If I did it in public I should be powerless; for there is paralysis in derision. Plainness and somewhat of austerity ought to be habitual with the orator. If he relinquishes them rarely, when he *does* relinquish them he gains the affections of his audience by his heartiness, warmth, and condescension. But sentences well measured and well moulded are never thrown away on the meanest of the Athenians; and many of them perhaps are as sensible of the variety I give to mine as the most delicate of the critics, and are readier to do me justice.

Eubulides. It appears to be among the laws of Nature that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped at by the little, as the solitary flight of one great bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.

Demosthenes. The higher and richer bank is corroded by the stream, which is gentle to the flat and barren sand; and philosophers tell us that mountains are shaken by the vilest of the minerals below them.

Eubulides. Here, O Demosthenes, let the parallel be broken. And now, cannot I draw from you the avowal that you have heard the news from Pella, brought by the messager at sunrise? Your derision has not deterred the people from asking, "Is Philip dead?"

Demosthenes. The messager came first to my house, knowing my habitude of early rising. My order as magistrate was

that he keep secret this visit of his to me, threatening him with the displeasure and censure of the more ancient, if ever they should discover that the intelligence reached them after. My thoughts crowded upon me so fast and turbulently, that, no sooner had I reached the monument of Antiope, than I stopped from exhaustion, and sat down beneath it. Happy as I always am to meet you, my good Eubulides, I acknowledge I never was less so than on this occasion. For it is my practice, and ever has been, to walk quite alone. In my walks I collect my arguments, arrange my sentences, and utter them aloud. Eloquence with me can do little else in the city than put on her bracelets, tighten her sandals, and show herself to the people. Her health, and vigor, and beauty, if she has any, are the fruits of the open fields. The slowness or celerity of my steps is now regulated and impelled by the gravity and precision, now by the enthusiasm and agitation, of my mind ; and the presence of any one, however dear and intimate, is a check and impediment to the free agency of these emotions. Thousands, I know, had I remained in the city, would have come running up to me with congratulations and embraces ; as if danger could befall us only from the hand of Philip ! — another Jove, who alone upon earth can vibrate the thunder.

Eubulides. One hour afterward I passed through them hastily, and saw and heard them wandering and buzzing along the streets in every direction.

Demosthenes. Leaving to us the country and fresh air, and, what itself is the least tranquil thing in Nature, but is the most potent tranquillizer of an excited soul, the sea. To-day I avoid the swarm : to-morrow I strike my brass and collect it.

How soon, O Eubulides, may this ancient hive be subverted, and these busy creatures lie under it extinct !

Eubulides. That greatest and most fortunate event, the death of Philip, seems at one moment in the course of our conversation to have given you more than your ordinary vigor, and at another (as now again) to have almost torpefied you.

Demosthenes. Inattention and taciturnity are not always proofs of incivility and disrespect. I was revolving in my mind what I might utter as we went along, less unworthy of

your approbation than many things I have spoken in public, and with great anxiety that they should be well received.

There is then one truth, O Eubulides, far more important than every other; far more conducive to the duration of States, to the glory of citizens, to the adornment of social life, to the encouragement of arts and sciences, to the extension of the commerce and intercourse of nations, to the foundation and growth of colonies, to the exaltation and dominion of genius, and indeed to whatever is desirable to the well-educated and the free.

Eubulides. Enounce it.

Demosthenes. There is, I repeat it, one truth above all the rest; above all promulgated by the wisdom of legislators, the zeal of orators, the enthusiasm of poets, or the revelation of gods: a truth whose brightness and magnitude are almost lost to view by its stupendous height. If I never have pointed it out, knowing it as I do, let the forbearance be assigned not to timidity but to prudence.

Eubulides. May I hope at last to hear it?

Demosthenes. I must conduct you circuitously, and interrogate you beforehand, as those do who lead us to the mysteries.

You have many sheep and goats upon the mountain, which were lately bequeathed to you by your nephew Timocles. Do you think it the most advantageous to let some mastiff, with nobody's chain or collar about his neck, run among them and devour them one after another, or to prepare a halter and lay poison and a trap for him?

Eubulides. Certainly here, O Demosthenes, you are not leading me into any mysteries. The answer is plain: the poison, trap, and halter are ready.

Demosthenes. Well spoken. You have several children and grandchildren; you study economy in their behalf: would you rather spend twenty drachmas for fuel than three for the same quantity of the same material?

Eubulides. Nay, nay, Demosthenes; if this is not mystery, it is worse. You are like a teacher to whom a studious man goes to learn the meaning of a sentence, and who, instead of opening the volume that contains it, asks him gravely whether he has learned his alphabet. Prythee do not banter me.

Demosthenes. Tell me then which you would rather, — make

one drunken man sober for ever, or ten thousand men drunk for many years?

Eubulides. By all the gods! abstain from such idle questions.

Demosthenes. The solution of this, idle as you call it, may save you much more than the twenty drachmas. O Eubulides! we have seen, to our sorrow and ignominy, the plain of Cheronæa bestrewn with the bodies of our bravest citizens: had one barbarian fallen, they had not. Rapine and licentiousness are the precursors and the followers of even the most righteous war. A single blow against the worst of mortals may prevent them. Many years and much treasure are usually required for an uncertain issue, beside the stagnation of traffic, the prostration of industry, and innumerable maladies arising from towns besieged and regions depopulated. A moment is sufficient to avert all these calamities. No usurper, no invader, should be permitted to exist on earth. And on whom can the vengeance of the gods be expected to descend, if it descend not on that guilty wretch who would rather that ten thousand innocent, ten thousand virtuous, citizens should perish, than that one iniquitous and atrocious despot should be without his daily bath of blood? A single brave man might have followed the late tyrant into Scythia, and have given his carcass to the vulture; by which heroic deed we should have been spared the spectacle of Greece in mourning. What columns, what processions, would have been decreed to this deliverer, out of the treasure we may soon be condemned to pay, whether as tribute or subsidy, to our enslaver!

Eubulides. No, no! Praises to the immortals! he is dead.

Demosthenes. Philip has left the world. But regard not, O my friend, the mutual congratulations, the intemperate and intempestive joy, of the Athenians with any other sentiment than pity; for while Alexander lives, or Alexander's successor, while any king whatever breathes on any of our confines, Philip is not dead.

Eubulides. Raise up thy brow, O Demosthenes! raise up again that arm, hanging down before thee as if a flame from heaven had blasted it! Have we not seen it in its godlike strength, terrible even in beneficence, like Neptune's, when the horse sprang from under his trident? Take courage!

give it! Inspire it in a breath from the inner and outer Keramicus to the Parthenon, from the temple of the Eumenides to the gates of the Piræus. What is the successor of Philip? — a mad youth.

Demosthenes. Does much mischief require much wisdom? Is a firebrand sensible; is a tempest prudent? It is a very indifferent rat or weasel that hath not as much courage as Alexander, and more prudence: I say nothing of temperance, in which even inferior beasts, if there be any such, are his betters. We know this; the knowledge of it does not insure our quiet, but rather is a reason, at least the latter part of it, why we can trust in him for none.

If men considered the happiness of others, or their own; in fewer words, if they were rational or provident, — no State would be depopulated, no city pillaged, not a village would be laid in ashes, not a farm deserted. But there always have been, and always will be, men about the despot, who persuade him that terror is better than esteem; that no one knows whether he is reverenced or not, but that he who is dreaded has indubitable proofs of it, and is regarded by mortals as a god. By pampering this foible in the prince, they are admitted to come closer and closer to him; and from the indulgence of his corrupted humors they derive their wealth and influence. Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favor more than from industry and desert; in short, if he did not expect to carry off sooner or later, from under another system, what never could belong to him rightfully, and what cannot (he thinks) accrue to him from this. To suppose the contrary would be the same as to suppose that he would rather have a master in his house than friend, brother, or son; and that he has both more confidence and more pleasure in an alien's management of it than in his own, or in any person's selected by his experience and deputed by his choice.

Eubulides. Insanity to imagine it!

Demosthenes. In religions and governments, O Eubulides, there are things on which few men reason, and at which those who do reason shrink and shudder. The worthless cling upon these lofty follies, and use them as the watchtowers of Ambition. We too are reproved by them in turn for like propensities: and truly I wish it could be said that every

human motive were ingenuous and pure. We cannot say any thing similar. Come, let us own the worst: we are ambitious. But is it not evident of us orators in a republic, that our ambition and the scope of it must drop together when we no longer can benefit or forewarn our citizens? In kingdoms, the men are most commended and most elevated who serve the fewest, and who, serving the fewest, injure the most; in republics, those who serve the many and injure none. The loss of this privilege is the greatest loss humanity can sustain. To you, because I ponder and meditate, I appear dejected. Clearly do I see indeed how much may soon cease to be within my power; but I possess the confidence of strength within me, and the consciousness of having exerted it for the glory of my country and the utility of mankind. Look at that olive before us. Seasons and iron have searched deeply into its heart; yet it shakes its berries in the air, promising you sustenance and light. In olives it is common to see remaining just enough of the body to support the bark; and this is often so perforated, that, if near the ground, a dog or sheep may pass through. Neither the vitality nor the fecundity of the tree appears in the least to suffer by it. While I remember what I have been, I never can be less. External power affects those only who have none intrinsically. I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger on entering them stopped at the silence of the gateway, and said, "Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people."

This is an ambition which no other can supplant or reach. The image of it stands eternally between me and kings, and separates me by an immeasurable interval from their courts and satraps. I swear against them, in the name of our country, in the name of Pallas-Athenè and of all the gods, amid the victims that have fallen by them and are about to fall, everlasting hatred!

Go now to the city, Eubulides, and report my oath. Add, that you left me contemplating in solitude the posture of our affairs, reluctant to lay before the Athenians any plan or project until I have viewed it long and measured it correctly; and to deliver any words to them, whether of counsel or comfort or congratulation, unworthy of so sedate and circumspect a people.

Eubulides. How gravely and seriously you speak! Do you think of them so highly?

Demosthenes. I have said it; go, repeat it.

XI. ÆSCHINES AND PHOCION.

Æschines. O Phocion, again I kiss the hand that hath ever raised up the unfortunate!

Phocion. I know not, Æschines, to what your discourse would tend.

Æschines. Yesterday, when the malice of Demosthenes would have turned against me the vengeance of the people, by pointing me out as him whom the priestess of Apollo had designated in declaring the Athenians were unanimous, one excepted, — did you not cry aloud, *I am the man: I approve of nothing you do?* That I see you again, that I can express to you my gratitude, — these are your gifts.

Phocion. And does Æschines then suppose that I should not have performed my duty, whether he were alive or dead? To have removed from the envy of an ungenerous rival, and from the resentment of an inconsiderate populace, the citizen who possesses my confidence, the orator who defends my country, and the soldier who has fought by my side, — was among those actions which are always well repaid. The line is drawn across the account: let us close it.

Æschines. I am not insensible, nor have ever been, to the afflicted; my compassion hath been excited in the city and in the field: but when have I been moved, as I am now, to weeping? Your generosity is more pathetic than pity; and at your eloquence, stern as it is, O Phocion, my tears gush like those warm fountains which burst forth suddenly from some convulsion of the earth.

Immortal Gods! that Demades and Polyeuctus and Demosthenes should prevail in the council over Phocion! that even their projects for a campaign should be adopted, in preference to that general's who hath defeated Philip in every encounter,

and should precipitate the war against the advice of a politician by whose presages, and his only, the Athenians have never been deceived!

Phocion. It is true, I am not popular.

Æschines. Become so!

Phocion. It has been frequently and with impunity in my power to commit base actions, and I abstained: would my friend advise me at last to commit the basest of all? — to court the suffrages of people I despise!

Æschines. You court not even those who love and honor you. Thirty times and oftener have you been chosen to lead our armies, and never once were present at the election. Unparalleled glory! when have the gods shown any thing similar among men? Not Aristides nor Epaminondas, the most virtuous of mortals, — not Miltiades nor Cimon, the most glorious in their exploits, — enjoyed the favor of Heaven so uninterruptedly. No presents, no solicitations, no flatteries, no concessions: you never even asked a vote, however duly, customarily, and gravely.

Phocion. The highest price we can pay for any thing is to ask it; and to solicit a vote appears to me as unworthy an action as to solicit a place in a will: it is not ours, and might have been another's.

Æschines. A question unconnected with my visit now obtrudes itself; and indeed, Phocion, I have remarked heretofore that an observation from you hath made Athenians, on several occasions, forget their own business and debates, and fix themselves upon it. What is your opinion on the right and expediency of making wills?

Phocion. That it is neither expedient nor just to make them; and that the prohibition would obviate and remove (to say nothing of duplicity and servility) much injustice and discontent, — the two things against which every legislator should provide the most cautiously. General and positive laws should secure the order of succession, as far as unto the grandchildren of brother and sister; beyond and out of these, property of every kind should devolve to the commonwealth. Thousands have remained unmarried, that, by giving hopes of legacies, they may obtain votes for public offices; thus being dishonest and making others so, defrauding the community of many citizens by their celibacy, and deteriorat-

ing many by their ambition. Luxury and irregular love have produced in thousands the same effect. They care neither about offspring nor about offices, but gratify the most sordid passions at their country's most ruinous expense. If those two descriptions of citizens were prohibited from appointing heirs at their option, and obliged to indemnify the republic for their inutility and nullity, at least by so insensible a fine as that which is levied on them after death, the members would shortly be reduced to few; and much of distress and indigence, much of dishonor and iniquity, would be averted from the people of Athens.

Æschines. But services and friendships —

Phocion. — are rewarded by friendships and services.

Æschines. You have never delivered your opinion upon this subject before the people.

Phocion. While passions and minds are agitated, the fewer opinions we deliver before them the better. We have laws enough; and we should not accustom men to changes. Though many things might be altered and improved, yet alterations in State-matters, important or unimportant in themselves, are weighty in their complex and their consequences. A little car in motion shakes all the houses of a street; let it stand quiet, and you or I could almost bear it on our foot: it is thus with institutions.

Æschines. On wills you have excited my inquiry rather than satisfied it: you have given me new thoughts, but you have also made room for more.

Phocion. Æschines, would you take possession of a vineyard or olive-ground which nobody had given to you?

Æschines. Certainly not.

Phocion. Yet if it were bequeathed by will, you would?

Æschines. Who would hesitate?

Phocion. In many cases the just man.

Æschines. In some indeed.

Phocion. There is a parity in all between a will and my hypothesis of vineyard or olive-ground. Inheriting by means of a will, we take to ourselves what nobody has given.

Æschines. Quite the contrary: we take what he has given who does not deprive himself of any enjoyment or advantage by his gift.

Phocion. Again I say, we take it, Æschines, from no giver

at all ; for he whom you denominate the giver does not exist : he who does not exist can do nothing, can accept nothing, can exchange nothing, can give nothing.

Æschines. He gave it while he was living, and while he had these powers and faculties.

Phocion. If he gave it while he was living, then it was not what lawyers and jurists and legislators call a will or testament, on which alone we spoke.

Æschines. True ; I yield.

Phocion. The absurdities we do not see are more numerous and greater than those we discover ; for truly there are few imaginable that have not crept from some corner or other into common use, and these escape our notice by familiarity.

Æschines. We pass easily over great inequalities, and smaller shock us. He who leaps down resolutely and with impunity from a crag of Lycabettos * may be lamed perhaps for life by missing a step in the descent from a temple.

Again, if you please, to our first question.

Phocion. I would change it willingly for another, if you had not dropped something out of which I collect that you think me too indifferent to the administration of public affairs. Indifference to the welfare of our country is a crime ; but when our country is reduced to a condition in which the bad are preferred to the good, the foolish to the wise, hardly any catastrophe is to be deprecated or opposed that may shake them from their places.

Æschines. In dangerous and trying times they fall naturally and necessarily, as flies drop out of a curtain let down in winter. Should the people demand of me what better I would propose than my adversaries, such are the extremities to which their boisterousness and levity have reduced us, I can return no answer. We are in the condition of a wolf biting off his leg to escape from the trap that has caught it.

Phocion. Calamities have assaulted mankind in so great a variety of attacks, that nothing new can be devised against them. He who would strike out a novelty in architecture commits a folly in safety ; his house and he may stand : he who attempts it in politics carries a torch, from which at the

* Called afterwards Ankesmos.

first narrow passage we may expect a conflagration. Experience is our only teacher both in war and peace. As we formerly did against the Lacedemonians and their allies, we might by our naval superiority seize or blockade the maritime towns of Philip; we might conciliate Sparta, who has outraged and defied him; we might wait even for his death, impending from drunkenness, lust, ferocity, and inevitable in a short space of time from the vengeance to which they expose him at home. It is a dangerous thing for a monarch to corrupt a nation yet uncivilized; to corrupt a civilized one is the wisest thing he can do.

Æschines. I see no reason why we should not send an executioner to release him from the prison-house of his crimes, with his family to attend him. Kings play at war unfairly with republics: they can only lose some earth and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose in every soldier a part of themselves. Therefore no wise republic ought to be satisfied, unless she bring to punishment the criminal most obnoxious, and those about him who may be supposed to have made him so, — his counsellors and his courtiers. Retaliation is not a thing to be feared. You might as reasonably be contented with breaking the tables and chairs of a wretch who hath murdered your children, as with slaying the soldiers of a despot who wages war against you. The least you can do in justice or in safety is to demand his blood of the people who are under him, tearing in pieces the nest of his brood. The Locrians have admitted only two new laws in two hundred years; because he who proposes to establish or to change one comes with a halter round his throat, and is strangled if his proposition is rejected. Let wars, which ought to be more perilous to the adviser, be but equally so: let those who engage in them perish if they lose — I mean the principals — and new wars will be as rare among others as new laws among the Locrians.

Phocion. Both laws and wars are much addicted to the process of generation. Philip, I am afraid, has prepared the Athenians for his government; and yet I wonder how, in a free State, any man of common sense can be bribed. The corrupter would only spend his money on persons of some calculation and reflection: with how little of either

must those be endowed, who do not see that they are paying a perpetuity for an annuity! Suppose that they, amid suspicions both from him in whose favor and from those to whose detriment they betray, can enjoy every thing they receive, yet what security have their children and dependents? Property is usually gained in hope no less of bequeathing than of enjoying it; how certain is it that these will lose more than was acquired for them! If they lose their country and their laws, what have they? The bribes of monarchs will be discovered by the receiver to be like pieces of furniture given to a man who, on returning home, finds that his house, in which he intended to place them, has another master. I can conceive no bribery at all seductive to the most profligate, short of that which establishes the citizen bribed among the members of a hereditary aristocracy, which in the midst of a people is a kind of foreign State where the spoiler and traitor may take refuge. Now Philip is not so inhuman as, in case he should be the conqueror, to inflict on us so humiliating a punishment. Our differences with him are recent, and he marches from policy, not from enmity. The Lacedemonians did indeed attempt it, in the imposition of the thirty tyrants; but such a monstrous state of degradation and of infamy roused us from our torpor, threw under us and beneath our view all other wretchedness, and we recovered (I wish we could retain it as easily!) our independence. What depresses you?

Æschines. Oh! could I embody the spirit I receive from you, and present it in all its purity to the Athenians, they would surely hear me with as much attention as that invoker and violater of the gods, Demosthenes, to whom my blood would be the most acceptable libation at the feasts of Philip. Pertinacity and clamorousness, he imagines, are tests of sincerity and truth; although we know that a weak orator raises his voice higher than a powerful one, as the lame raise their legs higher than the sound. He censures me for repeating my accusation; he talks of tautology and diffuseness; he who tells us gravely that a man had lived *many years*, and — what then? — that he was rather old when he died!* Can any thing be so ridiculous as the pretensions of this man, who,

* Εβιωδε πολλα ετῆ και ην πρἐσβυτερος ὁτε ετελευτα.

because I employ no action, says *action is the first, the second, the third requisite of oratory;* while he himself is the most ungraceful of our speakers, and, even in appealing to the gods, begins by scratching his head?

Phocion. This is surely no inattention or indifference to the powers above. Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much. As we are drawing nigh to humble buildings, those at a distance beyond them sink below; but we may draw so nigh to the grand and elevated as to take in only a small part of the whole. I smile at reflecting on the levity with which we contemporaries often judge of those authors whom posterity will read with most admiration: such is Demosthenes. Differ as we may from him in politics, we must acknowledge that no language is clearer, no thoughts more natural, no words more proper, no combinations more unexpected, no cadences more diversified and harmonious. Accustomed to consider as the best what is at once the most simple and emphatic, and knowing that what satisfies the understanding conciliates the ear, I think him little if at all inferior to Aristoteles in style, though in wisdom he is as a mote to a sunbeam; and superior to my master Plato, excellent as he is, — gorgeous indeed, but becomingly, like wealthy kings. Defective however and faulty must be the composition in prose, which you and I with our uttermost study and attention cannot understand. In poetry it is not exactly so; the greater share of it must be intelligible to the multitude: but in the best there is often an undersong of sense, which none beside the poetical mind, or one deeply versed in its mysteries, can comprehend. Euripides and Pindar have been blamed by many, who perceived not that the arrow drawn against them fell on Homer. The gods have denied to Demosthenes many parts of genius; the urbane, the witty, the pleasurable, the pathetic. But, O Æschines! the tree of strongest fibre and longest duration is not looked up to for its flower nor for its leaf.

Let us praise whatever we can reasonably: nothing is less laborious or irksome, no office is less importunate or nearer a sinecure. Above others praise those who contend with you for glory, since they have already borne their suffrages to your judgment by entering on the same career. Deem it a peculiar talent, and what no three men in any age have

possessed, to give each great citizen or great writer his just proportion of applause. A barbarian king or his eunuch can distribute equally and fairly beans and lentils; but I perceive that Æschines himself finds a difficulty in awarding just commendations.

A few days ago an old woman who wrote formerly a poem on Codrus, such as Codrus with all his self-devotion would hardly have read to save his country, met me in the street, and taxed me with injustice towards Demosthenes.

"You do not know him," said she; "he has heart, and somewhat of genius; true, he is singular and eccentric; yet I assure you I have seen compositions of his that do him credit. We must not judge of him from his speeches in public; there he is violent: but a billet of his, I do declare, is quite a treasure."

Æschines. What answer of yours could be the return for such silliness?

Phocion. "Lady!" replied I, "Demosthenes is fortunate to be protected by the same cuirass as Codrus."

The commendations of these people are not always what you would think them, left-handed and detractive; for singular must every man appear who is different from the rest: and he is most different from them who is most above them. If the clouds were inhabited by men, the men must be of other form and features than those on earth, and their gait would not be the same as upon the grass or pavement. Diversity no less is contracted by the habitations, as it were, and haunts, and exercises, of our minds. Singularity, when it is natural, requires no apology; when it is affected, is detestable. Such is that of our young people in bad handwriting. On my expedition to Byzantion, the city decreed that a cloak should be given me worth forty drachmas; and, when I was about to return, I folded it up carefully in readiness for any service in which I might be employed hereafter. An officer, studious to imitate my neatness, packed up his in the same manner, not without the hope perhaps that I might remark it; and my servant, or his, on our return, mistook it. I sailed for Athens; he, with a detachment, for Heraclea, whence he wrote to me that he had sent my cloak, requesting his own by the first conveyance. The name was quite illegible, and the carrier, whoever he was, had pursued his road homeward. I directed it then, as the

only safe way, if indeed there was any safe one, *to the officer who writes worst at Heraclea.*

Come, a few more words upon Demosthenes. Do not, my friend, inveigh against him, lest a part of your opposition be attributed to envy. How many arguments is it worth to him if you appear to act from another motive than principle! True, his eloquence is imperfect: what among men is not? In his repartees there is no playfulness, in his voice there is no flexibility, in his action there is neither dignity nor grace; but how often has he stricken you dumb with his irony! How often has he tossed you from one hand to the other with his interrogatories! Concentrated are his arguments, select and distinct and orderly his topics, ready and unfastidious his expressions, popular his allusions, plain his illustrations, easy the swell and subsidence of his periods, his dialect purely Attic. Is this no merit? Is it none in an age of idle rhetoricians, who have forgotten how their fathers and mothers spoke to them?

Æschines. But what repetitions!

Phocion. If a thing is good it may be repeated; not indeed too frequently nor too closely, nor in words exactly the same. The repetition shows no want of invention: it shows only what is uppermost in the mind, and by what the writer is most agitated and inflamed.

Æschines. Demosthenes tells us himself, that he has prepared fifty-six commencements for his future speeches: how can he foresee the main subject of them all? They are indeed all invectives against Philip; but does Demosthenes imagine that Philip is not greatly more fertile in the means of annoyance than any Athenian is in the terms of vituperation? And which gives most annoyance? Fire and sword ravage far and wide: the tongue cannot break through the shield nor extinguish the conflagration; it brings down many blows, but heals no wounds whatever.

Phocion. I perceive, in the number of these overtures to the choruses of the Furies, a stronger argument of his temerity than your acuteness hath exposed. He must have believed that Philip could not conquer us before he had time enough to compose and deliver his fifty-six speeches. I differ from him widely in my calculation. But, returning to your former charge, I would rather praise him for what he has omitted, than censure him for what he has repeated.

Æschines. And I too.

Phocion. Those words were spoken in the tone of a competitor rather than of a comrade, as you soon may be.

Æschines. I am jealous then? Did I demonstrate any jealousy of him when I went into the Peloponnese, to second and propel the courage his representations of the common danger had excited? — where I beheld the youths of Olynthus, sent as slaves and donatives to his partisans, in that country of degenerate and dastard Greeks! What his orations had failed to bring about, my energy and zeal, my sincerity and singleness of aim, effected. The Athenians there followed me to the temple of Agraulos, and denounced in one voice the most awful imprecations against the Peloponnesians corrupted by the gold of Macedon.

Phocion. You have many advantages over your rival; let him have some over you. There are merits which appear demerits to vulgar minds and inconsiderate auditors. Many, in the populace of hearers and readers, want links and cramps to hold together the thoughts that are given them, and cry out if you hurry them on too fast. You must leap over no gap, or you leave them behind and startle them from following you. With them the pioneer is a cleverer man than the commander. I have observed in Demosthenes and Thucydides that they lay it down as a rule, never to say what they have reason to suppose would occur to the auditor and reader in consequence of any thing said before; knowing every one to be more pleased and more easily led by us when we bring forward his thoughts indirectly and imperceptibly, than when we elbow and outstrip them with our own. The sentences of your adversary are stout and compact as the Macedonian phalanx, animated and ardent as the sacred band of Thebes. Praise him, Æschines, if you wish to be victorious; if you acknowledge you are vanquished, then revile him and complain. In composition I know not a superior to him; and in an assembly of the people he derives advantages from his defects themselves, from the violence of his action and from the vulgarity of his mien. Permit him to possess these advantages over you; look on him as a wrestler, whose body is robust, but whose feet rest upon something slippery: use your dexterity, and reserve your blows. Consider him, if less excellent as a statesman, citizen, or soldier, rather as a genius or demon; who, whether

beneficent or malignant, hath, from an elevation far above us, launched forth many new stars into the firmament of mind.

Æschines. Oh that we had been born in other days! The best men always fall upon the worst.

Phocion. The gods have not granted us, Æschines, the choice of being born when we would: that of dying when we would, they have. Thank them for it, as one among the most excellent of their gifts; and remain or go, as utility or dignity may require. Whatever can happen to a wise and virtuous man from his worst enemy, whatever is most dreaded by the inconsiderate and irresolute, has happened to him frequently from himself; and not only without his inconvenience, but without his observation. We are prisoners as often as we bolt our doors, exiles as often as we walk to Munychia, and dead as often as we sleep. It would be a folly and a shame to argue that these things are voluntary, and that what our enemy imposes are not; they should be the more if they befall us from necessity, unless necessity be a weaker reason than caprice. In fine, Æschines, I shall then call the times bad when they make me so; at present they are to be borne, as must be the storm that follows them.

XII. ALEXANDER AND THE PRIEST OF HAMMON.

Alexander. Like my father, as ignorant men called King Philip, I have at all times been the friend and defender of the gods.

Priest. Hitherto it was rather my belief that the gods may befriend and defend us mortals; but I am now instructed that a king of Macedon has taken them under his shield. Philip, if report be true, was less remarkable for his devotion.

Alexander. He was the most religious prince of the age.

Priest. On what, O Alexander, rests the support of such an exalted title?

Alexander. Not only did he swear more frequently and more awfully than any officer in the army, or any priest in the temples, but his sacrifices were more numerous and more costly.

Priest. More costly? It must be either to those whose ruin is consummated, or to those whose ruin is commenced; in other words, either to the vanquished, or to those whose ill-fortune is of earlier date, — the born subjects of the vanquisher.

Alexander. He exhibited the surest and most manifest proof of his piety when he defeated Œnomarchus, general of the Phocians, who had dared to plough a piece of ground belonging to Apollo.

Priest. Apollo might have made it as hot work for the Phocians who were ploughing his ground, as he formerly did at Troy to those unruly Greeks who took away his priest's daughter. He shot a good many mules, to show he was in earnest, and would have gone on shooting both cattle and men until he came at last to the offender.

Alexander. He instructed kings by slaying their people before their eyes; surely he would never set so bad an example as striking at the kings themselves. Philip, to demonstrate in the presence of all Greece his regard for Apollo of Delphi, slew six thousand, and threw into the sea three thousand, enemies of religion.

Priest. Alexander! Alexander! the enemies of religion are the cruel, and not the sufferers by cruelty. Is it unpardonable in the ignorant to be in error about their gods, when the wise are in doubt about their fathers?

Alexander. I am not; Philip is not mine.

Priest. Probable enough.

Alexander. Who then is, or ought to be, but Jupiter himself?

Priest. The priests of Pella are abler to return an oracle on that matter than we of the Oasis.

Alexander. We have no oracle at Pella.

Priest. If you had, it might be dumb for once.

Alexander. I am losing my patience.

Priest. I have given thee part of mine, seeing thee but scantily provided; yet, if thy gestures are any signification, it sits but awkwardly upon thy shoulders.

Alexander. This to me! — the begotten of a god! the benefactor of all mankind!

Priest. Such as Philip was to the three thousand, when he devised so magnificent a bath for their recreation. Plenty of pumice! rather a lack of napkins!

Alexander. No trifling! no false wit!

Priest. True wit, to every man, is that which falls on another.

Alexander. To come at once to the point: I am ready to prove that neither Jason nor Bacchus, in their memorable expeditions, did greater service to mankind than I have done, and am about to do.

Priest. Jason gave them an example of falsehood and ingratitude; Bacchus made them drunk: thou appearest a proper successor to these worthies.

Alexander. Such insolence to crowned heads! such levity on heroes and gods!

Priest. Hark ye, Alexander! we priests are privileged.

Alexander. I, too, am privileged to speak of my own great actions; if not as liberator of Greece and consolidator of her disjointed and jarring interests, at least as the benefactor of Egypt and of Jupiter.

Priest. Here, indeed, it would be unseemly to laugh; for it is evident on thy royal word that Jupiter is much indebted to thee; and equally evident, from the same authority, that thou wantest nothing from him but his blessing, — unless it be a public acknowledgment that he has been guilty of another act of bastardy, more becoming his black curls than his gray decrepitude.

Alexander. Amazement! to talk thus of Jupiter!

Priest. Only to those who are in his confidence: a mistress, for instance, or a son, as thou sayest thou art.

Alexander. Yea, by my head, and by my sceptre, am I. Nothing is more certain.

Priest. We will discourse upon that presently.

Alexander. Discourse upon it this instant!

Priest. How is it possible that Jupiter should be thy father, when —

Alexander. When what?

Priest. Couldst not thou hear me on?

Alexander. Thou askest a foolish question.

Priest. I did not ask whether I should be acknowledged the son of Jupiter.

Alexander. Thou, indeed!

Priest. Yet, by the common consent of mankind, lands and tenements are assigned to us, and we are called "*divine*," as their children; and there are some who assert that the gods themselves have less influence and less property on earth than we.

Alexander. All this is well; only use your influence for your benefactors.

Priest. Before we proceed any farther, tell me in what manner thou art or wilt ever be the benefactor of Egypt.

Alexander. The same exposition will demonstrate that I shall be likewise the benefactor of Jupiter. It is my intention to build a city, in a situation very advantageous for commerce: of course the frequenters of such a mart will continually make offerings to Jupiter.

Priest. For what?

Alexander. For prosperity.

Priest. Alas! Alexander, the prosperous make few offerings; and Hermes has the dexterity to intercept the greater part of them. In Egypt there are cities enow already: I should say too many; for men prey upon one another when they are penned together close.

Alexander. There is then no glory in building a magnificent city?

Priest. Great may be the glory.

Alexander. Here at least thou art disposed to do me justice.

Priest. I never heard until this hour that among thy other attainments was architecture.

Alexander. Scornful and insolent man! dost thou take me for an architect?

Priest. I was about to do so; and certainly not in scorn, but to assuage the feeling of it.

Alexander. How?

Priest. He who devises the plan of a great city — of its streets, its squares, its palaces, its temples — must exercise much reflection and many kinds of knowledge; and yet those which strike most the vulgar, most even the scientific, require less care, less knowledge, less beneficence, than what are

called the viler parts, and are the most obscure and unobserved: the construction of the sewers; the method of exempting the aqueducts from the encroachment of their impurities; the conduct of canals for fresh air in every part of the house, attempering the summer heats; the exclusion of reptiles; and even the protection from insects. The conveniences and comforts of life, in these countries, depend on such matters.

Alexander. My architect, I doubt not, has considered them maturely.

Priest. Who is he?

Alexander. I will not tell thee; the whole glory is mine: I gave the orders, and first conceived the idea.

Priest. A hound upon a heap of dust may dream of a fine city, if he has ever seen one; and a madman in chains may dream of building it, and may even give directions about it.

Alexander. I will not bear this!

Priest. Were it false, thou couldst bear it; thou wouldst call the bearing of it magnanimity: and wiser men would do the same for centuries. As such wisdom and such greatness are not what I bend my back to measure, do favor me with what thou wert about to say when thou begannest, "nothing is more certain;" since I presume it must appertain to geometry, of which I am fond.

Alexander. I did not come hither to make figures upon the sand.

Priest. Fortunate for thee, if the figure thou wilt leave behind thee could be as easily wiped out.

Alexander. What didst thou say?

Priest. I was musing.

Alexander. Even the building of cities is in thy sight neither glorious nor commendable.

Priest. Truly, to build them is not among the undertakings I the most applaud in the powerful; but to destroy them is the very foremost of the excesses I abhor. All the cities of the earth should rise up against the man who ruins one. Until this sentiment is predominant, the peaceful can have no protection, the virtuous no encouragement, the brave no countenance, the prosperous no security. We priests communicate one with another extensively; and, even in these solitudes, thy exploits against Thebes have reached and

shocked us. What hearts must lie in the bosoms of those who applaud thee for preserving the mansion of a deceased poet in the general ruin, while the relatives of the greatest patriot that ever drew breath under heaven, — of the soldier at whose hospitable hearth thy father learned all that thou knowest and much more, of Epaminondas (dost thou hear me?), — were murdered or enslaved. Now begin the demonstration than which "nothing is more certain."

Alexander. Nothing is more certain, or what a greater number of witnesses are ready to attest, than that my mother Olympias — who hated Philip — was pregnant of me by a serpent.

Priest. Of what race?

Alexander. Dragon.

Priest. Thy mother Olympias hated Philip, — a well-made man, young, courageous, libidinous, witty, prodigal of splendor, indifferent to wealth; the greatest captain, the most jovial companion, and the most potent monarch in Europe!

Alexander. My father Philip, I would have thee to know — I mean reputed father — was also the greatest politician in the world.

Priest. This indeed I am well aware of; but I did not number it among his excellences in the eyes of a woman: it would have been almost the only reason why she should have preferred the serpent the head of the family. We live here, O Alexander, in solitude; yet we are not the less curious, but on the contrary the more, to learn what passes in the world around.

Olympias then did really fall in love with a serpent? and she was induced —

Alexander. Induced! do serpents induce people? They coil and climb and subdue them.

Priest. The serpent must have been dexterous —

Alexander. No doubt he was.

Priest. But women have such an abhorrence of serpents, that Olympias would surely have rather run away.

Alexander. How could she?

Priest. Or called out.

Alexander. Women never do that, lest somebody should hear them.

Priest. All mortals seem to bear an innate antipathy to this reptile.

Alexander. Mind, mind, what thou sayest! Do not call my father a reptile!

Priest. Even thou, with all thy fortitude, wouldst experience a shuddering at the sight of a serpent in thy bed-clothes.

Alexander. Not at all. Beside, I do not hesitate in my belief, that on this occasion it was Jupiter himself. The priests in Macedon were unanimous upon it.

Priest. When it happened?

Alexander. When it happened no one mentioned it, for fear of Philip.

Priest. What would he have done?

Alexander. He was choleric.

Priest. Would he have made war upon Jupiter?

Alexander. By my soul! I know not; but I would have done it in his place. As a son, I am dutiful and compliant; as a husband and king, there is not a thunderbolt in heaven that should deter me from my rights.

Priest. Did any of the priesthood see the dragon, as he was entering or retreating from the chamber?

Alexander. Many saw a great light in it.

Priest. He would want one.

Alexander. This seems like irony: sacred things do not admit it. What thousands saw, nobody should doubt. The sky opened, lightnings flew athwart it, and strange voices were heard.

Priest. Juno's the loudest, I suspect.

Alexander. Being a king, and the conqueror of kings, let me remind thee, surely I may be treated here with as much deference and solemnity as one priest uses toward another.

Priest. Certainly with no less, O king! Since thou hast insisted that I should devise the best means of persuading the world of this awful verity, thou wilt excuse me in thy clemency, if my remarks and interrogatories should appear prolix.

Alexander. Remark any thing; but do not interrogate and press me: kings are unaccustomed to it. I will consign to thee every land from the centre to the extremities of Africa; the Fortunate Isles will I also give to thee, adding the Hyperborean: I wish only the consent of the religious who officiate in this temple, and their testimony to the world in declaration of my parentage.

Priest. Many thanks! we have all we want.

Alexander. I cannot think you are true priests then; and if your oath on the divinity of my descent were not my object, and therefore not to be abandoned, I should regret that I had offered so much in advance, and should be provoked to deduct one half of the Fortunate Isles, and the greater part of the Hyperborean.

Priest. Those are exactly the regions, O king, which our moderation would induce us to resign. Africa, we know, is worth little; yet we are as well contented with the almonds, the dates, the melons, the figs, the fresh butter, the stags, the antelopes, the kids, the tortoises, and the quails about us, as we should be if they were brought to us after fifty days' journey through the desert.

Alexander. Really now, is it possible that, in a matter so evident, your oracle can find any obstacle or difficulty in proclaiming me what I am?

Priest. The difficulty (slight it must be acknowledged) is this: our Jupiter is horned.

Alexander. So was my father.

Priest. The children of Jupiter love one another: this we believe here in Libya.

Alexander. And rightly: no affection was ever so strong as that of Castor and Pollux. I myself feel a genuine love for them, and greater still for Hercules.

Priest. If thou hadst a brother or sister on earth, Jove-born, thou wouldst embrace the same most ardently?

Alexander. As becomes my birth and heart.

Priest. O Alexander! may thy godlike race never degenerate!

Alexander. Now indeed the Powers above do inspire thee!

Priest. Jupiter, I am commanded by him to declare, is verily thy father.

Alexander. He owns me then! he owns me! What sacrifice worthy of this indulgence can I offer to him?

Priest. An obedient mind, and a camel-load of nard and amomum for his altar.

Alexander. I smell here the exquisite perfume of benzoin.

Priest. It grows in our vicinity. The nostrils of Jupiter love changes; he is consistent in all parts, being Jupiter. He

has other sons and daughters in the world, begotten by him under the same serpentine form, although unknown to common mortals.

Alexander. Indeed!

Priest. I declare it unto thee.

Alexander. I cannot doubt it then.

Priest. Not all, indeed, of thy comeliness in form and features, but awful and majestic. It is the will of Jupiter, that, like the Persian monarchs, whose sceptre he hath transferred to thee, thou marriest thy sister.

Alexander. Willingly. In what land upon earth liveth she whom thou designest for me?

Priest. The Destinies and Jupiter himself have conducted thee, O Alexander, to the place where thy nuptials shall be celebrated.

Alexander. When did they so?

Priest. Now; at this very hour.

Alexander. Let me see the bride, if it be lawful to lift up her veil.

Priest. Follow me.

Alexander. The steps of this cavern are dark and slippery; but it terminates, no doubt, like the Eleusinian, in pure light and refreshing shades.

Priest. Wait here an instant; it will grow lighter.

Alexander. What do I see yonder?

Priest. Where?

Alexander. Close under the wall, rising and lowering, regularly and slowly, like a long weed on a quiet river, when a fragment hath dropped into it from the bank above.

Priest. Thou descriest, O Alexander, the daughter of Jupiter, the watchful virgin, the preserver of our treasures. Without her they might be carried away by the wanderers of the desert; but they fear, as they should do, the daughter of Jupiter.

Alexander. Hell and Furies! What hast thou been saying? I heard little of it. Daughter of Jupiter!

Priest. Hast thou any fancy for the silent and shy maiden? I will leave you together —

Alexander. Orcus and Erebus!

Priest. Be discreet! Restrain your raptures until the rites are celebrated.

Alexander. Rites? Infernal pest! Oh horror! abomination! A vast, panting snake!

Priest. Say "*dragon*," O king! and beware how thou callest horrid and abominable the truly begotten of our lord thy father.

Alexander. What means this, inhuman traitor? Open the door again; lead me back! Are my conquests to terminate in the jaws of a reptile?

Priest. Do the kings of Macedon call their sisters such names?

Alexander. Let me out, I say!

Priest. Inconstant man! I doubt even whether the marriage hath been consummated. Dost thou question her worthiness? Prove her, prove her! We have certain signs and manifestations that Jupiter begat this powerful creature, thy elder sister. Her mother hid her shame and confusion in the desert, where she still wanders, and looks with an evil eye on every thing in the form of man. The poorest, vilest, most abject of the sex holdeth her head no lower than she.

Alexander. Impostor!

Priest. Do not the sympathies of thy heart inform thee that this solitary queen is of the same lineage as thine?

Alexander. What temerity! what impudence! what deceit!

Priest. Temerity! How so, Alexander? Surely man cannot claim too near an affinity to his Creator, if he will but obey him, as I know thou certainly wilt in this tender alliance. Impudence and deceit were thy other accusations; how little merited! I only traced the collateral branches of the genealogical tree thou pointedst out to me.

Alexander. Draw back the bolt! let me pass! stand out of my way! Thy hand upon my shoulder? Were my sword beside me, this monster should lick thy blood.

Priest. Patience, O king! The iron portal is in my hand; if the hinges turn, thy godhead is extinct. No, Alexander, no! it must not be.

Alexander. Lead me then forth! I swear to silence.

Priest. As thou wilt.

Alexander. I swear to friendship; lead me but out again.

Priest. Come; although I am much interested in the happiness of his two children whom I serve —

Alexander. Persecute me no longer; in the name of Jupiter!

Priest. I can hardly give it up. To have been the maker of such a match, — what felicity! what glory! Think once more upon it. There are many who could measure themselves with thee, head to head; let me see the man who will do it with your child at the end of the year, if thou embracest with good heart and desirable success this daughter of deity.

Alexander. Enough, my friend. I have deserved it; but we must deceive men, or they will either hate us or despise us.

Priest. Now thou talkest reasonably. I here pronounce thy divorce. Moreover, thou shalt be the son of Hammon in Libya, of Mithras in Persia, of Philip in Macedon, of Olympian Jove in Greece; but never for the future teach priests new creeds.

Alexander. How my father Philip would have laughed over his cups at such a story as this!

Priest. Alexander, let it prove to thee thy folly.

Alexander. If such is my folly, what is that of others? Thou wilt acknowledge and proclaim me the progeny of Jupiter?

Priest. Ay, ay.

Alexander. People must believe it.

Priest. The only doubt will be among the shrewder, whether, being so extremely old, and having left off his pilgrimages so many years, he could have given our unworthy world so spirited an offspring as thou art.

Come and sacrifice.

Alexander. Priest, I see thou art a man of courage; henceforward we are in confidence. Take mine with my hand; give me thine. Confess to me, as the first proof of it, didst thou never shrink back from so voracious and intractable a monster as that accursed snake?

Priest. We caught her young, and fed her on goat's milk, as our Jupiter himself was fed in the caverns of Crete.

Alexander. *Your* Jupiter! *that* was another.

Priest. Some people say so; but the same cradle serves for the whole family, — the same story will do for them all. As for fearing this young personage in the treasury-vault, we fear her no more, son Alexander, than the priests of Egypt

do his holiness the crocodile-god. The gods and their pedagogues are manageable to the hand that feeds them.

Alexander. Canst thou talk thus?

Priest. Of false gods; not of the true one.

Alexander. One! are there not many? Some dozens? some hundreds?

Priest. Not in our vicinity; praised be Hammon! And, plainly to speak, there is nowhere another, let who will have begotten him, — whether on cloud or meadow, feather-bed or barn-floor, — worth a salt locust or a last year's date-fruit.

These are our mysteries, if thou must needs know them; and those of other priesthoods are the like.

Alexander, my boy, do not stand there with thy arms folded and thy head aside, pondering. Jupiter the Ram for ever!

Alexander. Glory to Jupiter the Ram!

Priest. Thou stoppest on a sudden thy prayers and praises to Father Jupiter. Son Alexander, art thou not satisfied? What ails thee, drawing the back of thy hand across thine eyes?

Alexander. A little dust flew into them as the door opened.

Priest. Of that dust are the sands of the desert and the kings of Macedon.

XIII. ARISTOTELES AND CALLISTHENES.

Aristoteles. I rejoice, O Callisthenes, at your return; and the more, as I see you in the dress of your country; while others, who appear to me of the lowest rank by their language and physiognomy, are arrayed in the Persian robe, and mix the essence of rose with pitch.

Callisthenes. I thank the gods, O Aristoteles, that I embrace you again; that my dress is a Greek one and an old one; that the conquests of Alexander have cost me no shame, and have encumbered me with no treasures.

Aristoteles. Jupiter! what then are those tapestries, for

I will not call them dresses, which the slaves are carrying after you, in attendance (as they say) on your orders.

Callisthenes. They are presents from Alexander to Xenocrates; by which he punishes, as he declared to the Macedonians, both me and you. And I am well convinced that the punishment will not terminate here; but that he, so irascible and vindictive, will soon exercise his new dignity of godship by breaking our heads, or, in the wisdom of his providence, by removing them an arm's length from our bodies.

Aristoteles. On this subject we must talk again. Xenocrates is indeed a wise and virtuous man; and although I could wish that Alexander had rather sent him a box of books than a bale of woollen, I acknowledge that the gift could hardly have been better bestowed.

Callisthenes. You do not appear to value very highly the learning of this philosopher.

Aristoteles. To talk and dispute are more the practices of the Platonic school than to read and meditate. Talkative men seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation? People make extremely free use of their other senses; and I know not what difficulty they could find or apprehend in making use of their eyes, particularly in the gratification of a propensity which they indulge so profusely by the tongue. The fatigue, you would think, is less; the one organ requiring much motion, the other little. Added to which, they may leave their opponent when they please, and never are subject to captiousness or personality. In open contention with an argumentative adversary, the worst brand a victor imposes is a blush. The talkative man blows the fire himself for the reception of it; and we cannot deny that it may likewise be suffered by a reader, if his conscience lies open to reproach. Yet even in this case, the stigma is illegible on his brow; no one triumphs in his defeat, or even freshens his wound, as may sometimes happen, by the warmth of sympathy. All men, you and I among the rest, are more desirous of conversing with a great philosopher, or other celebrated man, than of reading his works. There are several reasons for this; some of which it would be

well if we could deny or palliate. In justice to ourselves and him, we ought to prefer his writings to his speech, for even the wisest say many things inconsiderately; and there never was one of them in the world who ever uttered extemporaneously three sentences in succession, such as, if he thought soundly and maturely upon them afterward, he would not in some sort modify and correct. Effrontery and hardness of heart are the characteristics of every great speaker I can mention, excepting Phocion; and if he is exempt from them, it is because eloquence — in which no one ever excelled or ever will excel him — is secondary to philosophy in this man, and philosophy to generosity of spirit. On the same principle as impudence is the quality of great speakers and disputants, modesty is that of great readers and composers. Not only are they abstracted by their studies from the facilities of ordinary conversation, but they discover from time to time things of which they were ignorant before, and on which they had not even the ability of doubting. We, my Callisthenes, may consider them not only as gales that refresh us while they propel us forward, but as a more compendious engine of the gods, whereby we are brought securely into harbor, and deeply laden with imperishable wealth. Let us then strive day and night to increase the number of these beneficent beings, and to stand among them in the sight of the living and the future. It is required of us that we give more than we received.

Callisthenes. O my guide and teacher! you are one of the blessed few at whose hands the gods may demand it: if they had intended to place it in my duties, they would have chosen me a different master. How small a part of what I have acquired from you (and to you I owe all of knowledge and wisdom I possess) shall I be able to transmit to others!

Aristoteles. Encourage better hopes. Again I tell you, it is required of us, not merely that we place the grain in a garner, but that we ventilate and sift it; that we separate the full from the empty, the faulty from the sound; and that, if it must form the greater, it do not form the more elegant part of the entertainment our friends expect from us. I am now in the decline of life; to shove me from behind would be a boyish trick: but wherever I fall I shall fall softly, the gods having placed me in a path out of which

no violence can remove me. In youth our senses and the organs of them wander; in the middle of life they cease to do it; in old age the body itself, and chiefly the head, bends over and points to the earth which must soon receive it, and partakes in some measure of its torpor.

Callisthenes. You appear to me fresh and healthy, and your calmness and indifference to accidents are the effects of philosophy rather than of years.

Aristoteles. Plato is older by twenty, and has lost nothing of juvenility but the color of his hair. The higher delights of the mind are in this, as in every thing else, very different in their effects from its seductive passions. These cease to gratify us the sooner, the earlier, we indulge in them; on the contrary, the earlier we indulge in thought and reflection the longer do they last, and the more faithfully do they serve us. So far are they from shortening or debilitating our animal life, that they prolong and strengthen it greatly. The body is as much at repose in the midst of high imaginations as in the midst of profound sleep. In imperfect sleep it wears away much, as also in imperfect thoughts; in thoughts that cannot rise from the earth and sustain themselves above it. The object which is in a direct line behind a thing seems near; now nothing is in a more direct line than death to life: why should it not also be considered, on the first sight, as near at hand? Swells and depressions, smooth ground and rough, usually lie between; the distance may be rather more or rather less; the proximity is certain. Alexander, a god, descends from his throne to conduct me.

Callisthenes. Endurance on the part of the injured is more pathetic than passion. The intimate friends of this conductor will quarrel over his carcass while yet warm, as dogs over a dish after supper! How different are our conquests from his! how different our friends! — not united for robbery and revelry, but joyous in discovery, calm in meditation, and intrepid in research. How often, and throughout how many ages, shall you be a refuge from such men as he and his accomplices! How often will the studious, the neglected, the deserted, fly toward you for compensation in the wrongs of fortune, and for solace in the rigor of destiny! His judgment-seat is covered by his sepulchre; after one year hence no appeals are made to him: after ten thou-

sand there will be momentous questions — not of avarice or litigation, not of violence or fraud, but of reason and of science — brought before your judgment-seat and settled by your decree. Dyers and tailors, carvers and gilders, grooms and trumpeters, make greater men than God makes; but God's last longer, throw them where you will.

Aristoteles. Alexander hath really punished me by his gifts to Xenocrates; for he obliges me to send him the best tunic I have: and you know that in my wardrobe I am, as appears to many, unphilosophically splendid. There are indeed no pearls in this tunic; but golden threads pursue the most intricate and most elegant design, the texture is the finest of Miletus, the wool is the softest of Tarentum, and the purple is Hermionic. He will sell Alexander's dresses, and wear mine; the consequence of which will be imprisonment or scourges.

Callisthenes. A provident god forsooth in his benefits is our Alexander!

Aristoteles. Much to be pitied if ever he returns to his senses! Justly do we call barbarians the wretched nations that are governed by one man; and among them the most deeply plunged in barbarism is the ruler. Let us take any favorable specimen: Cyrus for instance, or Cambyses, or this Alexander; for however much you and I may despise him, seeing him often and nearly, he will perhaps leave behind him as celebrated a name as they. He is very little amid philosophers, though very great amid monarchs. Is he not undoing with all his might what every wise man, and indeed every man in the order of things, is most solicitous to do? — namely, doth he not abolish kindly and affectionate intercourse? doth he not draw a line of distinction (which of all follies and absurdities is the wildest and most pernicious) between fidelity and truth? In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality what is our want? — it is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? — *my friend.* Having thus displaced the right feeling, he finds it necessary to substitute at least a strong one. The warmth which should have been diffused from generosity and mildness must come from

the spiceman, the vintner, and the milliner; he must be perfumed, he must be drunk, he must toss about shawl and tiara. You would imagine that his first passion, his ambition, had an object; yet, before he was a god, he prayed that no one afterward might pass the boundaries of his expedition, and he destroyed at Abdera, and in other places, the pillars erected as memorials by the Argonauts and by Sesostris.

Callisthenes. I have many doubts upon the Argonauts. We Greeks are fond of attributing to ourselves all the great actions of remote antiquity; we feign that Isis, *Daughter of Inachus*, taught the Egyptians laws and letters. It may be questioned whether the monuments assigned to the Argonauts were not really those of Sesostris, or Osiris, or some other eastern conqueror; and even whether the tale of Troy be not, in part at least, translated. Many principal names, evidently not Grecian, and the mention of a language spoken by the gods (meaning their representatives and officials), in which the rivers and other things are professed to be called differently from what they were called among men, are the foundations of my query. The Hindus, the Egyptians, and probably the Phrygians (a very priestly nation), had their learned language quite distinct from the vulgar.*

Aristoteles. We will discuss this question another time. Perhaps you were present when Alexander ran around the tomb of Achilles in honor of his memory: if Achilles were now living, or any hero like him, Alexander would swear his perdition. Neither his affection for virtue nor his enmity to vice is pure or rational. Observation has taught me that we do not hate those who are worse than ourselves because they are worse, but because we are liable to injury from them, and because (as almost always is the case) they are preferred to us; while those who are better we hate purely for being so. After their decease, if we remit our hatred, it is because then they are more like virtue in the abstract than virtuous men, and are fairly out of our way.

Callisthenes. Disappointment made him at all times outrageous. What is worse, he hated his own virtues in another; as dogs growl at their own faces in a mirror. The courage of

* The *Galliambic* of Catullus may be a relic (the only one) of Phrygian poetry. He resided in the country, and may have acquired the language; but his translation came through the Greek.

Tyre, and many other cities, provoked not admiration but cruelty. Even his friends were unspared; even Clitus and Parmenio.

Aristoteles. Cruelty, if we consider it as a crime, is the greatest of all; if we consider it as a madness, we are equally justifiable in applying to it the readiest and the surest means of suppression. Bonds may hold the weak; the stronger break them, and strangle the administrator. Cruelty quite destroys our sympathies, and, doing so, supersedes and masters our intellects. It removes from us those who can help us, and brings against us those who can injure us. Hence it opposes the great principle of our nature, self-preservation, and endangers not only our well-being, but our being. Reason is then the most perfect when it enables us in the highest degree to benefit our fellow-men; reason is then the most deranged when there is that over it which disables it. Cruelty is that. As for the wisdom of Alexander, I do not expect from a Macedonian, surrounded by flatterers and drinkers, the prudence of an Epaminondas or a Phocion; but educated by such a father as Philip, and having with him in his army so many veteran captains, it excited no small ridicule in Athens when it was ascertained that he and Darius, then equally eager for combat, missed each other's army in Cilicia.

Callisthenes. He has done great things, but with great means; the generals you mention overcame more difficulties with less, and never were censured for any failure from deficiency of foresight.

Aristoteles. There is as much difference between Epaminondas and Alexander, as between the Nile and a winter torrent. In this there is more impetuosity, foam, and fury, more astonishment from spectators; but it is followed by devastation and barrenness. In that there is an equable, a steady, and perennial course, swelling from its ordinary state only for the benefit of mankind, and subsiding only when that has been secured.

I have not mentioned Phocion so often as I ought to have done; but now, Callisthenes, I will acknowledge that I consider him as the greatest man upon earth. He foresaw long ago what has befallen our country; and while others were proving to you that your wife, if a good woman, should be at the disposal of your friend, and that if you love your children

you should procure them as many fathers as you can, Phocion was practising all the domestic and all the social duties.

Callisthenes. I have often thought that his style resembles yours. Are you angry?

Aristoteles. I will not dissemble to you that mine was formed upon his. Polieuctus, by no means a friend to him, preferred it openly to that of Demosthenes, for its brevity, its comprehensiveness, and its perspicuity. There is somewhat more of pomp and solemnity in Demosthenes, and perhaps of harmony; but his warmth is on many occasions the warmth of coarseness, and his ridicule the roughest part of him; while in Phocion there is the acuteness of Pericles, and, wherever it is requisite, the wit of Aristophanes. He conquered with few soldiers, and he convinced with few words. I know not what better description I could give you, either of a great captain or a great orator.

Now imagine for a moment the mischief which the system of Plato, just alluded to, would produce, — that women should be common. We hear that among the Etrurians they were so, and perhaps are yet; but of what illustrious action do we read ever performed by that ancient people? A thousand years have elapsed without a single instance on record of courage or generosity. With us one word, altered only in its termination, signifies both *father* and *country:* can he who is ignorant of the one be solicitous about the other? Never was there a true patriot who was not, if a father, a kind one; never was there a good citizen who was not an obedient and reverential son. Strange, to be ambitious of pleasing the multitude, and indifferent to the delight we may afford to those nearest us, — our parents and our children! Ambition is indeed the most inconsiderate of passions, none of which are considerate; for the ambitious man, by the weakest inconsistency, proud as he may be of his faculties, and impatient as he may be to display them, prefers the opinion of the ignorant to his own. He would be what others can make him, and not what he could make himself without them. Nothing in fact is consistent and unambiguous but virtue.

Plato would make wives common, to abolish selfishness, — the mischief which above others it would directly and immediately bring forth. There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family: the house is lighted up by the mutual chari-

ties: every thing achieved for them is a victory, every thing endured for them is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed, that there may be no bad example! how many exertions made, to recommend and inculcate a good one! Selfishness then is thrown out of the question. He would perhaps render man braver by his exercises in the common field of affections. Now bravery is of two kinds; the courage of instinct and the courage of reason. Animals have more of the former, men more of the latter; for I would not assert, what many do, that animals have no reason, as I would not that men have no instinct. Whatever creature can be taught must be taught by the operation of reason upon reason, small as may be the quantity called forth or employed in calling it, and however harsh may be the means. Instinct has no operation but upon the wants and desires. Those who entertain a contrary opinion are unaware how inconsequently they speak when they employ such expressions as this, "We are taught by instinct." Courage, so necessary to the preservation of States, is not weakened by domestic ties, but is braced by them. Animals protect their young while they know it to be theirs, and neglect it when the traces of that memory are erased. Man cannot so soon lose the memory of it, because his recollective faculties are more comprehensive and more tenacious; and because, while in the brute creation the parental love, which in most is only on the female side, lessens after the earlier days, his increases as the organs of the new creature are developed. There is a desire of property in the sanest and best men, which Nature seems to have implanted as conservative of her works, and which is necessary to encourage and keep alive the arts. Phidias and our friend Apelles would never have existed as the Apelles and Phidias they appear, if property (I am ashamed of the solecism which Plato now forces on me) were in common. A part of his scheme indeed may be accomplished in select and small communities, holden together by some religious bond, — as we find among the disciples of Pythagoras; but he never taught his followers that prostitution is a virtue, much less that it is the summit of perfection. They revered him, and deservedly, as a father. As what father? Not such as Plato would fashion; but as a parent who had gained authority over his children by his assiduous vigilance, his tender and peculiar care, in separating them

as far as possible from whatever is noxious in an intercourse with mankind.

To complete the system of selfishness, idleness, and licentiousness — the worshipful triad of Plato — nothing was wanting but to throw all other property where he had thrown the wives and children. Who then should curb the rapacious? who should moderate the violent? The weaker could not work, the stronger would not. Food and raiment would fail; and we should be reduced to something worse than a state of Nature, into which we can never be cast back, any more than we can become children again. Civilization suddenly retrograde generates at once the crimes and vices not only of its various stages, but of the state anterior to it, without any of its advantages, if it indeed have any. Plato would make for ever all the citizens, what we punish with death a single one for being once. He is a man of hasty fancy and indistinct reflection; more different from Socrates than the most violent of his adversaries. If he had said that in certain cases a portion of landed property should be divided among the citizens, he had spoken sagely and equitably. After a long war, when a State is oppressed by debt, and when many who have borne arms for their country have moreover consumed their patrimony in its service, — these, if they are fathers of families, should receive allotments from the estates of others who are not, and who either were too young for warfare, or were occupied in less dangerous and more lucrative pursuits. It is also conducive to the public good that no person should possess more than a certain and definite extent of land, to be limited by the population and produce; else the freedom of vote and the honesty of election must be violated, and the least active members of the community will occupy those places which require the most activity. This is peculiarly needful in mercantile States, like ours, that every one may enjoy the prospect of becoming a landholder, and that the money accruing from the sale of what is curtailed on the larger properties may again fall into commerce. A State may eventually be reduced to such distresses by war, even after victories, that it shall be expedient to deprive the rich of whatever they possess beyond the portion requisite for the decent and frugal sustenance of a family. This extremity it is difficult to foresee; nor do I think it is arrived at until the

industrious and well-educated, in years of plenty, are unable by all their exertions to nourish and instruct their children, — a speculative case, which it cannot be dangerous or mischievous to state; for certainly, when it occurs, the sufferers will appeal to the laws and forces of Nature, and not to the schools of rhetoric or philosophy. No situation can be imagined more painful or more abominable than this; while many, and indeed most, are worse than that whereunto the wealthier would be reduced in amending it; since they would lose no comforts, no conveniences, no graceful and unincumbering ornaments of life, and few luxuries, — which would be abundantly compensated, to the generality of them, by smoothing their mutual pretensions, and by extinguishing the restless spirit of their rivalry.

Callisthenes. The visions of Plato have led to reason: I marvel less that he should have been so extravagant, than that he should have scattered on that volume so little of what we admire in his shorter *Dialogues.*

Aristoteles. I respect his genius, which however has not accompanied all his steps in this discussion; nor indeed do I censure in him what has been condemned by Xenophon, who wonders that he should attribute to Socrates long dissertations on the soul and other abstruse doctrines, when that singularly acute reasoner discoursed with his followers on topics only of plain utility. For it is requisite that important things should be attributed to important men; and a sentiment would derive but small importance from the authority of Crito or Phædo. A much greater fault is attributable to Xenophon himself, who has not even preserved the coarse features of nations and of ages in his *Cyropædia.* A small circle of wise men should mark the rise of mind, as the Egyptian priests marked the rise of their river, and should leave it chronicled in their temples. Cyrus should not discourse like Solon.

Callisthenes. You must likewise then blame Herodotus.

Aristoteles. If I blame Herodotus, whom can I commend? He reminds me of Homer by his facility and his variety, and by the suavity and fulness of his language. His view of history was, nevertheless, like that of the Asiatics, who write to instruct and please. Now truly there is little that could instruct, and less that could please, us in the actions and

speeches of barbarians, from among whom the kings alone come forth distinctly. Delightful tales and apposite speeches are the best things you could devise; and many of these undoubtedly were current in the East, and were collected by Herodotus; some, it is probable, were invented by him. It is of no importance to the world whether the greater part of historical facts, in such countries, be true or false; but they may be rendered of the highest, by the manner in which a writer of genius shall represent them. If history were altogether true, it would be not only undignified but unsightly; great orators would often be merely the mouth-pieces of prostitutes, and great captains would be hardly more than gladiators or buffoons. The prime movers of those actions which appall and shake the world are generally the vilest things in it; and the historian, if he discovers them, must conceal them or hold them back.

Callisthenes. Pray tell me whether, since I left Athens, your literary men are busy.

Aristoteles. More than ever; as the tettix chirps loudest in time of drought. Among them we have some excellent writers, and such as (under Pallas) will keep out the Persian tongue from the Piræus. Others are employed in lucrative offices; are made ambassadors and salt-surveyors, and whatever else is most desirable to common minds, for proving the necessity of more effectual (this is always the preamble) and less changeful laws, such as those of the Medes and Indians. Several of our orators, whose grandfathers were in a condition little better than servile, have had our fortunes and lives at their disposal, and are now declaiming on the advantages of what they call "regular government." You would suppose they meant that perfect order which exists when citizens rule themselves, and when every family is to the republic what every individual is to the family; a system of mutual zeal and mutual forbearance. No such thing: they mean a government with themselves at the head, and such as may insure to them impunity for their treasons and peculations. One of them a short time ago was deputed to consult with Metanyctius, a leading man among the Thracians, in what manner and by what instalments a sum of money, lent to them by our republic, should be repaid. Metanyctius burst into laughter on reading the first words of the decree. "Dine with me," said

he, "and we will conclude the business when we are alone." The dinner was magnificent; which in such business is the best economy: few contractors or financiers are generous enough to give a plain one. "Your republic," said Metanyctius, "is no longer able to enforce its claim; and we are as little likely to want your assistance in future, as you would be inclined to afford it. A seventh of the amount is at my disposal: you shall possess it. I shall enjoy about the same emolument for my fidelity to my worthy masters. The return of peace is so desirable, and regular government so divine a blessing, — added to which, your countrymen are become of late so indifferent to inquiry into what the factious call abuses, — that I pledge my experience you will return amid their acclamations and embraces."

Our negotiator became one of the wealthiest men in the city, although wealth is now accumulated in some families to such an amount as our ancestors, even in the age of Crœsus or of Midas, would have deemed incredible. For wars drive up riches in heaps, as winds drive up snows, making and concealing many abysses. Metanyctius was the more provident and the more prosperous of the two. I know not in what king's interest he was, but probably the Persian's; be this as it may, it was resolved for the sake of good *understanding* (another new expression) to abolish the name of republic throughout the world. This appeared an easy matter. Our negotiator rejoiced in the promise exacted from him, to employ his address in bringing about a thing so desirable: for *republic* sounded in his ears like *retribution*. It was then demanded that laws should be abolished, and that kings should govern at their sole discretion. This was better, but more difficult to accomplish. He promised it however; and a large body of barbarian troops was raised in readiness to invade our territory, when the decree of Alexander reached the city, ordering that the States both of Greece and Asia should retain their pristine laws. The conqueror had found letters and accounts which his loquacity would not allow him to keep secret; and the negotiator, whose opinion (a very common one) was that exposure alone is ignominy, at last severed his weason with an ivory-handled knife.

Callisthenes. On this ivory the goddess of our city will look down with more complacency than on that whereof her

own image is composed ; and the blade should be preserved with those which, on the holiest of our festivals, are displayed to us in the handful of myrtle, as they were carried by Harmodius and Aristogiton. And now tell me, Aristoteles, for the question much interests me, are you happy in the midst of Macedonians, Illyrians, and other strange creatures, at which we wonder when we see their bodies and habiliments like ours ?

Aristoteles. Dark reflections do occasionally come, as it were by stealth, upon my mind ; but philosophy has power to dispel them. I care not whether the dog that defends my house and family be of the Laconian breed or the Molossan ; if he steals my bread or bites the hand that offers it, I strangle him or cut his throat, or engage a more dexterous man to do it, the moment I catch him sleeping.

Callisthenes. The times are unfavorable to knowledge.

Aristoteles. Knowledge and wisdom are different. We may know many things without an increase of wisdom ; but it would be a contradiction to say that we can know any thing new without an increase of knowledge. The knowledge that is to be acquired by communication is intercepted or impeded by tyranny. I have lost an ibis, or perhaps a hippopotamus, by losing the favor of Alexander ; he has lost an Aristoteles. He may deprive me of life ; but, in doing it, he must deprive himself of all he has ever been contending for, of glory : and even a more reasonable man than he will acknowledge that there is as much difference between life and glory as there is between an ash-flake from the brow of Etna and the untamable and eternal fire within its centre. I may lose disciples ; he may put me out of fashion : a tailor's lad can do as much. He may forbid the reading of my works ; less than a tailor's lad can do that. Idleness can do it, night can do it, sleep can do it ; a sunbeam rather too hot, a few hailstones, a few drops of rain, a call to dinner. By his wealth and power he might have afforded me opportunities of improving some branches of science, which I alone have cultivated with assiduity and success. Fools may make wise men wiser more easily than wise men can make them so. At all events, Callisthenes, I have prepared for myself a monument, from which, perhaps, some atoms may be detached by time, but which will retain the testimonials of its magnificence and the traces of

its symmetry, when the substance and site of Alexander's shall be forgotten. Who knows but that the very ant-hill whereon I stand may preserve its figure and contexture when the sepulchre of this Macedonian shall be the solitary shed of a robber, or the manger of mules and camels?* If I live, I will leave behind me the history of our times, from the accession of Philip to the decease of Alexander. For our comet must disappear soon; the moral order of the world requires it. How happy and glorious was Greece at the commencement of the period! how pestilential was the folly of those rulers who rendered, by a series of idle irritations and untimely attacks, a patient for Anticyra, the arbiter of the universe!

I will now return with you to Plato, whose plan of government, by the indulgence of the gods, has lain hitherto on their knees.†

Callisthenes. I was unwilling to interrupt you; otherwise I should have remarked the bad consequences of excluding the poets from his commonwealth; not because they are in general the most useful members of it, but because we should punish a song more severely than a larceny. There are verses in Euripides such as every man utters who has the tooth-ache; and all expressions of ardent love have the modulation and emphasis of poetry. What a spheristerion is opened here to the exercise of informers! We should create more of these than we should drive out of poets. Judges would often be puzzled in deciding a criminal suit; for, before they could lay down the nature of the crime, they must ascertain what are the qualities and quantities of a dithyrambic. Now, Aristoteles, I suspect that even you cannot do this; for I observe in Pindar a vast variety of commutable feet, — sonorous, it is true, in their cadences, but irregular and unrestricted. You avoid, as all good writers do carefully, whatever is dactylic, for the dactyl is the bindweed of prose; but I know not what other author has trimmed it with such

* Chrysostom, in his 25th homily, says, that neither the tomb of Alexander nor the day of his death was known. Ποῦ, εἰπέ μοι, τὸ σῆμα Αλεξάνδρου; δεῖξόν μοι· καὶ εἰπὲ τὴν ἡμέραν καθ' ἣν ἐτελεύτησε.

† The Homeric expression for "remaining to be decreed by them." Θεων επι γουνασι κειται.

frugal and attentive husbandry.* One alone, in writing or conversation, would subject a man to violent suspicion of bad citizenship; and he who should employ it twice in a page or an oration would be deemed so dangerous and desperate a malefactor, that it might be requisite to dig a pitfall or to lay an iron trap for him, or to noose him in his bed.

* Callisthenes means the instance where another dactyl, or a spondee, follows it; in which case only is the period to be called dactylic. Cicero on one occasion took it in preference to a weak elision, or to the concurrence of two *esses*:—

"Quinctus Mutius augur
Scævola multa; ac . . ."

He judged rightly; but he could easily have done better. Longinus says that dactyls are the noblest of feet and the most adapted to the sublime. He adduces no proof, although he quotes a sentence of Demosthenes as *resembling* the dactylic:—

Τουτο το ψηφισμα τον τοτε τῆ πολει περισταντα
κινδυνον παρελθειν εποιησεν ὡσπερ νεφος.

Here is plenty of alliteration, but only *one* dactyl; for τουτο το is not one, being followed by ψ. The letter τ recurs nine times in fifteen syllables. A dactyl succeeded by a dichoree, or by a trochee with a spondee at the close, is among the sweetest of pauses; the gravest and most majestic is composed of a dactyl, a dichoree, and a dispondee. He, however, will soon grow tiresome who permits his partiality to any one close to be obtrusive or apparent.

The remark attributed to Callisthenes, on the freedom of Aristoteles from pieces of verse in his sentences, is applicable to Plato, and surprisingly, if we consider how florid and decorated is his language. Among the Romans, T. Livius is the most abundant in them; and among the Greeks there is a curious instance in the prefatory words of Dionysius of Halicarnassus. Φύσεως δὴ νόμος ἅπασι κοινὸς, ὃν οὐδεὶς καταλύσει χρόνος, ἄρχειν ἀεὶ τῶν ἡττόνων τοὺς κρείττονας.

These words appear to have been taken from some tragedy: the last constitute a perfect iambic; and the preceding, with scarcely a touch, assume the same appearance. The diction, too, is quite poetical: ἅπασι κοινὸς . . . καταλύσει, &c.

Ἅπασι κοινὸς ἐστι πῆς φύσεως νόμος,
Ὃν . . . οὐδεὶς . . . καταλύσει χρόνος,
Ἄρχειν ἀεὶ τῶν ἡττόνων τοὺς κρείττονας.

In the Gorgias of Plato is the same idea in nearly the same words. Δηλοῖ δὲ ταῦτα πολλαχοῦ ὅτι οὕτως ἔχει, καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοις ζωοῖς, καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐν ὅλαις ταῖς πόλεσι καὶ γένεσιν, ὅτι οὕτω τὸ δίκαιον κέκριται, τὸν κρείττω τοῦ ἥττονος ἄρχειν καὶ πλέον ἔχειν.

Aristoteles. Demosthenes has committed it in his first *Philippic*, where two dactyls and a spondee come after a tumultuous concourse of syllables, many sounding alike. *Ουδε γαρ ὁυτος παρα την αυτου ρωμην τοσουτον επηυξηται ὁσον παρα την ημετεραν αμελειαν.* Here are seven dactyls; the same number is nowhere else to be found within the same number of words.

Callisthenes. Throughout your works there is certainly no period that has not an iambic in it. Now our grammarians tell us that one is enough to make a verse, as one theft is enough to make a thief; an informer, then, has only to place it last in his bill of indictment, and not Minos himself could absolve you.

Aristoteles. They will not easily take me for a poet.

Callisthenes. Nor Plato for any thing else; he would be like a bee caught in his own honey.

Aristoteles. I must remark to you, Callisthenes, that among the writers of luxuriant and florid prose, however rich and fanciful, there never was one who wrote good poetry. Imagination seems to start back when they would lead her into a narrower walk, and to forsake them at the first prelude of the lyre. Plato has written much poetry, of which a few epigrams alone are remembered. He burned his iambics, but not until he found that they were thoroughly dry and withered. If ever a good poet should excel in prose, we who know how distinct are the qualities, and how great must be the comprehension and the vigor that unites them, shall contemplate him as an object of wonder, and almost of worship. It is remarkable in Plato that he is the only florid writer who is animated. He will always be admired by those who have attained much learning and little precision, from the persuasion that they understand him, and that others do not; for men universally are ungrateful toward him who instructs them, unless, in the hours or in the intervals of instruction, he present a sweet cake to their self-love.

Callisthenes. I never saw two men so different as you and he.

Aristoteles. Yet many of those sentiments in which we appear most at variance can be drawn together until they meet. I had represented excessive wealth as the contingency most dangerous to a republic; he took the opposite side, and

asserted that excessive poverty is more.* Now, wherever there is excessive wealth, there is also in the train of it excessive poverty; as, where the sun is brightest, the shade is deepest. Many republics have stood for ages while no citizen among them was in very great affluence, and while, on the contrary, most were very poor; but none hath stood long after many, or indeed a few, have grown inordinately wealthy. Riches cause poverty, then irritate, then corrupt it; so throughout their whole progress and action they are dangerous to the State. Plato defends his thesis with his usual ingenuity; for, if there is nowhere a worse philosopher, there is hardly anywhere a better writer. He says, and truly, that the poor become wild and terrible animals, when they no longer can gain their bread by their trades and occupations; and that, laden to excess with taxes, they learn a lesson from Necessity which they never would have taken up without her. Upon this all philosophers — all men of common sense, indeed — think alike. Usually, if not always, the poor are quiet while there is among them no apprehension of becoming poorer, — that is, while the government is not oppressive and unjust; but the rich are often the most satisfied while the government is the most unjust and oppressive. In civil dissensions, we find the wealthy lead forth the idle and dissolute poor against the honest and industrious; and generally with success: because the numbers are greater in calamitous times; because this party has ready at hand the means of equipment; because the young and active, never prone to reflection, are influenced more by the hope of a speedy fortune than by the calculation of a slower; and because there are few so firm and independent as not to rest willingly on patronage, or so blind and indifferent as not to prefer that of the most potent.

In writing on government, we ought not only to search for what is best, but for what is practicable. Plato has done neither; nor indeed has he searched at all: instead of it he has thought it sufficient to stud a plain argument with an endless variety of bright and prominent topics. Now diver-

* It is evident that Aristoteles wrote his *Polity* after Plato, for he animadverts on a false opinion of Plato's in the proœmium; but many of the opinions must have been promulgated by both before the publication of their works.

sity of topics has not even the merit of invention in every case: he is the most inventive who finds most to say upon one subject, and renders the whole of it applicable and useful. Splendid things are the most easy to find, and the most difficult to manage. If I order a bridle for my horse, and he of whom I order it brings me rich trappings in place of it, do I not justly deem it an importunate and silly answer to my remonstrances, when he tells me that the trappings are more costly than the bridle?

Be assured, my Callisthenes, I speak not from any disrespect to a writer so highly and so justly celebrated. Reflecting with admiration upon his manifold and extraordinary endowments, I wish the more earnestly he always had been exempt from contemptuousness and malignity. We have conversed heretofore on his conduct toward Xenophon, and indeed toward other disciples of Socrates; whom the same age and the same studies, and whom the counsels and memory of the same master, should have endeared to him. Toward me indeed he is less blamable. I had collected the documents on which I formed an exact account of the most flourishing States, and of the manners, laws, and customs by which they were so, being of opinion that no knowledge is of such utility to a commonwealth. I had also, as you remember, drawn up certain rules for poetry; taking my examples from Homer principally, and from our great dramatists. Plato immediately forms a republic in the clouds, to overshadow all mine at once, and descends only to kick the poets through the streets. Homer, the chief object of my contemplation, is the chief object of his attack. I acknowledge that poets of the lower and middle order are in general bad members of society; but the energies which exalt one to the higher, enable him not only to adorn but to protect his country. Plato says the gods are degraded by Homer; yet Homer has omitted those light and ludicrous tales of them, which rather suit the manners of Plato than his. He thought about the gods, I suspect, just as you and I do, and cared as little how Homer treated them; yet, with the prison of Socrates before his eyes, and his own *Dialogues* under them, he had the cruelty to cast forth this effusion against the mild Euripides. His souls and their occupancy of bodies are not to be spoken of with gravity; and, as I am

inclined for the present to keep mine where it is, I will be silent on the subject.

Callisthenes. I must warn you, my friend and teacher, that your Macedonian pupil is likely to interrupt your arrangements in that business. I am informed, and by those who are always credible in such assertions, that, without apologies, excuses, and protestations, Aristoteles will follow the shades of Clitus and Parmenio. There is nothing of which Alexander is not jealous; no, not even eating and drinking. If any great work is to be destroyed, he must do it with his own hands. After he had burned down the palace of Cyrus, the glory of which he envied a strumpet, one Polemarchus thought of winning his favor by demolishing the tomb: he wept for spite, and hanged him. Latterly he has been so vain, mendacious, and irrational, as to order not only suits of armor of enormous size, but even mangers commensurate, to be buried in certain parts where his battles were fought; that, when in after ages they happen to be dug up, it may appear that his men and horses were prodigious. If he had sent the report before him, he would have been somewhat less inconsiderate; for it might among weak barbarians have caused terror and submission. But, by doing as he did, he would leave a very different impression from what he designed, if indeed men regarded it at all; for no glory could arise from conquering with such advantages of superior force. They who are jealous of power are so from a consciousness of strength; they who are jealous of wisdom are so from a consciousness of wanting it. Weakness has its fever — but you appear grave and thoughtful.

Aristoteles. The barbarians no more interest me than a shoal of fishes would do.

Callisthenes. I entertain the same opinion.

Aristoteles. Of their rulers equally?

Callisthenes. Yes, certainly; for among them there can be no other distinction than in titles and in dress. A Persian and a Macedonian, an Alexander and a Darius, if they oppress the liberties of Greece, are one.

Aristoteles. Now, Callisthenes! if Socrates and Anytos were in the same chamber; if the wicked had mixed poison for the virtuous, the active in evil for the active in good;

and some Divinity had placed it in your power to present the cup to either, and, touching your head, should say, "This head also is devoted to the Eumenides if the choice be wrong," — what would you resolve?

Callisthenes. To do that by command of the god, which I would likewise have done without it.

Aristoteles. Bearing in mind that a myriad of conquerors is not worth the myriadth part of a wise and virtuous man, return, Callisthenes, to Babylon, and see that your duty be performed.

XIV. EPICURUS,* LEONTION, AND TERNISSA.

Leontion. Your situation for a garden, Epicurus, is, I think, very badly chosen.

Epicurus. Why do you think so, my Leontion?

Leontion. First, because it is more than twenty stadia† from the city.

Epicurus. Certainly, the distance is inconvenient, my

* Cicero was an opponent of Epicurus, yet in his treatise *On Friendship* he says: "De quâ Epicurus quidem ita dicit; omnium rerum quas ad *beate vivendum* sapientia comparaverit, nihil esse majus amicitiâ; nihil uberius, nihil jucundius." This is oratorical and sententious; he goes on, praising the founder and the foundation: "Neque verò hoc oratione solùm sed *multo magis vitâ et moribus* comprobavit. Quod quàm magnum sit, fictæ veterum fabulæ declarant, in quibus tam multis tamque variis ab ultimâ antiquitate repetitis, tria vix amicorum paria reperiuntur, ut ad Orestem pervenias profectus a Theseo. At verò Epicurus unâ in domo, et eâ quidem angustâ, quàm magnos quantâque amoris conspiratione consentientes tenuit amicorum greges. *Quod fit etiam nunc ab Epicureis.*" Certain it is, that moderation, forbearance, and what St. Paul calls *charity*, never flourished in any sect of philosophy or religion so perfectly and so long, as among the disciples of Epicurus.

Cicero adds in another work: "De sanctitate, de pietate adversus Deos libros scripsit Epicurus; at quomodo in his loquitur? ut Coruncanium aut Scævolam Pontifices Maximos te audire dicas."

Seneca, whose sect was more adverse, thus expresses his opinion: "Mea quidem ista sententia (et hoc nostris invitis popularibus dicam) sancta Epicurum et recta præcipere, et, si propius accesseris, tristia."

† Two miles and a half.

charming friend; it is rather too far off for us to be seen, and rather too near for us to be regretted. Here however I shall build no villa, nor any thing else; and the longest time we can be detained is from the rising to the setting sun. Now, pray, your other reason why the spot is so ineligible?

Leontion. Because it commands no view of the town or of the harbor, unless we mount upon that knoll, where we could scarcely stand together; for the greater part is occupied by those three pinasters, old and horrible as the three Furies. Surely you will cut them down.

Epicurus. Whatever Leontion commands. To me there is this advantage in a place at some distance from the city. Having by no means the full possession of my faculties where I hear unwelcome and intrusive voices, or unexpected and irregular sounds that excite me involuntarily to listen, I assemble and arrange my thoughts with freedom and with pleasure in the fresh air, under the open sky; and they are more lively and vigorous and exuberant when I catch them as I walk about, and commune with them in silence and seclusion.

Leontion. It always has appeared to me that conversation brings them forth more readily and plenteously; and that the ideas of one person no sooner come out than another's follow them, whether from the same side or from the opposite.

Epicurus. They do; but these are not the thoughts we keep for seed: they come up weak by coming up close together. In the country the mind is soothed and satisfied; here is no restraint of motion or of posture. These things — little and indifferent as they may seem — are not so; for the best tempers have need of ease and liberty, to keep them in right order long enough for the purposes of composition. And many a froward axiom, many an inhumane thought, hath arisen from sitting inconveniently, from hearing a few unpleasant sounds, from the confinement of a gloomy chamber, or from the want of symmetry in it. We are not aware of this, until we find an exemption from it in groves, on promontories, or along the sea-shore, or wherever else we meet Nature face to face, undisturbed and solitary.

Ternissa. You would wish us then away?

Epicurus. I speak of solitude ; you of desolation.

Ternissa. O flatterer ! is this philosophy ?

Epicurus. Yes ; if you are a thought the richer or a moment the happier for it.

Ternissa. Write it down, then, in the next volume you intend to publish.

Leontion. I interpose and controvert it. That is not philosophy which serves only for one.

Epicurus. Just criterion ! I will write down your sentence instead, and leave mine at the discretion of Ternissa. And now, my beautiful Ternissa, let me hear *your* opinion of the situation I have chosen. I perceive that you too have fixed your eyes on the pinasters.

Ternissa. I will tell you in verses ; for I do think these are verses, or nearly : —

> I hate those trees that never lose their foliage ;
> They seem to have no sympathy with Nature :
> Winter and summer are alike to them.

The broad and billowy summits of yon monstrous trees, one would imagine, were made for the storms to rest upon when they are tired of raving. And what bark ! It occurs to me, Epicurus, that I have rarely seen climbing plants attach themselves to these trees, as they do to the oak, the maple, the beech, and others.

Leontion. If your remark be true, perhaps the resinous are not embraced by them so frequently because they dislike the odor of the resin, or some other property of the juices ; for they, too, have their affections and antipathies no less than countries and their climes.

Ternissa. For shame ! what would you with me ?

Epicurus. I would not interrupt you while you were speaking, nor while Leontion was replying ; this is against my rules and practice. Having now ended, kiss me, Ternissa !

Ternissa. Impudent man ! in the name of Pallas, why should I kiss you ?

Epicurus. Because you expressed hatred.

Ternissa. Do we kiss when we hate ?

Epicurus. There is no better end of hating. The sentiment should not exist one moment ; and if the hater gives a

kiss on being ordered to do it, even to a tree or a stone, that tree or stone becomes the monument of a fault extinct.

Ternissa. I promise you I never will hate a tree again.

Epicurus. I told you so.

Leontion. Nevertheless, I suspect, my Ternissa, you will often be surprised into it. I was very near saying, "I hate these rude square stones!" Why did you leave them here, Epicurus?

Epicurus. It is true, they are the greater part square, and seem to have been cut out in ancient times for plinths and columns; they are also rude. Removing the smaller, that I might plant violets and cyclamens and convolvuluses and strawberries, and such other herbs as grow willingly in dry places, I left a few of these for seats, a few for tables and for couches.

Leontion. Delectable couches!

Epicurus. Laugh as you may, they will become so when they are covered with moss and ivy, and those other two sweet plants whose names I do not remember to have found in any ancient treatise, but which I fancy I have heard Theophrastus call "Leontion" and "Ternissa."

Ternissa. The bold, insidious, false creature!

Epicurus. What is that volume, may I venture to ask, Leontion? Why do you blush?

Leontion. I do not blush about it.

Epicurus. You are offended then, my dear girl.

Leontion. No, nor offended. I will tell you presently what it contains. Account to me first for your choice of so strange a place to walk in: a broad ridge, the summit and one side barren, the other a wood of rose-laurels impossible to penetrate. The worst of all is, we can see nothing of the city or the Parthenon, unless from the very top.

Epicurus. The place commands, in my opinion, a most perfect view.

Leontion. Of what, pray?

Epicurus. Of itself; seeming to indicate that we, Leontion, who philosophize, should do the same.

Leontion. Go on, go on! say what you please: I will not hate any thing yet. Why have you torn up by the root all these little mountain ash-trees? This is the season of their beauty: come, Ternissa, let us make ourselves necklaces and

armlets, such as may captivate old Sylvanus and Pan ; you shall have your choice. But why have you torn them up ?

Epicurus. On the contrary, they were brought hither this morning. Sosimenes is spending large sums of money on an olive-ground, and has uprooted some hundreds of them, of all ages and sizes. I shall cover the rougher part of the hill with them, setting the clematis and vine and honey-suckle against them, to unite them.

Ternissa. Oh what a pleasant thing it is to walk in the green light of the vine-leaves, and to breathe the sweet odor of their invisible flowers !

Epicurus. The scent of them is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it ; and this, being accompanied and followed by enjoyment, renders the fragrance so exquisite. Ternissa, it is this, my sweet friend, that made you remember the green light of the foliage, and think of the invisible flowers as you would of some blessing from heaven.

Ternissa. I see feathers flying at certain distances just above the middle of the promontory : what can they mean ?

Epicurus. Cannot you imagine them to be feathers from the wings of Zethes and Caläis, who came hither out of Thrace to behold the favorite haunts of their mother Oreithyia ? From the precipice that hangs over the sea a few paces from the pinasters she is reported to have been carried off by Boreas ; and these remains of the primeval forest have always been held sacred on that belief.

Leontion. The story is an idle one.

Ternissa. O no, Leontion ! the story is very true.

Leontion. Indeed ?

Ternissa. I have heard not only odes, but sacred and most ancient hymns, upon it ; and the voice of Boreas is often audible here, and the screams of Oreithyia.

Leontion. The feathers then really may belong to Caläis and Zethes.

Ternissa. I don't believe it ; the winds would have carried them away.

Leontion. The gods, to manifest their power as they often do by miracles, could as easily fix a feather eternally on the most tempestuous promontory, as the mark of their feet upon the flint.

Ternissa. They could indeed ; but we know the one to a

certainty, and have no such authority for the other. I have seen these pinasters from the extremity of the Piræus, and have heard mention of the altar raised to Boreas: where is it?

Epicurus. As it stands in the centre of the platform, we cannot see it from hence; there is the only piece of level ground in the place.

Leontion. Ternissa intends the altar to prove the truth of the story.

Epicurus. Ternissa is slow to admit that even the young can deceive, much less the old; the gay, much less the serious.

Leontion. It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.

Epicurus. Some minds require much belief, some thrive on little. Rather an exuberance of it is feminine and beautiful. It acts differently on different hearts; it troubles some, it consoles others: in the generous it is the nurse of tenderness and kindness, of heroism and self-devotion; in the ungenerous it fosters pride, impatience of contradiction and appeal, and, like some waters, what it finds a dry stick or hollow straw, it leaves a stone.

Ternissa. We want it chiefly to make the way of death an easy one.

Epicurus. There is no easy path leading out of life, and few are the easy ones that lie within it. I would adorn and smoothen the declivity, and make my residence as commodious as its situation and dimensions may allow; but principally I would cast underfoot the empty fear of death.

Ternissa. Oh! how can you?

Epicurus. By many arguments already laid down: then by thinking that some perhaps, in almost every age, have been timid and delicate as Ternissa; and yet have slept soundly, have felt no parent's or friend's tear upon their faces, no throb against their breasts: in short, have been in the calmest of all possible conditions, while those around were in the most deplorable and desperate.

Ternissa. It would pain me to die, if it were only at the idea that any one I love would grieve too much for me.

Epicurus. Let the loss of our friends be our only grief, and the apprehension of displeasing them our only fear.

Leontion. No apostrophes! no interjections! Your argument was unsound; your means futile.

Epicurus. Tell me then, whether the horse of a rider on the road should not be spurred forward if he started at a shadow.

Leontion. Yes.

Epicurus. I thought so: it would however be better to guide him quietly up to it, and to show him that it was one. Death is less than a shadow: it represents nothing, even imperfectly.

Leontion. Then at the best what is it? why care about it, think about it, or remind us that it must befall us? Would you take the same trouble, when you see my hair entwined with ivy, to make me remember that, although the leaves are green and pliable, the stem is fragile and rough, and that before I go to bed I shall have many knots and entanglements to extricate? Let me have them; but let me not hear of them until the time is come.

Epicurus. I would never think of death as an embarrassment, but as a blessing.

Ternissa. How! a blessing?

Epicurus. What, if it makes our enemies cease to hate us? what, if it makes our friends love us the more?

Leontion. Us? According to your doctrine, we shall not exist at all.

Epicurus. I spoke of that which is consolatory while we are here, and of that which in plain reason ought to render us contented to stay no longer. You, Leontion, would make others better; and better they certainly will be, when their hostilities languish in an empty field, and their rancor is tired with treading upon dust. The generous affections stir about us at the dreary hour of death, as the blossoms of the Median apple swell and diffuse their fragrance in the cold.

Ternissa. I cannot bear to think of passing the Styx, lest Charon should touch me; he is so old and wilful, so cross and ugly.

Epicurus. Ternissa! Ternissa! I would accompany you thither, and stand between. Would not you too, Leontion?

Leontion. I don't know.

Ternissa. Oh! that we could go together!

Leontion. Indeed!

Ternissa. All three, I mean — I said — or was going to

say it. How ill-natured you are, Leontion, to misinterpret me; I could almost cry.

Leontion. Do not, do not, Ternissa! Should that tear drop from your eyelash you would look less beautiful.

Epicurus. Whenever I see a tear on a beautiful young face, twenty of mine run to meet it. If it is well to conquer a world, it is better to conquer two.

Ternissa. That is what Alexander of Macedon wept because he could not accomplish.

Epicurus. Ternissa! we three can accomplish it; or any one of us.

Ternissa. How? pray!

Epicurus. We can conquer this world and the next; for you will have another, and nothing should be refused you.

Ternissa. The next by piety: but this, in what manner?

Epicurus. By indifference to all who are indifferent to us; by taking joyfully the benefit that comes spontaneously; by wishing no more intensely for what is a hair's breadth beyond our reach than for a draught of water from the Ganges; and by fearing nothing in another life.

Ternissa. This, O Epicurus! is the grand impossibility.

Epicurus. Do you believe the gods to be as benevolent and good as you are? or do you not?

Ternissa. Much kinder, much better in every way.

Epicurus. Would you kill or hurt the sparrow that you keep in your little dressing-room with a string around the leg, because he hath flown where you did not wish him to fly?

Ternissa. No! it would be cruel; the string about the leg of so little and weak a creature is enough.

Epicurus. You think so; I think so; God thinks so. This I may say confidently: for whenever there is a sentiment in which strict justice and pure benevolence unite, it must be his.

Ternissa. O Epicurus! when you speak thus —

Leontion. Well, Ternissa, what then?

Ternissa. When Epicurus teaches us such sentiments as these, I am grieved that he has not so great an authority with the Athenians as some others have.

Leontion. You will grieve more, I suspect, my Ternissa, when he possesses that authority.

Ternissa. What will he do?

Leontion. Why turn pale? I am not about to answer that he will forget or leave you. No; but the voice comes deepest from the sepulchre, and a great name hath its root in the dead body. If you invited a company to a feast, you might as well place round the table live sheep and oxen, and vases of fish and cages of quails, as you would invite a company of friendly hearers to the philosopher who is yet living.* One would imagine that the iris of our intellectual eye were lessened by the glory of his presence, and that, like eastern kings, he could be looked at near only when his limbs are stiff, by waxlight, in closed curtains.

Epicurus. One of whom we know little leaves us a ring or other token of remembrance, and we express a sense of pleasure and of gratitude; one of whom we know nothing writes a book, the contents of which might (if we would let them) have done us more good and might have given us more pleasure, and we revile him for it. The book may do what the legacy cannot; it may be pleasurable and serviceable to others as well as ourselves: we would hinder this too. In fact, all other love is extinguished by self-love: beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it. While we insist that we are looking for Truth, we commit a falsehood. It never was the first object with any one, and with few the second.

Feed unto replenishment your quieter fancies, my sweetest little Ternissa! and let the gods, both youthful and aged, both gentle and boisterous, administer to them hourly on these sunny downs: what can they do better?

Leontion. But those feathers, Ternissa, what god's may they be? since you will not pick them up, nor restore them to Calăis nor to Zethes.

Ternissa. I do not think they belong to any god whatever; and shall never be persuaded of it unless Epicurus says it is so.

Leontion. O unbelieving creature! do you reason against the immortals?

Ternissa. It was yourself who doubted, or appeared to

* Seneca quotes a letter of Epicurus, in which his friendship with Metrodorus is mentioned, with a remark that the obscurity in which they had lived — so great indeed as to let them rest almost unheard of in the midst of Greece — was by no means to be considered as an abatement of their good fortune.

doubt, the flight of Oreithyia. By admitting too much we endanger our religion. Beside, I think I discern some upright stakes at equal distances, and am pretty sure the feathers are tied to them by long strings.

Epicurus. You have guessed the truth.

Ternissa. Of what use are they there?

Epicurus. If you have ever seen the foot of a statue broken off just below the ankle, you have then, Leontion and Ternissa, seen the form of the ground about us. The lower extremities of it are divided into small ridges, as you will perceive if you look around; and these are covered with corn, olives, and vines. At the upper part, where cultivation ceases, and where those sheep and goats are grazing, begins my purchase. The ground rises gradually unto near the summit, where it grows somewhat steep, and terminates in a precipice. Across the middle I have traced a line, denoted by those feathers, from one dingle to the other; the two terminations of my intended garden. The distance is nearly a thousand paces, and the path, perfectly on a level, will be two paces broad, so that I may walk between you; but another could not join us conveniently. From this there will be several circuitous and spiral, leading by the easiest ascent to the summit; and several more, to the road along the cultivation underneath: here will however be but one entrance. Among the projecting fragments and the massive stones yet standing of the boundary-wall, which old pomegranates imperfectly defend, and which my neighbor has guarded more effectively against invasion, there are hillocks of crumbling mould, covered in some places with a variety of moss; in others are elevated tufts, or dim labyrinths, of eglantine.

Ternissa. Where will you place the statues? for undoubtedly you must have some.

Epicurus. I will have some models for statues. Pygmalion prayed the gods to give life to the image he adored: I will not pray them to give marble to mine. Never may I lay my wet cheek upon the foot under which is inscribed the name of Leontion or Ternissa!

Leontion. Do not make us melancholy; never let us think that the time can come when we shall lose our friends. Glory, literature, philosophy have this advantage over friendship: remove one object from them, and others fill the void; re-

move one from friendship, one only, and not the earth, nor the universality of worlds, no, nor the intellect that soars above and comprehends them, can replace it!

Epicurus. Dear Leontion! always amiable, always graceful! How lovely do you now appear to me! what beauteous action accompanied your words!

Leontion. I used none whatever.

Epicurus. That white arm was then, as it is now, over the shoulder of Ternissa; and her breath imparted a fresh bloom to your cheek, a new music to your voice. No friendship is so cordial or so delicious as that of girl for girl; no hatred so intense and immovable as that of woman for woman. In youth you love one above the others of your sex; in riper age you hate all, more or less, in proportion to similarity of accomplishments and pursuits, — which sometimes (I wish it were oftener) are bonds of union to man. In us you more easily pardon faults than excellences in each other. *Your* tempers are such, my beloved scholars, that even this truth does not ruffle them; and such is your affection, that I look with confidence to its unabated ardor at twenty.

Leontion. Oh, then I am to love Ternissa almost fifteen months!

Ternissa. And I am destined to survive the loss of it three months above four years!

Epicurus. Incomparable creatures! may it be eternal! In loving ye shall follow no example; ye shall step securely over the iron rule laid down for others by the Destinies, and *you* forever be Leontion, and *you* Ternissa.

Leontion. Then indeed we should not want statues.

Ternissa. But men, who are vainer creatures, would be good for nothing without them: they must be flattered, even by the stones.

Epicurus. Very true. Neither the higher arts nor the civic virtues can flourish extensively without the statues of illustrious men. But gardens are not the places for them. Sparrows wooing on the general's truncheon (unless he be such a general as one of ours in the last war), and snails besliming the emblems of the poet, do not remind us worthily of their characters. Porticos are their proper situations, and those the most frequented. Even there they may lose all honor and distinction, whether from the thoughtlessness of

magistrates or from the malignity of rivals. Our own city, the least exposed of any to the effects of either, presents us a disheartening example. When the Thebans in their jealousy condemned Pindar to the payment of a fine for having praised the Athenians too highly, our citizens erected a statue of bronze to him.

Leontion. Jealousy of Athens made the Thebans fine him; and jealousy of Thebes made the Athenians thus record it.

Epicurus. And jealousy of Pindar, I suspect, made some poet persuade the archons to render the distinction a vile and worthless one, by placing his effigy near a king's, — one Evagoras of Cyprus.

Ternissa. Evagoras, I think I remember to have read in the inscription, was rewarded in this manner for his reception of Conon, defeated by the Lacedemonians.

Epicurus. Gratitude was due to him, and some such memorial to record it. External reverence should be paid unsparingly to the higher magistrates of every country who perform their offices exemplarily; yet they are not on this account to be placed in the same degree with men of primary genius. They never exalt the human race, and rarely benefit it; and their benefits are local and transitory, while those of a great writer are universal and eternal.

If the gods did indeed bestow on us a portion of their fire, they seem to have lighted it in sport and left it; the harder task and the nobler is performed by that genius who raises it clear and glowing from its embers, and makes it applicable to the purposes that dignify or delight our nature. I have ever said, "Reverence the rulers." Let then his image stand; but stand apart from Pindar's. Pallas and Jove! defend me from being carried down the stream of time among a shoal of royalets, and the rootless weeds they are hatched on!

Ternissa. So much piety would deserve the exemption, even though your writings did not hold out the decree.

Leontion. Child, the compliment is ill turned: if you are ironical, as you must be on the piety of Epicurus, Atticism requires that you should continue to be so, at least to the end of the sentence.

Ternissa. Irony is my abhorrence. Epicurus may appear less pious than some others, but I am certain he is more; otherwise the gods would never have given him —

Leontion. What? what? let us hear!

Ternissa. Leontion!

Leontion. Silly girl! Were there any hibiscus or broom growing near at hand, I would send him away and whip you.

Epicurus. There is fern, which is better.

Leontion. I was not speaking to you: but now you shall have something to answer for yourself. Although you admit no statues in the country, you might at least methinks have discovered a retirement with a fountain in it: here I see not even a spring.

Epicurus. Fountain I can hardly say there is; but on the left there is a long crevice or chasm, which we have never yet visited, and which we cannot discern until we reach it. This is full of soft mould, very moist, and many high reeds and canes are growing there; and the rock itself too drips with humidity along it, and is covered with more tufted moss and more variegated lichens. This crevice, with its windings and sinuosities, is about four hundred paces long, and in many parts eleven, twelve, thirteen feet wide, but generally six or seven. I shall plant it wholly with lilies of the valley, leaving the irises which occupy the sides as well as the clefts, and also those other flowers of paler purple, from the autumnal cups of which we collect the saffron; and forming a narrow path of such turf as I can find there, or rather following it as it creeps among the bays and hazels and sweet-briar, which have fallen at different times from the summit and are now grown old, with an infinity of primroses at the roots. There are nowhere twenty steps without a projection and a turn, nor in any ten together is the chasm of the same width or figure. Hence the ascent in its windings is easy and imperceptible quite to the termination, where the rocks are somewhat high and precipitous: at the entrance they lose themselves in privet and elder, and you must make your way between them through the canes. Do not you remember where I carried you both across the muddy hollow in the foot-path?

Ternissa. Leontion does.

Epicurus. That place is always wet; not only in this month of Puanepsion,* which we are beginning to-day, but in

* The Attic month of Puanepsion had its commencement in the latter days of October; its name is derived from πύανα, the legumes which were offered in sacrifice to Apollo at that season.

midsummer. The water that causes it comes out a little way above it, but originates from the crevice, which I will cover at top with rose-laurel and mountain-ash, with clematis and vine; and I will intercept the little rill in its wandering, draw it from its concealment, and place it like Bacchus under the protection of the nymphs, who will smile upon it in its marble cradle, which at present I keep at home.

Ternissa. Leontion, why do you turn away your face? have the nymphs smiled upon you in it?

Leontion. I bathed in it once, if you must know, Ternissa! Why now, Ternissa, why do you turn away yours? have the nymphs frowned upon you for invading their secrets?

Ternissa. Epicurus, you are in the right to bring it away from Athens, from under the eye of Pallas: she might be angry.

Epicurus. You approve of its removal then, my lovely friend?

Ternissa. Mightily. (*Aside.*) I wish it may break in pieces on the road.

Epicurus. What did you say?

Ternissa. I wish it were now on the road, that I might try whether it would hold me — I mean with my clothes on.

Epicurus. It would hold you, and one a span longer. I have another in the house; but it is not decorated with fauns and satyrs and foliage, like this.

Leontion. I remember putting my hand upon the frightful satyr's head, to leap in: it seems made for the purpose. But the sculptor needed not to place the naiad quite so near — he must have been a very impudent man; it is impossible to look for a moment at such a piece of workmanship.

Ternissa. For shame! Leontion! — why, what was it? I do not desire to know.

Epicurus. I don't remember it.

Leontion. Nor I neither; only the head.

Epicurus. I shall place the satyr toward the rock, that you may never see him, Ternissa.

Ternissa. Very right; he cannot turn round.

Leontion. The poor naiad had done it, in vain.

Ternissa. All these laborers will soon finish the plantation, if you superintend them, and are not appointed to some magistrature.

Epicurus. Those who govern us are pleased at seeing a philosopher out of the city, and more still at finding in a season of scarcity forty poor citizens, who might become seditious, made happy and quiet by such employment.

Two evils, of almost equal weight, may befall the man of erudition: never to be listened to, and to be listened to always. Aware of these, I devote a large portion of my time and labors to the cultivation of such minds as flourish best in cities, where my garden at the gate, although smaller than this, we find sufficiently capacious. There I secure my listeners; here my thoughts and imaginations have their free natural current, and tarry or wander as the will invites: may it ever be among those dearest to me! — those whose hearts possess the rarest and divinest faculty, of retaining or forgetting at option what ought to be forgotten or retained.

Leontion. The whole ground then will be covered with trees and shrubs?

Epicurus. There are some protuberances in various parts of the eminence, which you do not perceive till you are upon them or above them. They are almost level at the top, and overgrown with fine grass; for they catch the better soil brought down in small quantities by the rains. These are to be left unplanted; so is the platform under the pinasters, whence there is a prospect of the city, the harbor, the isle of Salamis, and the territory of Megara. "What then!" cried Sosimenes, "you would hide from your view my young olives, and the whole length of the new wall I have been building at my own expense between us! and, when you might see at once the whole of Attica, you will hardly see more of it than I could buy."

Leontion. I do not perceive the new wall, for which Sosimenes, no doubt, thinks himself another Pericles.

Epicurus. Those old junipers quite conceal it.

Ternissa. They look warm and sheltering; but I like the rose-laurels much better: and what a thicket of them here is!

Epicurus. Leaving all the larger, I shall remove many thousands of them; enough to border the greater part of the walk, intermixed with roses.

Ternissa. Do, pray, leave that taller plant yonder, of which I see there are several springing in several places out of the rock: it appears to have produced on a single stem a long

succession of yellow flowers; some darkening and fading, others running up and leaving them behind, others showing their little faces imperfectly through their light green veils.

Leontion. Childish girl! she means the mullein; and she talks about it as she would have talked about a doll, attributing to it feelings and aims and designs. I saw her stay behind to kiss it; no doubt, for being so nearly of her own height.

Ternissa. No, indeed, not for that; but because I had broken off one of its blossoms unheedingly, perhaps the last it may bear, and because its leaves are so downy and pliant; and because nearer the earth some droop and are decaying, and remind me of a parent who must die before the tenderest of her children can do without her.

Epicurus. I will preserve the whole species; but you must point out to me the particular one as we return. There is an infinity of other plants and flowers, or weeds as Sosimenes calls them, of which he has cleared his olive-yard, and which I shall adopt. Twenty of his slaves came in yesterday, laden with hyacinths and narcissuses, anemones and jonquils. "The curses of our vineyards," cried he, "and good neither for man nor beast. I have another estate infested with lilies of the valley: I should not wonder if you accepted these too."

"And with thanks," answered I.

The whole of his remark I could not collect: he turned aside, and (I believe) prayed. I only heard "Pallas" — "Father" — "sound mind" — "inoffensive man" — "good neighbor." As we walked together I perceived him looking grave, and I could not resist my inclination to smile as I turned my eyes toward him. He observed it, at first with unconcern, but by degrees some doubts arose within him, and he said, "Epicurus, you have been throwing away no less than half a talent on this sorry piece of mountain, and I fear you are about to waste as much in labor: for nothing was ever so terrible as the price we are obliged to pay the workman, since the conquest of Persia and the increase of luxury in our city. Under three obols none will do his day's work. But what, in the name of all the deities, could induce you to plant those roots, which other people dig up and throw away?"

"I have been doing," said I, "the same thing my whole life through, Sosimenes!"

"How!" cried he; "I never knew that."

"Those very doctrines," added I, "which others hate and extirpate, I inculcate and cherish. They bring no riches, and therefore are thought to bring no advantage; to me, they appear the more advantageous for that reason. They give us immediately what we solicit through the means of wealth. We toil for the wealth first; and then it remains to be proved whether we can purchase with it what we look for. Now, to carry our money to the market, and not to find in the market our money's worth, is great vexation; yet much greater has already preceded, in running up and down for it among so many competitors, and through so many thieves."

After a while he rejoined, "You really, then, have not overreached me?"

"In what, my friend?" said I.

"These roots," he answered, "may perhaps be good and salable for some purpose. Shall you send them into Persia? or whither?"

"Sosimenes, I shall make love-potions of the flowers."

Leontion. O Epicurus! should it ever be known in Athens that they are good for this, you will not have, with all your fences of prunes and pomegranates, and precipices with briar upon them, a single root left under ground after the month of Elaphebolion.*

Epicurus. It is not every one that knows the preparation.

Leontion. Everybody will try it.

Epicurus. And you, too, Ternissa?

Ternissa. Will you teach me?

Epicurus. This, and any thing else I know. We must walk together when they are in flower.

Ternissa. And can you teach me, then?

Epicurus. I teach by degrees.

Leontion. By very slow ones, Epicurus! I have no patience with you; tell us directly.

Epicurus. It is very material what kind of recipient you bring with you. Enchantresses use a brazen one; silver and gold are employed in other arts.

Leontion. I will bring any.

Ternissa. My mother has a fine golden one. She will lend it me; she allows me every thing.

* The thirtieth of Elaphebolion was the tenth of April.

Epicurus. Leontion and Ternissa, those eyes of yours brighten at inquiry, as if they carried a light within them for a guidance.

Leontion. No flattery!

Ternissa. No flattery! Come, teach us!

Epicurus. Will you hear me through in silence?

Leontion. We promise.

Epicurus. Sweet girls! the calm pleasures, such as I hope you will ever find in your walks among these gardens, will improve your beauty, animate your discourse, and correct the little that may hereafter rise up for correction in your dispositions. The smiling ideas left in our bosoms from our infancy, that many plants are the favorites of the gods, and that others were even the objects of their love, — having once been invested with the human form, beautiful and lively and happy as yourselves, — give them an interest beyond the vision; yes, and a station — let me say it — on the vestibule of our affections. Resign your ingenuous hearts to simple pleasures; and there is none in man, where men are Attic, that will not follow and outstrip their movements.

Ternissa. O Epicurus!

Epicurus. What said Ternissa?

Leontion. Some of those anemones, I do think, must be still in blossom. Ternissa's golden cup is at home; but she has brought with her a little vase for the filter — and has filled it to the brim. — Do not hide your head behind my shoulder, Ternissa; no, nor in my lap.

Epicurus. Yes, there let it lie, — the lovelier for that tendril of sunny brown hair upon it. How it falls and rises! Which is the hair? which the shadow?

Leontion. Let the hair rest.

Epicurus. I must not, perhaps, clasp the shadow!

Leontion. You philosophers are fond of such unsubstantial things. Oh, you have taken my volume! This is deceit.

You live so little in public, and entertain such a contempt for opinion, as to be both indifferent and ignorant what it is that people blame you for.

Epicurus. I know what it is I should blame myself for, if I attended to them. Prove them to be wiser and more disinterested in their wisdom than I am, and I will then go down to them and listen to them. When I have well considered a

thing, I deliver it, — regardless of what those think who neither take the time nor possess the faculty of considering any thing well, and who have always lived far remote from the scope of our speculations.

Leontion. In the volume you snatched away from me so slily, I have defended a position of yours which many philosophers turn into ridicule; namely, that politeness is among the virtues. I wish you yourself had spoken more at large upon the subject.

Epicurus. It is one upon which a lady is likely to display more ingenuity and discernment. If philosophers have ridiculed my sentiment, the reason is, it is among those virtues which in general they find most difficult to assume or counterfeit.

Leontion. Surely life runs on the smoother for this equability and polish; and the gratification it affords is more extensive than is afforded even by the highest virtue. Courage, on nearly all occasions, inflicts as much of evil as it imparts of good. It may be exerted in defence of our country, in defence of those who love us, in defence of the harmless and the helpless; but those against whom it is thus exerted may possess an equal share of it. If they succeed, then manifestly the ill it produces is greater than the benefit; if they succumb, it is nearly as great. For many of their adversaries are first killed and maimed, and many of their own kindred are left to lament the consequences of the aggression.

Epicurus. You have spoken first of courage, as that virtue which attracts your sex principally.

Ternissa. Not me; I am always afraid of it. I love those best who can tell me the most things I never knew before, and who have patience with me, and look kindly while they teach me, and almost as if they were waiting for fresh questions. Now let me hear directly what you were about to say to Leontion.

Epicurus. I was proceeding to remark that temperance comes next; and temperance has then its highest merit when it is the support of civility and politeness. So that I think I am right and equitable in attributing to politeness a distinguished rank, not among the ornaments of life, but among the virtues. And you, Leontion and Ternissa, will have

leaned the more propensely toward this opinion, if you considered, as I am sure you did, that the peace and concord of families, friends, and cities are preserved by it; in other terms, the harmony of the world.

Ternissa. Leontion spoke of courage, you of temperance; the next great virtue, in the division made by the philosophers, is justice.

Epicurus. Temperance includes it; for temperance is imperfect if it is only an abstinence from too much food, too much wine, too much conviviality or other luxury. It indicates every kind of forbearance. Justice is forbearance from what belongs to another. Giving to this one rightly what that one would hold wrongfully is justice in magistrature, not in the abstract, and is only a part of its office. The perfectly temperate man is also the perfectly just man; but the perfectly just man (as philosophers now define him) may not be the perfectly temperate one. I include the less in the greater.

Leontion. We hear of judges, and upright ones too, being immoderate eaters and drinkers.

Epicurus. The Lacedemonians are temperate in food and courageous in battle; but men like these, if they existed in sufficient numbers, would devastate the universe. We alone, we Athenians, with less military skill perhaps, and certainly less rigid abstinence from voluptuousness and luxury, have set before it the only grand example of social government and of polished life. From us the seed is scattered; from us flow the streams that irrigate it; and ours are the hands, O Leontion, that collect it, cleanse it, deposit it, and convey and distribute it sound and weighty through every race and age. Exhausted as we are by war, we can do nothing better than lie down and doze while the weather is fine overhead, and dream (if we can) that we are affluent and free.

O sweet sea-air! how bland art thou and refreshing! Breathe upon Leontion! breathe upon Ternissa! bring them health and spirits and serenity, many springs and many summers, and when the vine-leaves have reddened and rustle under their feet!

These, my beloved girls, are the children of Eternity: they played around Theseus and the beauteous Amazon; they gave to Pallas the bloom of Venus, and to Venus the animation of

Pallas. Is it not better to enjoy by the hour their soft, salubrious influence, than to catch by fits the rancid breath of demagogues; than to swell and move under it without or against our will; than to acquire the semblance of eloquence by the bitterness of passion, the tone of philosophy by disappointment, or the credit of prudence by distrust? Can fortune, can industry, can desert itself, bestow on us any thing we have not here?

Leontion. And when shall those three meet? The gods have never united them, knowing that men would put them asunder at their first appearance.

Epicurus. I am glad to leave the city as often as possible, full as it is of high and glorious reminiscences, and am inclined much rather to indulge in quieter scenes, whither the Graces and Friendship lead me. I would not contend even with men able to contend with me. You, Leontion, I see, think differently, and have composed at last your long-meditated work against the philosophy of Theophrastus.

Leontion. Why not? he has been praised above his merits.

Epicurus. My Leontion! you have inadvertently given me the reason and origin of all controversial writings. They flow not from a love of truth or a regard for science, but from envy and ill-will. Setting aside the evil of malignity — always hurtful to ourselves, not always to others — there is weakness in the argument you have adduced. When a writer is praised above his merits in his own times, he is certain of being estimated below them in the times succeeding. Paradox is dear to most people: it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.

Nothing is more gratifying than the attention you are bestowing on me, which you always apportion to the seriousness of my observations. But, Leontion! Leontion! you defend me too earnestly. The roses on your cheeks should derive their bloom from a cooler and sweeter and more salubrious fountain. In what mythology (can you tell me, Ternissa?) is Friendship the mother of Anger?

Ternissa. I can only tell you that Love lights Anger's torch very often.

Leontion. I dislike Theophrastus for his affected contempt of your doctrines.

Epicurus. Unreasonably, for the contempt of them; reasonably, if affected. Good men may differ widely from me, and wise ones misunderstand me; for, their wisdom having raised up to them schools of their own, they have not found leisure to converse with me; and from others they have received a partial and inexact report. My opinion is, that certain things are indifferent and unworthy of pursuit or attention, as lying beyond our research and almost our conjecture; which things the generality of philosophers (for the generality are speculative) deem of the first importance. Questions relating to them I answer evasively, or altogether decline. Again, there are modes of living which are suitable to some and unsuitable to others. What I myself follow and embrace, what I recommend to the studious, to the irritable, to the weak in health, would ill agree with the commonality of citizens. Yet my adversaries cry out, "Such is the opinion and practice of Epicurus!" For instance, I have never taken a wife, and never will take one; but he from among the mass, who should avow his imitation of my example, would act as wisely and more religiously in saying that he chose celibacy because Pallas had done the same.

Leontion. If Pallas had many such votaries she would soon have few citizens to supply them.

Epicurus. And extremely bad ones, if all followed me in retiring from the offices of magistracy and of war. Having seen that the most sensible men are the most unhappy, I could not but examine the causes of it; and, finding that the same sensibility to which they are indebted for the activity of their intellect is also the restless mover of their jealousy and ambition, I would lead them aside from whatever operates upon these, and throw under their feet the terrors their imagination has created. My philosophy is not for the populace nor for the proud: the ferocious will never attain it; the gentle will embrace it, but will not call it mine. I do not desire that they should: let them rest their heads upon that part of the pillow which they find the softest, and enjoy their own dreams unbroken.

Leontion. The old are all against you, for the name of pleasure is an affront to them: they know no other kind of it than that which has flowered and seeded, and of which the withered stems have indeed a rueful look. What we call dry

they call sound ; nothing must retain any juice in it : their pleasure is in chewing what is hard, not in tasting what is savory.

Epicurus. Unhappily the aged are retentive of long-acquired maxims, and insensible to new impressions, whether from fancy or from truth : in fact, their eyes blend the two together. Well might the poet tell us, —

> Fewer the gifts that gnarled Age presents
> To elegantly-handed Infancy,
> Than elegantly-handed Infancy
> Presents to gnarled Age. From both they drop ;
> The middle course of life receives them all,
> Save the light few that laughing Youth runs off with,
> Unvalued as a mistress or a flower.

Leontion. It is reported by the experienced that our last loves and our first are of equal interest to us.

Ternissa. Surely they are. What is the difference ? Can you really mean to say, O Leontion, that there are any intermediate ? Why do you look aside ? And you too refuse to answer me so easy and plain a question !

Leontion (*to Epicurus*). Although you teach us the necessity of laying a strong hand on the strong affections, you never pull one feather from the wing of Love.

Epicurus. I am not so irreligious.

Ternissa. I think he could only twitch it just enough to make the gentle god turn round, and smile on him.

Leontion. You know little about the matter, but may live to know all. Whatever we may talk of torments, as some do, there must surely be more pleasure in desiring and not possessing, than in possessing and not desiring.

Epicurus. Perhaps so : but consult the intelligent. Certainly there is a middle state between love and friendship, more delightful than either, but more difficult to remain in.

Leontion. To be preferred to all others is the supremacy of bliss. Do not you think so, Ternissa ?

Ternissa. It is indeed what the wise and the powerful and the beautiful chiefly aim at : Leontion has attained it.

Epicurus. Delightful, no doubt, is such supremacy ; but far more delightful is the certainty that there never was any one quite near enough to be given up for us. To be preferred is hardly a compensation for having been long compared.

The breath of another's sigh bedims and hangs pertinaciously about the image we adore.

Leontion. When Friendship has taken the place of Love, she ought to make his absence as little a cause of regret as possible; and it is gracious in her to imitate his demeanor and his words.

Epicurus. I can repeat them more easily than imitate them.

Ternissa. Both of you, until this moment, were looking grave; but Leontion has resumed her smiles again on hearing what Epicurus can do. I wish you would repeat to me, O Epicurus, any words so benign a god hath vouchsafed to teach you; for it would be a convincing proof of your piety, and I could silence the noisiest tongue in Athens with it.

Leontion. Simpleton! we were speaking allegorically.

Ternissa. Never say that! I do believe the god himself hath conversed with Epicurus. Tell me now, Epicurus, tell me yourself, has not he?

Epicurus. Yes.

Ternissa. In his own form?

Epicurus. Very nearly: it was in Ternissa's.

Ternissa. Impious man! I am ashamed of you.

Leontion. Never did shame burn brighter!

Ternissa. Mind Theophrastus, not me!

Leontion. Since, in obedience to your institutions, O Epicurus, I must not say I am angry, I am offended at least with Theophrastus for having so misrepresented your opinions, on the necessity of keeping the mind composed and tranquil, and remote from every object and every sentiment by which a painful sympathy may be excited. In order to display his elegance of language, he runs wherever he can lay a censure on you, whether he believes in its equity or not.

Epicurus. This is the case with all eloquent men, and all disputants. Truth neither warms nor elevates them, neither obtains for them profit nor applause.

Ternissa. I have heard wise remarks very often and very warmly praised.

Epicurus. Not for the truth in them, but for the grace, or because they touched the spring of some preconception or some passion. Man is a hater of truth, a lover of fiction.

Leontion. How then happens it that children, when you

have related to them any story which has greatly interested them, ask immediately and impatiently, *is it true?*

Epicurus. Children are not men nor women; they are almost as different creatures, in many respects, as if they never were to be the one or the other: they are as unlike as buds are unlike flowers, and almost as blossoms are unlike fruits. Greatly are they better than they are about to be, unless Philosophy raises her hand above them when the noon is coming on, and shelters them at one season from the heats that would scorch and wither, and at another from the storms that would shatter and subvert them. There are nations, it is reported, which aim their arrows and javelins at the sun and moon, on occasions of eclipse, or any other offence; but I never have heard that the sun and moon abated their course through the heavens for it, or looked more angrily when they issued forth again to shed light on their antagonists. They went onward all the while in their own serenity and clearness, through unobstructed paths, without diminution and without delay: it was only the little world below that was in darkness. Philosophy lets her light descend and enter wherever there is a passage for it; she takes advantage of the smallest crevice, but the rays are rebutted by the smallest obstruction. Polemics can never be philosophers or philotheists; they serve men ill, and their gods no better; they mar what is solid in earthly bliss by animosities and dissensions, and intercept the span of azure at which the weary and the sorrowful would look up.

Theophrastus is a writer of many acquirements and some shrewdness, usually judicious, often somewhat witty, always elegant; his thoughts are never confused, his sentences are never incomprehensible. If Aristoteles thought more highly of him than his due, surely you ought not to censure Theophrastus with severity on the supposition of his rating me below mine; unless you argue that a slight error in a short sum is less pardonable than in a longer. Had Aristoteles been living, and had he given the same opinion of me, your friendship and perhaps my self-love might have been wounded; for, if on one occasion he spoke too favorably, he never spoke unfavorably but with justice. This is among the indications of orderly and elevated minds; and here stands the barrier that separates them from the common and the waste. Is a

man to be angry because an infant is fretful? Is a philosopher to unpack and throw away his philosophy, because an idiot has tried to overturn it on the road, and has pursued it with gibes and ribaldry?

Leontion. Theophrastus would persuade us that, according to your system, we not only should decline the succor of the wretched, but avoid the sympathies that poets and historians would awaken in us. Probably for the sake of introducing some idle verses, written by a friend of his, he says that, following the guidance of Epicurus, we should altogether shun the theatre; and not only when *Prometheus* and *Œdipus* and *Philoctetes* are introduced, but even when generous and kindly sentiments are predominant, if they partake of that tenderness which belongs to pity. I know not what Thracian lord recovers his daughter from her ravisher; such are among the words they exchange: —

Father. Insects that dwell in rotten reeds, inert
Upon the surface of a stream or pool,
Then rush into the air on meshy vans,
Are not so different in their varying lives
As we are. — Oh! what father on this earth,
Holding his child's cool cheek within his palms
And kissing his fair front, would wish him man? —
Inheritor of wants and jealousies,
Of labor, of ambition, of distress,
And, cruellest of all the passions, lust.
Who that beholds me, persecuted, scorned,
A wanderer, e'er could think what friends were mine,
How numerous, how devoted? with what glee
Smiled my old house, with what acclaim my courts
Rang from without whene'er my war-horse neighed?

Daughter. Thy fortieth birthday is not shouted yet
By the young peasantry, with rural gifts
And nightly fires along the pointed hills,
Yet do thy temples glitter with gray hair
Scattered not thinly: ah, what sudden change!
Only thy voice and heart remain the same:
No! that voice trembles, and that heart (I feel),
While it would comfort and console me, breaks.

Epicurus. I would never close my bosom against the feelings of humanity; but I would calmly and well consider by what conduct of life they may enter it with the least importunity and violence. A consciousness that we have promoted

the happiness of others, to the uttermost of our power, is certain not only to meet them at the threshold, but to bring them along with us, and to render them accurate and faithful prompters, when we bend perplexedly over the problem of evil figured by the tragedians. If indeed there were more of pain than of pleasure in the exhibitions of the dramatist, no man in his senses would attend them twice. All the imitative arts have delight for the principal object: the first of these is poetry; the highest of poetry is tragic.

Leontion. The epic has been called so.

Epicurus. Improperly; for the epic has much more in it of what is prosaic. Its magnitude is no argument. An Egyptian pyramid contains more materials than an Ionic temple, but requires less contrivance, and exhibits less beauty of design. My simile is yet a defective one; for a tragedy must be carried on with an unbroken interest, and, undecorated by loose foliage or fantastic branches, it must rise, like the palm-tree, with a lofty unity. On these matters I am unable to argue at large, or perhaps correctly; on those however which I have studied and treated my terms are so explicit and clear, that Theophrastus can never have misunderstood them. Let me recall to your attention but two axioms.

Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

Leontion. Explain to me then, O Epicurus, why we suffer so much from ingratitude.

Epicurus. We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self-love. Passion weeps while she says, "I did not deserve this from him;" Reason, while she says it, smoothens her brow at the clear fountain of the heart. Permit me also, like Theophrastus, to borrow a few words from a poet.

Ternissa. Borrow as many such as any one will entrust to you, and may Hermes prosper your commerce! Leontion may go to the theatre then; for she loves it.

Epicurus. Girls! be the bosom friends of *Antigone* and *Ismene;* and you shall enter the wood of the Eumenides without shuddering, and leave it without the trace of a tear. Never did you appear so graceful to me, O Ternissa, — no, not

even after this walk do you, — as when I saw you blow a fly from the forehead of *Philoctetes* in the propylëa. The wing, with which Sophocles and the statuary represent him, to drive away the summer insects in his agony, had wearied his flaccid arm, hanging down beside him.

Ternissa. Do you imagine then I thought him a living man?

Epicurus. The sentiment was both more delicate and more august from being indistinct. You would have done it, even if he *had* been a living man; even if he could have clasped you in his arms, imploring the deities to resemble you in gentleness, you would have done it.

Ternissa. He looked so abandoned by all, and so heroic, yet so feeble and so helpless! I did not think of turning around to see if any one was near me; or else perhaps —

Epicurus. If you could have thought of looking around, you would no longer have been Ternissa. The gods would have transformed you for it into some tree.

Leontion. And Epicurus had been walking under it this day, perhaps.

Epicurus. With Leontion, the partner of his sentiments. But the walk would have been earlier or later than the present hour; since the middle of the day, like the middle of certain fruits, is good for nothing.

Leontion. For dinner surely?

Epicurus. Dinner is a less gratification to me than to many: I dine alone.

Ternissa. Why?

Epicurus. To avoid the noise, the heat, and the intermixture both of odors and of occupations. I cannot bear the indecency of speaking with a mouth in which there is food. I careen my body (since it is always in want of repair) in as unobstructed a space as I can, and I lie down and sleep awhile when the work is over.

Leontion. Epicurus! although it would be very interesting, no doubt, to hear more of what you do after dinner — (*aside to him*) now don't smile: I shall never forgive you if you say a single word — yet I would rather hear a little about the theatre, and whether you think at last that women should frequent it; for you have often said the contrary.

Epicurus. I think they should visit it rarely; not because it excites their affections, but because it deadens them. To

me nothing is so odious as to be at once among the rabble and among the heroes, and, while I am receiving into my heart the most exquisite of human sensations, to feel upon my shoulder the hand of some inattentive and insensible young officer.

Leontion. Oh very bad indeed! horrible!

Ternissa. You quite fire at the idea.

Leontion. Not I: I don't care about it.

Ternissa. Not about what is very bad indeed? quite horrible?

Leontion. I seldom go thither.

Epicurus. The theatre is delightful when we erect it in our own house or arbor, and when there is but one spectator.

Leontion. You must lose the illusion in great part, if you only read the tragedy, which I fancy to be your meaning.

Epicurus. I lose the less of it. Do not imagine that the illusion is, or can be, or ought to be, complete. If it were possible, no Phalaris or Perillus could devise a crueller torture. Here are two imitations: first, the poet's of the sufferer; secondly, the actor's of both: poetry is superinduced. No man in pain ever uttered the better part of the language used by Sophocles. We admit it, and willingly, and are at least as much illuded by it as by any thing else we hear or see upon the stage. Poets and statuaries and painters give us an adorned imitation of the object, so skilfully treated that we receive it for a correct one. This is the only illusion they aim at: this is the perfection of their arts.

Leontion. Do you derive no pleasure from the representation of a consummate actor?

Epicurus. High pleasure; but liable to be overturned in an instant: pleasure at the mercy of any one who sits beside me. Rarely does it happen that an Athenian utters a syllable in the midst of it; but our city is open to the inhabitants of all the world, and all the world that is yet humanized a woman might walk across in sixty hours. There are even in Greece a few remaining still so barbarous, that I have heard them whisper in the midst of the finest scenes of our greatest poets.

Leontion. Acorn-fed Chaonians!

Epicurus. I esteem all the wise; but I entertain no wish to imitate all of them in every thing. What was convenient

and befitting in one or other of them, might be inconvenient and unbefitting in me. Great names ought to bear us up and carry us through, but never to run away with us. Peculiarity and solitariness give an idea to weak minds of something grand, authoritative, and god-like. To be wise indeed, and happy and self-possessed, we must often be alone; we must mix as little as we can with what is called society, and abstain rather more than seems desirable even from the better few.

Ternissa. You have commanded us at all times to ask you any thing we do not understand: why then use the phrase "what is called society"? as if there could be a doubt whether we are in society when we converse with many.

Epicurus. We may meet and converse with thousands: you and Leontion and myself could associate with few. *Society*, in the philosophical sense of the word, is almost the contrary of what it is in the common acceptation.

Leontion. Now go on with your discourse.

Epicurus. When we have once acquired that intelligence of which we have been in pursuit, we may relax our minds, and lay the produce of our chase at the feet of those we love.

Leontion. Philosophers seem to imagine that they can be visible and invisible at will; that they can be admired for the display of their tenets, and unobserved in the workings of their spleen. None of those whom I remember, or whose writings I have perused, was quite exempt from it. Among the least malicious is Theophrastus: could he find no other for so little malice but you?

Epicurus. The origin of his dislike to me was my opinion that perspicuity is the prime excellence of composition. He and Aristoteles and Plato talk diffusely of attending to harmony, and clap rhetorical rules before our mouths in order to produce it. Natural sequences and right subordination of thoughts, and that just proportion of numbers in the sentences which follows a strong conception, are the constituents of true harmony. You are satisfied with it and dwell upon it; which you would vainly hope to do when you are forced to turn back again to seize an idea or to comprehend a period. Let us believe that opposition, and even hard words, are (at least in the beginning) no certain proofs of hatred; although, by requiring defence, they soon produce heat and animosity

in him who hath engaged in so unwise a warfare. On the other hand, praises are not always the unfailing signs of liberality or of justice. Many are extolled out of enmity to others, and perhaps would have been decried had those others not existed. Among the causes of my happiness, this is one: I never have been stimulated to hostility by any in the crowd that has assailed me. If in my youth I had been hurried into this weakness, I should have regretted it as lost time, lost pleasure, lost humanity.

Leontion. We may expose what is violent or false in any one; and chiefly in any one who injures us or our friends.

Epicurus. We may.

Leontion. How then?

Epicurus. By exhibiting in ourselves the contrary. Such vengeance is legitimate and complete. I found in my early days, among the celebrated philosophers of Greece, a love of domination, a propensity to imposture, a jealousy of renown, and a cold indifference to simple truth. None of these qualities leads to happiness; none of them stands within the precincts of Virtue. I asked myself, "What is the most natural and the most universal of our desires?" I found it was, *to be happy.* Wonderful I thought it, that the gratification of a desire which is at once the most universal and the most natural, should be the seldomest attained. I then conjectured the means; and I found that they vary, as vary the minds and capacities of men; that, however, the principal one lay in the avoidance of those very things which had hitherto been taken up as the instruments of enjoyment and content: such as military commands, political offices, clients, hazardous ventures in commerce, and extensive property in land.

Leontion. And yet offices, both political and military, must be undertaken; and clients will throng about those who exercise them. Commerce too will dilate with Prosperity, and Frugality will square her farm by lopping off the angles of the next.

Epicurus. True, Leontion! nor is there a probability that my opinions will pervade the heart of Avarice or Ambition: they will influence only the unoccupied. Philosophy hath led scarcely a single man away from commands or magistracies, until he hath first tried them. Weariness is the repose of the politician, and apathy his wisdom. He fancies that

nations are contemplating the great man in his retirement, while what began in ignorance of himself is ending in forgetfulness on the part of others. This truth at last appears to him; he detests the ingratitude of mankind; he declares his resolution to carry the earth no longer on his shoulders; he is taken at his word: and the shock of it breaks his heart.

Ternissa. Epicurus, I have been listening to you with even more pleasure than usual, for you often talk of love, and such other things as you can know nothing about; but now you have gone out of your way to defend an enemy, and to lead aside Leontion from her severity toward Theophrastus.

Epicurus. Believe me, my lovely friends, he is no ordinary man who hath said one wise thing gracefully in the whole of his existence: now several such are recorded of him whom Leontion hath singled out from my assailants. His style is excellent.

Leontion. The excellence of it hath been exaggerated by Aristoteles, to lower our opinion of Plato's.

Epicurus. It may be: I can not prove it, and never heard it.

Leontion. So blinded indeed is this great master of rhetoric —

Epicurus. Pardon the rudeness of my interruption, dear Leontion. Do not designate so great a man by a title so contemptible. You are nearly as humiliating to his genius as those who call him the Stagyrite: and those are ignorant of the wrong they do him; many of them are his disciples and admirers, and call him by that name in quoting his authority. Philosophy, until he came among us, was like the habitations of the Troglodytes; vast indeed and wonderful, but without construction, without arrangement: he first gave it order and system. I do not rank him with Democritus, who has been to philosophers what Homer has been to poets, and who is equally great in imagination and in reflection; but no other has left behind him so many just remarks on such a variety of subjects.

Within one Olympiad three men have departed from the world, who carried farther than any other three that ever dwelt upon it reason, eloquence, and martial glory, — Aristoteles, Demosthenes, and Alexander. Now tell me which of these qualities do you admire the most?

Leontion. Reason.

Epicurus. And rightly. Among the three characters, the vulgar and ignorant will prefer Alexander; the less vulgar and ignorant will prefer Demosthenes; and they who are removed to the greatest distance from ignorance and vulgarity, Aristoteles. Yet, although he has written on some occasions with as much purity and precision as we find in the *Orations* of Pericles, many things are expressed obscurely; which is by much the greatest fault in composition.

Leontion. Surely you do not say that an obscurity is worse than a defect in grammar.

Epicurus. I do say it; for we may discover a truth through such a defect, which we can not through an obscurity. It is better to find the object of our researches in ill condition than not to find it at all. We may purify the idea in our own bath, and adorn it with our own habiliments, if we can but find it, though among the slaves or clowns; whereas, if it is locked up from us in a dark chamber at the top of the house, we have only to walk downstairs again, disappointed, tired, and out of humor.

But you were saying that something had blinded the philosopher.

Leontion. His zeal and partiality. Not only did he prefer Theophrastus to every one who taught at Athens; not only did he change his original name, for one of so high an import as to signify that he would elevate his language to the language of the gods, — but he fancied and insisted that the very sound of *Theophrastus* is sweet,* of *Tyrtamus* harsh and inelegant.

Epicurus. Your ear, Leontion, is the better arbitress of musical sounds, in which (I speak of words) hardly any two agree. But a box on the ear does not improve the organ; and I would advise you to leave inviolate and untouched all those peculiarities which rest on friendship. The jealous, if we suffered them in the least to move us, would deserve our commiseration rather than our resentment; but the best thing we can do with them is to make them the comedians of our privacy. Some have recently started up among us, who, when they have published to the world their systems of philosophy,

* Τύρταμος δ' ἐκαλεῖτο πρότερον ὁ Θεόφραστος, μετωνόμασε δ' αὐτόν ὁ Ἀριστοτέλης Θεόφραστον· ἅμα μὲν φεύγων τὴν τοῦ προτέρου ὀνόματος κακοφωνίαν, ἅμα δὲ τὸν τῆς φράσεως αὐτοῦ ζῆλον ἐπισημαινόμενος. — *Strabo*, xiii.

or their axioms, or their paradoxes, and find nevertheless that others are preferred to them, persuade their friends and scholars that enormous and horrible injustice hath been done toward them. By degrees they cool, however, and become more reasonable; they resign the honor of invention, which always may be contested or ascertained, and invest themselves with what they style much greater, that of learning. What constitutes this glory, on which they plume themselves so joyously and gaudily? Nothing else than the reading of those volumes which we have taken the trouble to write. A multitude of authors, the greater part of them inferior in abilities to you who hear me, are the slow constructors of reputations which they would persuade us are the solidest and the highest. We teach them all they know, and they are as proud as if they had taught us. There are not indeed many of these parasitical plants at present sucking us, and resting their leafy slenderness upon us; but whenever books become more numerous, a new species will arise from them, to which philosophers and historians and poets must give way; for, intercepting all above, it will approximate much nearer to the manners and intellects of the people. At last what is most Attic in Athens will be canvassed and discussed in their booth; and he who now exerciseth a sound and strong judgment of his own will indifferently borrow theirs, and become so corrupted with it, as ever afterward to be gratified to his heart's content by the impudent laconism of their oracular decisions. These people are the natural enemies of greater; they can not sell their platters of offal while a richer feast is open to the public, and while lamps of profuser light announce the invitation. I would not augur the decay of philosophy and literature: it was retarded by the good example of our ancestors. The seven wise men, as they are called, lived amicably, and, where it was possible, in intercourse. Our seventy wiser (for we may reckon at least that number of those who proclaim themselves so) stand at the distance of a porcupine's shot, and, like that animal, scatter their shafts in every direction, with more profusion than force, and with more anger than aim.

Hither, to these banks of serpolet, to these strawberries whose dying leaves breathe a most refreshing fragrance, to this ivy from which Bacchus may have crowned himself, let us

retire at the voice of Discord. Whom should we contend with? —the less? it were inglorious; the greater? it were vain. Do we look for Truth? she is not the inhabitant of cities, nor delights in clamor; she steals upon the calm and meditative as Diana upon Endymion, indulgent in her chastity, encouraging a modest, and requiting a faithful, love.

Leontion. How Ternissa sighs after Truth!

Epicurus. If Truth appeared in daylight among mortals, she would surely resemble Ternissa. Those white and lucid cheeks, that youth which appears more youthful (for unless we are near her we think her yet a child), and that calm open forehead —

Leontion. Malicious girl! she conceals it!

Epicurus. Ingenious girl! the resemblance was, until now, imperfect. We must remove the veil ourselves; for Truth, whatever the poets may tell us, never comes without one, diaphanous or opaque.

If those who differ on speculative points would walk together now and then in the country, they might find many objects that must unite them. The same bodily feeling is productive in some degree of the same mental one. Enjoyment from sun and air, from exercise and odors, brings hearts together that schools and council-chambers and popular assemblies have stood between for years.

I hope Theophrastus may live to walk with us among these bushes when they are shadier, and to perceive that all questions, but those about the way to happiness, are illiberal or mechanical, or infantine or idle.

Ternissa. Are geometry and astronomy idle?

Epicurus. Such idleness as theirs a wise man may indulge in, when he has found what he was seeking; and, as they abstract the mind from what would prey upon it, there are many to whom I would recommend them earlier, as their principal and most serious studies.

We will return to Theophrastus. He has one great merit in style; he is select and sparing in the use of metaphors: that man sees badly who sees every thing double. He wants novelty and vigor in his remarks both on men and things; neither his subject nor his mind is elevated. Here however let me observe, my fair disciples, that he and some others, of whom we speak in common conversation with little deference

or reserve, may perhaps attract the notice and attention of the remotest nations in the remotest times. Suppose him to have his defects (all that you or any one have ever supposed in him), yet how much greater is his intellect than the intellect of any among those who govern the world! If these appeared in the streets of Athens, you would run to look at them, and ask your friends whether they had seen them pass. If you can not show as much reverence to Theophrastus, the defect is yours. He may not be what his friends have fancied him; but how great must he be to have obtained the partiality of such friends! How few are greater! how many millions less!

Leontion. A slender tree, with scarcely any heart or pith in it, ought at least to have some play of boughs and branches: he, poor man, is inert. The leaves just twinkle, and nothing more.

Epicurus. He writes correctly and observantly. Even bad writers are blamed unjustly when they are blamed much. In comparison with many good and sensible men, they have evinced no slight degree of intelligence; yet we go frequently to those good and sensible men, and engage them to join us in our contempt and ridicule of one who not only is wiser than they are, but who has made an effort to entertain or to instruct us, which they never did.

Ternissa. This is inconsiderate and ungrateful.

Epicurus. Truly and humanely have you spoken. Is it not remarkable that we are the fondest of acknowledging the least favorable and the least pleasurable of our partialities? Whether in hatred or love, men are disposed to bring their conversation very near the object, yet shrink at touching the fairer. In hatred their sensibility is less delicate, and the inference comes closer; in love they readily give an arm to a confidant, almost to the upper step of their treasury.

Leontion. How unworthy of trust do you represent your fellow men! But you began by censuring *me*. In my treatise I have only defended your tenets against Theophrastus.

Epicurus. I am certain you have done it with spirit and eloquence, dear Leontion; and there are but two words in it I would wish you to erase.

Leontion. Which are they?

Epicurus. Theophrastus and Epicurus. If you love me, you will do nothing that may make you uneasy when you

grow older; nothing that may allow my adversary to say, "Leontion soon forgot her Epicurus." My maxim is, never to defend my systems or paradoxes; if you undertake it, the Athenians will insist that I impelled you secretly, or that my philosophy and my friendship were ineffectual on you.

Leontion. They shall never say that.

Epicurus. I would entreat you to dismiss altogether things quite unworthy of your notice, if your observations could fall on any subject without embellishing it. You do not want these thorns to light your fire with.

Leontion. Pardon the weak arm that would have defended what none can reach.

Epicurus. I am not unmoved by the kindness of your intentions. Most people, and philosophers too among the rest, when their own conduct or opinions are questioned, are admirably prompt and dexterous in the science of defence; but when another's are assailed, they parry with as ill a grace and faltering a hand as if they never had taken a lesson in it at home. Seldom will they see what they profess to look for; and, finding it, they pick up with it a thorn under the nail. They canter over the solid turf, and complain that there is no corn upon it; they canter over the corn, and curse the ridges and furrows. All schools of philosophy, and almost all authors, are rather to be frequented for exercise than for freight; but this exercise ought to acquire us health and strength, spirits and good-humor. There is none of them that does not supply some truth useful to every man, and some untruth equally so to the few that are able to wrestle with it. If there were no falsehood in the world, there would be no doubt; if there were no doubt, there would be no inquiry; if no inquiry, no wisdom, no knowledge, no genius: and Fancy herself would lie muffled up in her robe, inactive, pale, and bloated. I wish we could demonstrate the existence of utility in some other evils as easily as in this.

Leontion. My remarks on the conduct and on the style of Theophrastus are not confined to him solely. I have taken at last a general view of our literature, and traced as far as I am able its deviation and decline. In ancient works we sometimes see the mark of the chisel; in modern we might almost suppose that no chisel was employed at all, and that every thing was done by grinding and rubbing. There is an

ordinariness, an indistinctness, a generalization, not even to be found in a flock of sheep. As most reduce what is sand into dust, the few that avoid it run to a contrary extreme, and would force us to believe that what is original must be unpolished and uncouth.

Epicurus. There have been in all ages, and in all there will be, sharp and slender heads made purposely and peculiarly for creeping into the crevices of our nature. While we contemplate the magnificence of the universe, and mensurate the fitness and adaptation of one part to another, the small philosopher hangs upon a hair or creeps within a wrinkle, and cries out shrilly from his elevation that we are blind and superficial. He discovers a wart, he prys into a pore; and he calls it knowledge of man. Poetry and criticism, and all the fine arts, have generated such living things, which not only will be coexistent with them, but will (I fear) survive them. Hence history takes alternately the form of reproval and of panegyric; and science in its pulverized state, in its shapeless and colorless atoms, assumes the name of metaphysics. We find no longer the rich succulence of Herodotus, no longer the strong filament of Thucydides, but thoughts fit only for the slave, and language for the rustic and the robber. These writings can never reach posterity, nor serve better authors near us; for who would receive as documents the perversions of venality and party? Alexander we know was intemperate, and Philip both intemperate and perfidious: we require not a volume of dissertation on the thread of history, to demonstrate that one or other left a tailor's bill unpaid, and the immorality of doing so; nor a supplement to ascertain on the best authorities which of the two it was. History should explain to us how nations rose and fell, what nurtured them in their growth, what sustained them in their maturity; not which orator ran swiftest through the crowd from the right hand to the left, which assassin was too strong for manacles, or which felon too opulent for crucifixion.

Leontion. It is better, I own it, that such writers should amuse our idleness than excite our spleen.

Ternissa. What is spleen?

Epicurus. Do not ask her; she cannot tell you. The spleen, Ternissa, is to the heart what Arimanes is to Oromazes.

Ternissa. I am little the wiser yet. Does he ever use such hard words with you?

Leontion. He means the evil Genius and the good Genius, in the theogony of the Persians; and would perhaps tell you, as he hath told me, that the heart in itself is free from evil, but very capable of receiving and too tenacious of holding it.

Epicurus. In our moral system, the spleen hangs about the heart and renders it sad and sorrowful, unless we continually keep it in exercise by kind offices, or in its proper place by serious investigation and solitary questionings. Otherwise, it is apt to adhere and to accumulate, until it deadens the principles of sound action, and obscures the sight.

Ternissa. It must make us very ugly when we grow old.

Leontion. In youth it makes us uglier, as not appertaining to it: a little more or less ugliness in decrepitude is hardly worth considering, there being quite enough of it from other quarters: I would stop it here, however.

Ternissa. Oh, what a thing is age!

Leontion. Death without death's quiet. But we will converse upon it when we know it better.

Epicurus. My beloved! we will converse upon it at the present hour, while the harshness of its features is indiscernible not only to you, but even to me, who am much nearer to it. Disagreeable things, like disagreeable men, are never to be spoken of when they are present. Do we think, as we may do in such a morning as this, that the air awakens the leaves around us only to fade and perish? Do we, what is certain, think that every note of music we ever heard, every voice that ever breathed into our bosoms and played upon its instrument, the heart, only wafted us on a little nearer to the tomb? Let the idea not sadden but compose us. Let us yield to it, just as season yields to season, hour to hour; and with a bright serenity, such as Evening is invested with by the departing Sun.

What! are the dews falling, Ternissa? Let them not yet, my lovely one!

Ternissa. You soothe me, but to afflict me after; you teach me, but to grieve.

Epicurus. At what just now?

Ternissa. You are many years in advance of us, and may leave us both behind.

Epicurus. Let not the fault be yours.

Leontion. How can it?

Epicurus. The heart, O Leontion, reflects a fuller and a fairer image of us than the eye can.

Ternissa. True, true, true!

Leontion. Yes; the heart recomposes the dust within the sepulchre, and evokes it; the eye, too, even when it has lost its brightness, loses not the power of reproducing the object it delighted in. It sees, amid the shades of night, like the gods.

Epicurus. Sobs, too! Ah, these can only be suppressed by force.

Leontion. By such! She will sob all day before she is corrected.

Ternissa. Loose me. Leontion makes me blush.

Leontion. I?

Ternissa. It was you, then, false Epicurus! Why are you not discreeter? I wonder at you. If I could find my way home alone, I would go directly.

Leontion. Take breath first.

Ternissa. Oh, how spiteful! Go away, tormenting girl, you shall not kiss me.

Leontion. Why? did *he?*

Ternissa. No, indeed! as you saw. What a question! Kiss me? for shame; he only held me in his arms a little. Do not make him worse than he is.

Leontion. I wonder he ventured. These little barks are very dangerous. Did you find it an easy matter to keep on your feet, Epicurus?

Epicurus. We may venture, in such parties of pleasure, on waves which the sun shines on; we may venture on affections which, if not quite tranquil, are genial to the soul. Age alone interposes its chain of icy mountains, and the star above their summit soon droops behind. Heroes and demigods have acknowledged it. Recite to me, O Ternissa, in proof of this, the scene of *Peleus and Thetis.*

Ternissa. You do not believe in goddesses; and I do not believe in age.

Leontion. Whosoever fears neither, can repeat it.

Epicurus. Draw, each of you, one of these blades of grass I am holding, and the drawer of the shortest shall repeat it.

Ternissa. O Epicurus! have you been quite fair?

Epicurus. Why doubt me?

Ternissa. Mine, I see, is the shortest. I drew out from your closed hand the blade which stood above the other.

Epicurus. Such grasses, like such men, may deceive us.

Ternissa. Must I begin? You both nod. Leontion, you are poetical: I can only feel poetry. I cannot read it tolerably; and I am sure to forget it if I trust to memory. Beside, there is something in the melody of this in particular which I sadly fear will render me inarticulate.

Epicurus. I will relieve you from half your labor, by representing the character of *Peleus.*

Ternissa. Let me down.

Epicurus. The part will never permit it.

Ternissa. I continue mute then. Be quiet. I cannot speak a syllable unless I am on my feet again.

Leontion. She will be mute a long while, like the Pythoness, and speak at last.

Ternissa. Mischievous creature! as if you could possibly tell what is passing in my mind. But will not you, Epicurus, let me fall, since it must (I see) be repeated so? Shall I begin? for I am anxious to have it over.

Leontion. Why don't you? we are as anxious as you are.

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "O Peleus! O thou whom the gods conferred on me for all my portion of happiness — and it was (I thought) too great —

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "Goddess! to me, to thy Peleus, Oh how far more than goddess! why then this sudden silence? why these tears? The last we shed were when the Fates divided us, saying the Earth was not thine, and the brother of Zeus, he the ruler of the waters, had called thee. Those that fall between the beloved at parting are bitter, and ought to be: woe to him who wishes they were not! but those that flow again at the returning light of the blessed feet should be refreshing and divine as morn.

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "Support me, support me in thy arms, once more, once only. Lower not thy shoulder from my cheek, to gaze at those features that (in times past) so pleased thee. The sky is serene; the heavens frown not on us: do they then prepare for us fresh sorrow? Prepare for us! ah me! the word of Zeus is spoken: our Achilles is dis-

covered; he is borne away in the black hollow ships of Aulis, and would have flown faster than they sail, to Troy.

"Surely there are those among the gods, or among the goddesses, who might have forewarned me: and they did not! Were there no omens, no auguries, no dreams, to shake thee from thy security? no priest to prophesy? And what pastures are more beautiful than Larissa's? what victims more stately? Could the soothsayers turn aside their eyes from these?

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "Approach with me and touch the altar, O my beloved! Doth not thy finger now impress the soft embers of incense? how often hath it burned, for him, for thee! And the lowings of the herds are audible for their leaders, from the sources of Apidanus and Enipeus to the sea-beach. They may yet prevail.

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "Alas! alas! Priests can foretell but not avert the future; and all they can give us are vain promises and abiding fears.

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "Despond not, my long-lost Thetis! Hath not a god led thee back to me? why not hope then he will restore our son? Which of them all hath such a boy offended?

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "Uncertainties — worse than uncertainties — overthrow and overwhelm me.

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "There is a comfort in the midst of every uncertainty, saving those which perplex the gods and confound the godlike, Love's. Be comforted! not by my kisses, but by my words. Achilles may live till our old age. *Ours!* Had I forgotten thy divinity? forgotten it in thy beauty? Other mortals think their beloved partake of it then mostly when they are gazing on their charms; but thy tenderness is more than godlike; and never have I known, never have I wished to know, whether aught in our inferior nature may resemble it.

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "A mortal so immutable! the Powers above are less.

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "Time without grief would not have greatly changed me.

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "There is a loveliness which youth may be without, and which the gods want. To the voice of compassion not a shell in all the ocean is attuned; and no

tear ever dropped upon Olympus. Thou lookest as fondly as ever, and more pensively. Have time and grief done this? and they alone? my Peleus! Tell me again, have no freshly fond anxieties? —

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "Smile thus! Oh smile anew and forget thy sorrows. Ages shall fly over my tomb, while thou art flourishing in imperishable youth, the desire of gods, the light of the depths of Ocean, the inspirer and sustainer of ever-flowing song.

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "I receive thy words, I deposit them in my bosom, and bless them. Gods *may* desire me: I have loved Peleus. Our union had many obstacles; the envy of mortals, the jealousy of immortals, hostility and persecution from around, from below, and from above. When we were happy they parted us; and again they unite us in eternal grief.

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "The wish of a divinity is powerfuller than the elements, and swifter than the light. Hence thou (what to me is impossible) mayest see the sweet Achilles every day, every hour.

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "How few! alas how few! I see him in the dust, in agony, in death: I see his blood on the flints, his yellow hair flapping in its current, his hand unable to remove it from his eyes. I hear his voice; and it calls not upon me! Mothers are soon forgotten! It is weakness to love the weak! I could not save him! He would have left the caverns of Ocean, and the groves and meadows of Elysium, though resounding with the songs of love and heroism, for a field of battle.

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "He may yet live many years. Troy hath been taken once already.

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "He must perish; and at Troy; and now.

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "The *now* of the gods is more than life's duration: other gods and other worlds are formed within it. If, indeed, he must perish at Troy, his ashes will lie softly on hers. Thus fall our beauteous son! thus rest Achilles!

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "Twice nine years have scarcely yet passed over his head, since 'O the youth of Æmathia! O the swift, the golden-haired Peleus!' were the only words

sounded in the halls of Tethys. How many shells were broken for their hoarseness! how many reproofs were heard by the Tritons for interrupting the slumbers — of those who never slept! But they feigned sound sleep: and joy and kindness left the hearts of sisters. We loved too well for others to love *us*.

"Why do I remember the day? why do I remind thee of it? — my Achilles dies! it was the day that gave me my Achilles! Dearer he was to me than the light of heaven, before he ever saw it: and how much dearer now! when, bursting forth on earth like its first dayspring, all the loveliness of Nature stands back, and grows pale and faint before his. He is what thou wert when I first beheld thee. How can I bear again so great a deprivation?

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "Oh, thou art fallen! thou art fallen through my embrace, when I thought on him more than on thee. Look up again; look, and forgive me. No: thy forgiveness I deserve not — but did I deserve thy love? Thy solitude, thy abasement, thy parental tears, and thy fall to the earth, are from me! Why doth aught of youth linger with me? why not come age and death? The monster of Calydon made (as thou knowest) his first and most violent rush against this arm; no longer fit for war, no longer a defence to the people. And is the day, too, come when it no longer can sustain my Thetis?

Ternissa (*as Thetis*). "Protend it not to the skies! invoke not, name not, any deity! I fear them all. Nay, lift me not thus above thy head, O Peleus! reproaching the gods with such an awful look; with a look of beauty which they will not pity, with a look of defiance which they may not brook.

Epicurus (*as Peleus*). "Doth not my hand enclasp that slender foot, at which the waves of Ocean cease to be tumultuous, and the children of Æolus to disturb their peace? Oh, if in the celestial coolness of thy cheek, now resting on my head, there be not the breath and gift of immortality; Oh, if Zeus hath any thunder-bolt in reserve for me, — let this, my beloved Thetis, be the hour!"

Leontion. You have repeated it admirably; and you well deserve to be seated as you are, on the only bank of violets in this solitary place. Indeed you must want repose. Why

do you continue to look sad? It is all over. Ah my silly comfort! That may be the reason.

Ternissa. I shall be very angry with him for the way (if you saw it) in which he made me slip down: and I should have been so at the time, if it would not have hurt the representation.

Yes, indeed, you may expect it, sir!

Epicurus. I shall always say, "at any hour but this."

Ternissa. Talk reasonably; and return to your discourse on age. I wish you had a little more of its prudence and propriety.

Epicurus. And what else?

Ternissa. Oh! those are quite enough.

Epicurus. There we agree. And now for obedience to your wishes. *Peleus*, you observe, makes no complaint that age is advancing on him; death itself is not unwelcome: for he had been happier than he could ever hope to be again. They who have long been wretched wish for death; they who have long been fortunate, may with equal reason: but it is wiser in each condition to await it than to desire it.

Ternissa. I love to hear stories of heroic men, in whose bosoms there is left a place for tenderness.

Leontion said that even bad writers may amuse our idle hours: alas! even good ones do not much amuse mine, unless they record an action of love or generosity. As for the graver, why cannot they come among us and teach us, just as you do?

Epicurus. Would you wish it?

Ternissa. No, no! I do not want them: only I was imagining how pleasant it is to converse as we are doing, and how sorry I should be to pore over a book instead of it. Books always make me sigh, and think about other things. Why do you laugh, Leontion?

Epicurus. She was mistaken in saying bad authors may amuse our idleness. Leontion knows not then how sweet and sacred idleness is.

Leontion. To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers, — a careless company! Sleep is called sacred as well as sweet by Homer; and idleness is but a step from it. The idleness of the wise and virtuous should be both, it being the repose and refreshment necessary for past

exertions and for future; it punishes the bad man, it rewards the good: the deities enjoy it, and Epicurus praises it. I was indeed wrong in my remark; for we should never seek amusement in the foibles of another, never in coarse language, never in low thoughts. When the mind loses its feeling for elegance, it grows corrupt and grovelling, and seeks in the crowd what ought to be found at home.

Epicurus. Aspasia believed so, and bequeathed to Leontion, with every other gift that Nature had bestowed upon her, the power of delivering her oracles from diviner lips.

Leontion. Fie! Epicurus! It is well you hide my face for me with your hand. Now take it away: we cannot walk in this manner.

Epicurus. No word could ever fall from you without its weight; no breath from you ought to lose itself in the common air.

Leontion. For shame! What would you have?

Ternissa. He knows not what he would have nor what he would say. I must sit down again. I declare I scarcely understand a single syllable. Well, he is very good, to tease you no longer. Epicurus has an excellent heart; he would give pain to no one; least of all to you.

Leontion. I have pained him by this foolish book, and he would only assure me that he does not for a moment bear me malice. Take the volume: take it, Epicurus! tear it in pieces.

Epicurus. No, Leontion! I shall often look with pleasure on this trophy of brave humanity: let me kiss the hand that raises it!

Ternissa. I am tired of sitting: I am quite stiff: when shall we walk homeward?

Epicurus. Take my arm, Ternissa!

Ternissa. Oh! I had forgotten that I proposed to myself a trip as far up as the pinasters, to look at the precipice of Oreithyia. Come along! come along! how alert does the sea-air make us! I seem to feel growing at my feet and shoulders the wings of Zethes or Calaïs.

Epicurus. Leontion walks the nimblest to-day.

Ternissa. To display her activity and strength, she runs before us. Sweet Leontion, how good she is! but she should have stayed for us: it would be in vain to try to overtake her.

No, Epicurus! Mind! take care! you are crushing these little oleanders — and now the strawberry plants — the whole heap, Not I, indeed. What would my mother say, if she knew it? And Leontion? she will certainly look back.

Epicurus. The fairest of the Eudaimones never look back: such are the Hours and Love, Opportunity and Leontion.

Ternissa. How could you dare to treat me in this manner? I did not say again I hated any thing.

Epicurus. Forgive me!

Ternissa. Violent creature!

Epicurus. If tenderness is violence. Forgive me; and say you love me.

Ternissa. All at once? could you endure such boldness?

Epicurus. Pronounce it! whisper it!

Ternissa. Go, go. Would it be proper?

Epicurus. Is that sweet voice asking its heart or me? let the worthier give the answer.

Ternissa. O Epicurus! you are very, very dear to me; and are the last in the world that would ever tell you were called so.

XV. EPICURUS AND METRODORUS.

Epicurus. Welcome, old friend, welcome! Sit down by me. Menander came to visit me this morning. *He* battled with the Sun for the encounter; the earliest of the stars appears to have guided *you.*

Metrodorus. If I now could wish any thing, I might wish that I had met him here.

Epicurus. He brought with him his usual affability and good-humor, with as much of wit and wisdom as friendship stands in need of; and now comes the only other I desired to see, the quieter Metrodorus.

Metrodorus. Menander is true and faithful. He is not composed of such light materials as to be shaken off his pedestal by popular applause. Acknowledging the claims of friendship, he discharges them readily and completely.

Epicurus. He visits me seldom, but never unwillingly or in haste to go away.

Metrodorus. This is scarcely to be numbered among his various merits, although he is courted no less by the powerful than by the people, and loves conviviality.

Epicurus. Some are well fitted for conviviality, others for public life, others for discussion, others (much the fewer) for retirement. They are no philosophers who lay down strictly one rule and regulation for all. Exercise, which is needful for health, is not conducive to it at every hour or for every man. Weak plants perish in the sunshine, stronger spring up to meet it. Menander is one of these. You and I shall never say as many wise things as he hath said, nor pour them into so many or so willing ears. Compare the apothegms of Euripides with his, and then you may compare the heavy old iron coinage of Sparta with the golden of our city, — sharp, well-rounded, and fresh and lustrous from the mint.

Metrodorus. Beside, the one comes often from those who have no reason or right to utter it, the other never. Menander knows and observes the character of the times: Euripides jumbles in his loose leather bag a coinage which thereby loses much of its weight, together with the distinctness of the figures which it should represent.

Epicurus. Observing his allusions from past ages to the present, it must not be forgotten that there are remarks which are applicable to almost all times, and moral and political features transmitted from generation to generation. Similar characters will reappear in similar circumstances, and reproduce similar events. Manners vary much oftener and much more widely than vices and virtues.

Metrodorus. Homer hath represented the civilization of Europe far lower than of Asia. Priam, Hector, Glaucus, Sarpedon, excel the heroes and demigods, and even the gods, of our continent.

Epicurus. I wish you had been here with Menander and me, — not, indeed, this morning, but a few months ago, that you might have listened to his discourse when he compared the wisdom of past ages with ours. Few men are less enthusiastic, none more liberal, none more discerning in the distribution of praise.

Metrodorus. Yet every man has preferences, if not preju-

dices ; I never heard from Menander to what authors he was most inclined.

Epicurus. Homer and Herodotus.

Metrodorus. I should have fancied that Thucydides would have taken the second place with him, for the style of Thucydides much resembles his in terseness. Added to which, he cherishes the love of those institutions under which he, like ourselves, was born and educated.

Epicurus. On the side of Herodotus there was also a similarity. Herodotus, like Menander, was too wise, too even-tempered, to run headlong into the poisonous thorns of party, or the perplexing entanglements of State-machinery.

Metrodorus. But he mingles truth with fable.

Epicurus. They who do it not in their writings do it in their lives. All history is fabulous.

Metrodorus. Surely we know many facts, and may reasonably believe many others.

Epicurus. We know few perfectly, and must sift the rest. Point out to me the historian who can explain all the motives to all the actions performed by Pericles, the wisest ruler that ever ruled any portion of mankind ; yet there are citizens now living whose fathers held offices in his administration, and who must often have heard his merits brought into discussion and debate. Epaminondas, who comes nearest to him, is less ambiguous. That he is unequalled in strategy is now denied, since Alexander of Macedon made wider conquests. When men are thrown on the ground and trampled on, they lose their senses, and, if able to calculate at all, miscalculate the stature of those who stand over them. The architect who constructed the city of Alexandria is held in lower estimation than the destroyer who burned Persepolis. Teachers will teach the young this pernicious falsehood, confounding high and low, right and wrong, in many lands, for many generations. Converse with any ten citizens on the merits of Demosthenes, and you will find yourself in the minority. Yet, in elevation of soul, and ability to raise others up to it, inasmuch as they had breath within them to bear the elevation, no mortal, not even Solon, ever approached him.

Metrodorus. Wonderful, then, that the wicked should have prevailed! Here is, indeed, a strong argument that the gods take no interest in the affairs of men.

Epicurus. It is asserted, and become approved, that "truth is powerful and will prevail." I would rather believe in the idlest tale about the gods than in this. When is truth to prevail? Did it ever? In tangible matters, in experimental, we have found much truth, and shall find more; but while the passions and desires of men exist, proportionately so long will truth hide her face from them, or show it partially, as one ashamed.

Metrodorus. The passions are more powerful and more immortal than the gods. If the gods speak, which they rarely do, the passions drown their voices. Religious men acknowledge this; hypocrites and profligates alone deny it.

Epicurus. Religion is in danger of exhaustion and demise by overworking on credulity. Our Athenians are the most devout of men; yet they are reluctant to admit among their Jupiters the Libyan ram, or his foundling kid, pastured on the mountains of Macedonia. The soldiers of that country walk daily up to the Parthenon, yet continue they so obtuse that they laugh in our faces when we open to them the most holy of our mysteries. Although they hold Pallas in veneration, it appears to diminish rather than to increase, when their arch-priest informs them that our virgin goddess sprang, armed from head to foot, in full stature, from her father's forehead, and without aperture made in it; furthermore, if she was married to as many as Venus was, none of them could extract from her a particle of her virginity. Nay, she might bear child after child, and still retain it, just as safe and sound as when she herself was one. Moreover, there are certain priests in countries far distant from Athens, who never heard about the forehead, and who substitute another miracle, affirming that our protectress was endowed with virginity by hereditary descent; that it was the mother's long after the daughter's birth, and that between them, with sacerdotal co-operation, they select a number of favorites on whom the same privilege is conferred. Several of the gods have changed or modified their nature; others in their senility have been wheedled into adoptions. Silenus stood his ground (if riding an ass may be called so) age after age; at last comes forward a more drunken rival, and swings him off the saddle. Surely the son of Jupiter Hammon has a better right to the favor of the nymphs. This latest god had a short life and a merry

one, although, having lived like a lion, he died like a rat. His predecessors sailed upon clouds, which dissolved under them, exhibiting here and there the imaginary form of plants and animals, driven forth to fresh pasturage. The goat of Ida will suckle new Jupiters when the elder is starved to death upon Olympus.

Metrodorus. People hate us mortally when we drive their fears away from them; they have been so long accustomed to handle the mask, and to clap it before their faces, that, if we snatch it off, they are comfortless, inconsolable, and ferocious. Pomps and ceremonies will always draw after them the masses of mankind. There is an outcry against us for atheism; do the outcryers know the full meaning of the word? Let them be informed that atheists are to be classed under three heads: disbelievers in any gods; believers in a dozen or a score of them, but apart from human cares and concerns; and believers that they mix in them somewhat too freely and indiscriminately, believers who find them guilty of cruelty, jealousy, vengeance, and injustice. These we shall rather call dystheists than atheists. Men in all nations and in all times have displayed more zeal and ability in pulling down the gods to their own level than in raising themselves ever so little toward the gods.

Epicurus. It is better that a thing or agent do not exist at all, than exist for evil. A god cannot be corporeal. Surely he needs no part of our configuration, and can be reduced to none of our necessities and infirmities.

Metrodorus. Priests bring the substance and mould the form; and the gods in return give them the corn-field out of which they were digged. They can show you the charter and the seal. Sterile as is the soil of Attica, there are priests upon it (as I hear from those who uphold their dignity) drawing from the sweat of the laborer many hundred talents annually; it has even been reported that some of them have an income equivalent to what supports all the veteran soldiers whom the calamities of our last war have spared alive, though mutilated.

Epicurus. Be no such visionary, Metrodorus, as to imagine that hierax, a bird of prey, has any relationship to hïerateia. Do not believe that any free State ever bore this domination, or that the policy of any conqueror would permit it. Religion

must be clothed in superhuman splendor, that the eyes may be taken off from the heart. If the heart could be looked into and consulted, the temples would not be destroyed, but every house would become one. Domestic duties would supersede street processions, and prayer would be no longer a commodity for sale. God wanted no archetype for man, and man wanted none for God. Concerning these matters we have conversed and written, but not for the multitude. To the multitude we can only say, "Be patient, temperate, forbearing, helpful. Practise these duties, and you will be the happier; neglect them, and you will suffer. Your wrath is effectually the wrath of the gods; they can inflict no heavier curse than you thereby are inflicting on yourselves."

Metrodorus. Many, O Epicurus, have received from you, and have profited by, this doctrine; but grosser minds require grosser nourishment. The very most we can reasonably hope is, that the authority of priests shall never supersede the authority of magistrates, or be employed in aiding the oppressor, instead of comforting and strengthening the oppressed.

Epicurus. Republics have at no time endured this ignominy, nor in ours has a perfidious and ferocious conqueror imposed it.

Metrodorus. Well I know that, even with me, you are averse to the discussion of politics, as the matter most likely to disturb the equipoise of the mind; but we are living at a time when our very existence as a nation is involved in them. The aristocracy placed at the side of Philip the most able, and indeed the only able one, of our generals. His probity and his prejudices clung together.

Epicurus. Unhappy Phœcian! Unhappy Athens! When Thebes fell the earth recoiled; nothing stood upright but Demosthenes. Thousands at his voice rose up again from the dust only to fall for ever on the plain of Chœroneia.

Metrodorus. Institutions are now established for the benefit of a few families. Instead of a Theseus, a Cecrops, a Codrus, and a Solon, what bestial men are now become our governors!

Epicurus. Philip left a successor who inherited all his vices, little of his sagacity, which in a prince is sometimes equivalent to a virtue. But Philip might have been the benefactor, not only of his own people, but also of many others.

Perhaps, as a politician, it was reasonable in him to attempt a conquest of Bœotia, and the whole coast as far as Byzantium, and beyond. Yet even that is doubtful; for although the city is the best adapted to commerce of any in Europe, it might on that very account become his capital, and thereby have changed the character and counteracted the interests of the Macedonians. It would, however, have preserved to him a barrier against the Scythians, who, whenever they become as unwise as we are, will attempt to extend their prodigiously vast territory, and go hunting in pursuit of riches and luxuries. I do not wonder, nor am I displeased, at finding you inattentive to my discourse.

Metrodorus. Pardon me, pardon me; my thoughts were wandering far from public affairs, and (may I confess it) even from this quiet scene. I came late to you that your other friends might have been gone away, and that I might confer with you privately.

Epicurus. On what subject?

Metrodorus. I hardly dare lay it before you.

Epicurus. Speak confidently. There are many things of which I am utterly ignorant, much as I may have thought about them. You will presently find it out.

Metrodorus. Never was I less bold in asking a question. Would you advise me to marry?

Epicurus. Certainly not. You are richer in wisdom than in the ordinary means of living; do not throw away that, and the credit it gives you. Perhaps there may be a trifle of dower; but, O Metrodorus, there is much, very much, which a father has no power of giving with his daughter.

Metrodorus. I expect no dower, or very little; for Phædimus has two sons, and another daughter, who is lame and helpless. It is this, besides my knowledge of his poverty and probity, which makes me desirous of acceding to his wishes.

Epicurus. To marry his daughter?

Metrodorus. Even so. Believe me (indeed I know you do) I never once thought of what might lie within his competence of bestowing on his child. You smile.

Epicurus. With your sagacity, great as it is, you have not comprehended me. What the father is unable to give, the daughter may be equally unable. You are my elder by sev-

eral years, O Metrodorus,* and can hardly hope to live long enough to superintend the education of a family. If you are happy now, continue so; if unhappy, avoid the chance of being so more and more. The head beginning to bend under the weight of years droops irrecoverably at a small addition falling on it suddenly and unexpectedly. When a man utters the commonest, the most ancient, the most eternal of exclamations, *How could I ever have been such a fool!* we may be sure that others have already said the same thing of him, and not with the same dejection. Pleasures are soon absorbed; they soon evaporate in the heat of youth, and leave no traces behind them: but sorrows lay waste what they overflow, and we have neither time nor art to remove the obstruction and counteract the sterility.

Metrodorus. O Epicurus! Are we not all of us desirous to communicate with a friend our anxiety and our content? Should we not participate and exchange them?

Epicurus. Communicate your happiness freely; confine your discontent within your own bosom. There chastise it; be sure it deserves its chastisement.

Metrodorus. In my proposed change of life I see nothing to reprehend, and little to fear.

Epicurus. On the sea before you the venture is a costly one; the wrecks frequent. Let those hoist the sails who know how to reef them. At our time of life, Metrodorus, the comeliness of form and feature has left us. Nature ordains that these should attract the other sex towards us. It may be that in earlier days they made an impression which years have not effaced. Is it so, my friend, with you?

Metrodorus. No, indeed; but she loves me because her father loves me, and, let me add, because you do.

Epicurus. Such a contract of marriage is not sealed with a wax which soon loses its impression.

Metrodorus. Blessings on the man who made her heart docile and virtuous! 'twas you.

Epicurus. I do not remember to have seen her. Is she young and personable?

Metrodorus. Alas! she is young; her twenty-fifth year is commencing. I never heard that she is handsome; she may

* He married late, and left young children, recommended by the kindest of philosophers to the care of their mutual friends.

be. But, O Epicurus, if you could see her spin! if you could taste (as I hope you will soon do at our wedding-feast) the delicious rye-bread she makes! I do assure you that, with the barley and millet in it, it is as white as my hand.

Epicurus. Here, my old friend, we are within the range of probabilities.

Metrodorus. O Epicurus! I am transported at the prospect of my happiness. When she loses her father, she will find me.

Epicurus. Now say I to you, Metrodorus, what I never said to another: I deliver to your keeping the most abstruse and the most dubious of my doctrines. Never divulge it.

Metrodorus. Impart it first.

Epicurus. Marry! Good, generous Metrodorus, in thy heart lies thy wisdom; nor there only: the vase is capacious, but the luxuriant plant overruns the marge on every side.

Metrodorus. You ponder, even after the delivery of your sentence.

Epicurus. There are two things which, beyond all others, both experienced and inexperienced should alike be slow to recommend.

Metrodorus. Have you stated them in any of your writings?

Epicurus. I often have reflected, but never have written, upon them. The two things are medicine and matrimony. What is good for this patient is inapplicable to that. How many have murdered both stranger and friend by advising a medicament which to others may perhaps have been salutary! How many have found, under the saffron strewn thinly in the path of Hymen, the pungent and crooked and entangling thorn! Inconsiderate, and worse than inconsiderate, is inducing the unwary to deviate from a path which lies open and smooth before him, and where he is walking on contentedly. The married soon discover each other's faults and imperfections; soon lose sight of what attracted them; and the eyes sometimes droop, sometimes wander. The bride too frequently sheds her petals in the porch; the wife treads upon them, and they are swept away. Instead of lute and lyre, sounds are presently heard within the house louder than the cymbal, but unlike it, unless in clashing. It will not be thus with you, my Metrodorus; therefore to you say I — *marry! marry!*

XVI. MENANDER AND EPICURUS.

Menander. Another year! another year! my old friend! *To the garden! to the garden once more,* said I to myself, as the dawn entered my chamber.

Epicurus. Sit down by me; you seem fatigued.

Menander. The sun is now ascending the heavens at full speed. I prefer the white dapples of his horses, such as I saw when we were starting together, to their fume and foam which I now feel about me. Ah, Epicurus! I wish I was as thin as you are. A few stadions make me drag my heels after me with a chain about them.

Epicurus. If you were as thin and angular as I am, the arts would have lost a rich ornament. Your statue, in a sitting posture, is the most beautiful and the most characteristic of any in our city. There is ease in thoughtfulness, and pleasantry in wisdom; there is also a warm day, like the present, in the attitude.

Menander. The gods be gracious to me! but they have scarcely left breath enough in my body to walk twenty more paces.

Epicurus. And why should you?

Menander. To gather another cyclamen. Since the last, Actene has bequeathed to you, I hear, the greater part of her property: just as if her wishes that you would espouse her Ternissa had been accomplished.

Epicurus. We were born in the same Olympiad, if not in the same Archonate. Thramites, her husband, was willing and desirous that I should educate their daughter. He often brought her with him to hear me, while she was yet a child. Unlearned as he was, he had collected many books, some in Athens, some in Miletus, some on the borders of the Nile. Being a merchant, he was obliged to take in payment these occasionally; and he consulted me what authors the little girl should read. Never was I more puzzled; at last I recommended *Æsop's Fables* and the *Histories of Herodotus;* but under my tuition. The pious mother stealthily interfered, but I dissembled my knowledge of this interference. Ternissa

was admonished by me to obey her in all things, especially in regard to the gods.

Menander. You astonish me.

Epicurus. My good Menander! obedience to parents, in all things lawful, is the most sacred of duties, and the earliest to be taught. We know not what the gods may hereafter give us, or intend for us; but we do know that they have given us parents. We do know that parents love us instinctively, and that one of them hath suffered much for us ere she knew us. Gratitude then — which is the better part of religion, and worth all the rest, even of the purer — draws us toward the sources of our existence.

Menander. Leontion has related to me that her friend Ternissa was averse to study.

Epicurus. The fault, if there is any fault in it, is mine. I would not perplex, or suffer her to be perplexed, by systems of what we call philosophy. But we often read together a few pages of Natural History, from the entertaining and instructive pages of Aristoteles.

Menander. What is become of the numerous volumes collected by her father?

Epicurus. They are sold, and carried to Alexandria.

Menander. Actene, it is said, bequeathed them all to you; together with the rest of her property.

Epicurus. She did.

Menander. And you sold them?

Epicurus. No, indeed; but in my small house there is no room for books or property. It could, however, hold a porphyry vase large enough for a child to bathe in; and two additional volumes, one the Odyssea, the other the poems of Simonides.

Menander. Dissemble no more your love of poetry; one of these contains the most imaginative, the other the purest, the tenderest, the most elegant.

Epicurus. The Odyssea was my delight in boyhood.

Menander. Simonides must have drawn forth some of your earliest and your latest tears.

Epicurus. For which reason I was resolved they should draw forth none more precious. Two years before the death of Ternissa, I found her with these pages in her hands. "Ternissa," said I, "give me the smile that does not sparkle

so." The sparkle ran down her cheeks, the smile left it. "Give me that book." She gave it, and I took it home. Within the hour I returned, carrying the Odyssea with me. She was sitting alone, not expecting me, yet looking as one expectant. "Thank you," said she, "thank you, Epicurus! It was silly in me to shed a tear; me who am so happy." The happy one sighed; the wise one was confounded. "Ternissa," said I, "we will make an exchange. Here is a book containing more true tenderness than yours does, together with trials of endurance, victory over vain wishes, reward for fidelity, and return to domestic peace." One deeper sigh ensued.

Menander. Long treasured in the bosom of Epicurus, it now breathes softly on his friends.

Epicurus. Seven years, nearly eight, has that shadow gone among those other shadows which vanish in succession from the earth. Can you tell me, could I ever tell myself, whether she has left me more of pain or pleasure? It seems to me that I thought of her, while she was living, with less of tenderness than I do now. Often with anxiety then, now with none. Memory grows more and more merciful; and the harrow roots up the weeds for wholesome seeds to grow.

Menander. When we met in this garden last year, we threw away on politics as much time as we could have counted a hundred in, and been better employed in doing it. Leontion tells me that you no longer are communicative with her about her younger friend. Hardly then can I expect that you will be more so with me, desirous as I am of hearing whatever I can learn about one who brought to you so much happiness.

Epicurus. Incredulous as you must be, Leontion was jealous. No wonder you laugh.

Menander. Incredulity is not much addicted to laughter. Four years are somewhat more than an Olympiad in the days of women. Such, if I remember, was about the difference in theirs; and Leontion must now have seen the lugubrious flight of thirty years. She speaks of you with reverence, which a man beyond fifty must do his best to bear. I suspect that my seated figure would hardly have procured for me such an expression. And now, may I ask of you whether you possess any little statue of the sweet Ternissa?

Epicurus. None.

Menander. My question, I fear, is imprudent, and offends.

Epicurus. Fear no such a thing. Whatever is interesting to me is interesting to my friend.

Menander. The spring, I remember, waited for Ternissa, and would not go without her.

Epicurus. We crowned her with some of the flowers she had cherished. Maternal fondness, not without an apprehension that her beauty might attract the Macedonian, kept her within the house, when the fresh air might have been beneficial to her health.

Menander. O Epicurus! in my own despite, and in despite of my piety, you drive me again into politics. Never have I cursed the Macedonians so heartily for the shame and sorrow they have inflicted on us, as for the few of them which darkened the house of Ternissa. And now let me repeat to you a few verses which are neither comic nor consolatory; nor such perhaps as will ever be sung at the festivals of those barbarians. They are more applicable to the people of Attica, and some others:

Ye whom your earthly gods condemn to heave
The stone of Sisyphus uphill for ever,
Do not, if ye have heard of him, believe,
As your forefathers did, that he was clever.

Strength in his arm, and wisdom in his head,
He would have hurl'd his torment higher still,
And would have brought them down with it, instead
Of thus turmoiling at their wanton will.

Epicurus. Methinks it would have been more godlike if they had inspired him to break the stone, and had kept him to mend the roads with it. But such imaginations are as ill adapted to our garden as iron benches would be, offering us rest, and giving us uneasiness and disquiet. If hereabout are only a few tufts of smooth and soft grass, we need not however peer into every quarter for the sharpest flints to set our feet on. If we have no images of nymphs and naiads, let us at least be exempt from such as represent the stronger animals tearing and devouring the weaker.

Menander. We have numerous artists chiselling in this school, who thrive prodigiously.

Epicurus. Verily the stones are broken small enough, but the other party will never do the business, with their present overseers. You have taken me for a moment out of the chamber in which I loved to linger.

Menander. If there is no indiscretion in the request, I would entreat to enter it with you again; for I much admire the chamber of that powerful and innocent girl, and I have often been desirous of seeing it reflected by you in some calm later hour: the hour is now come.

Epicurus. There is cheerfulness in the sunshine, but there is somewhat in the dusk beyond the best of cheerfulness. Light was withdrawn from me with Ternissa; but it is not in the glare of day that we see the stars, and feel the coolness of the heavens. In the morn of life we are alert, we are heated in its noon, and only in its decline do we repose.

Menander. But you in every stage of it have been temperate and serene.

Epicurus. None are; but some greatly more than others. Abstinence from public life, and from general society, has given me leisure for thought and meditation. Metrodorus and you are the only men I have admitted to familiarity.

Menander. Never were two more different.

Epicurus. In habitudes and pursuits. You propel your thoughts into action, and throw wisdom into the gaping mouth of the laughing multitude. Metrodorus turns his little fish on the gridiron over a handful of charcoal, puts it between two slices of black bread and two rows of ready teeth, swallows a large cupful of fresh water, and sleeps soundly after it.

Menander. I doubt whether Ternissa would have been contented with his repast.

Epicurus. She preferred her mother's, and even mine, although I seldom offered to her more than a small basketful of well-ripened fruit, which she usually carried home with her; because the figs of this garden, especially the green and the yellow, were in favor with her mother.

Menander. And now tell me, if not disagreeable to you, how it happened that her mother, so fond of her, never thought of employing a sculptor to retain her youth and beauty.

Epicurus. Earlier, she might never have thought of losing her; later, when I suggested that it should be done in the meridian of her health and loveliness, she laughed at my enthusiasm: "*Time enough yet*," said she. O Menander! what miseries in all ages have these three words produced! how many duties have they caused to be unfulfilled! how many keen regrets have they excited! When the mother saw, or

fancied she saw, that her girl's slender form grew slenderer, she sent for the same sculptor who had been so successful in me. Ternissa was never disobedient to her mother, but she now was incompliant. Was it that I might be sent for to give my opinion? I was sent for, and went. Several days had passed since I had seen her. She was now sitting on the bedside, in a close yellow tunic, not reaching the gray sandals. "See how thin she is," said Actene. I stopped the hand that was on the shoulder! Ternissa smiled approvingly. "Do you desire my bust, O Epicurus?" "*Bust?* child! *statue* we want." She opened her eyes wide, turned them away from us, caught up her pillow, buried her face in it, and said, almost inaudibly, "O mother, mother!" "We will have Ternissa," said I, "we will have no statue, no bust." She turned round languidly, and kissed my hand and cheek; then, turning to her mother, she said to her, "Thank for me, bless for me, Epicurus." Little thought I, and little thought Actene, that our beloved one was so soon about to leave us. My visits had been frequent, but irregular. Usually I went to the house at noon, when the citizens and soldiers were at dinner or asleep; and the distance was short. Actene told me that one day, shortly after the customary hour, she found her child weak and fevered, and could not refrain from telling her. The reply was, "I may be weak and feverish, but Epicurus is wiser than either of us; and, if he were not confident and certain of my speedy recovery, he would not have been absent from us three whole days." Indeed I was unaware of any danger. The first day Actene sent her maid for me, and I met her on the road. On my first inquiry, she told me her young mistress had recovered all her freshness, and had gained more. I found it true. The morning was excessively hot. I kissed her forehead; she took my hand and kissed it. "Remember the strawberries," said she, and a faint blush and fainter smile played momentarily over her cheek. "The blossoms must be dropping fast, and the fruit must be setting: water it for me; I cannot go and help you." She sighed, leaned forward, and I caught her in my arms. "*Kind heart*," said Actene to me: she might have said, *broken one*. Inconsiderate! inconsistent! When Ternissa had for ever ceased to weep, I wept.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Epicurus. Menander! can it be Menander I see before me? Ah! indeed it is; for no other man alive would press so heartily the hand of an old friend.

Menander. Do not lose your philosophy in your emotion, my Epicurus.

Epicurus. I would lose it any day on such a bargain. There is no danger of any man carrying his best affections to excess, provided they be not adulterated with worse.

Menander. Do you know what day it is?

Epicurus. I know it, and was thinking of it when you entered the garden.

Menander. Alas! my Epicurus, on this very day we behold the middle of our centenary.

Epicurus. True; but why *alas?* We may do wiser things, and utter wiser, than we ever have yet done or uttered. Even you may; although I always have thought you, beyond all comparison, the wisest man Greece ever gave birth to.

Menander. Is such an opinion as consistent with philosophy as with friendship?

Epicurus. I do not always weigh my words before I utter them; but I always weigh my thoughts before I turn them out into words. Among the most celebrated of our philosophers, as they were pleased to call themselves, I have found little else than clever quibbles and defence of pernicious falsehoods. I should have called Demosthenes the wisest of mankind, he being at once the most acute, the most eloquent, the most virtuous, the most patriotic. But this last virtue, which was perhaps the most prominent of them, induces me to think him defective in solidity of wisdom. He defended the Commonwealth when he stood alone: was this rational?

Menander. He defended my father: and then also he stood alone.

Epicurus. But there he knew his power of persuasion and his probability of gaining the cause. Against the Macedonian no chance remained. And now, Menander, let me ask you a question. Did you ever in the course of your life hear me converse with you, or any man, so long on politics?

Menander. Never: and I may with equal confidence ask of

you the same question in regard to me. There is only one government worth defending, and even that government is neither worth anxiety nor productive of it. Here it lies: with me under a loose and flowing robe, with you under one shorter and more succinct. Leontion, and that pretty little Themisto, whom Leontion used to call *Terenissa*, and she herself and you *Ternissa*, never agitated to more than a sunny ripple your gentle and fond bosom. Glycera with me was more mischievously playful, and dipped her wand more deeply.

Epicurus. Are you never discomposed, O Menander, at seeing those coarser images and grosser follies which you describe with such accuracy and in such diversity?

Menander. Not at all; nor indeed do I see the hundredth part of them. Imagination is quite as fond of comedy as of the tragic or epic.

Epicurus. But you must sometimes have walked in unseemly and uncleanly places.

Menander. Rarely and unwillingly. Others have lived and labored for me. Precious stones are imbedded in sterile rocks, and pearls in foul putridity. I do not gather them, although I polish, wear, and display them.

Leontion more than once has puzzled and perplexed me by the intricacies of her discourse, and by attempting to lead me into abstruse investigations; Glycera, on the contrary, is so simple, I would not say *silly*, that I pick up from her incessantly fresh ideas, or the nutriment of them, without her ever perceiving or suspecting it, which would render her intolerably vain. The sweetness of her temper would not let her be arrogant if she found me out, but she would become less girlish. If we would caress, we must stoop.

Epicurus. Leontion is age-ing a little. Death had pity on Ternissa, and crowned her in her spring of youth. There is only one cypress in this garden: under it, surrounded by strawberries, lies Ternissa. O Menander! how these plants, planted by her, cooled my cheek; how nearly they comforted my heart. the first moment I threw myself upon them!

Menander. And there are those who eulogize, and also those who rebuke, the apathy of Epicurus!

Epicurus. Both are right. The passion of love may be indulged by good citizens, the sentiment by the wise recluse. Ternissa died on my bosom, and died happy; less happy

would she have been had I died on hers. She bequeathed me this thought for the assuagement of my grief; it were ungrateful to renounce or to forget it.

Menander. Leontion, with her usual affability and politeness, congratulates me always on the success of my comedies.

Epicurus. Then you must meet often; for although you sometimes are less popular than your competitor, you excel him invariably.

Menander. I asked Polemon whether he never blushed at the preference given to him over me.

"*What is a blush,*" said Polemon, "*when it is to be divided among so many?*"

Epicurus. I never heard of this reply.

Menander. I doubt whether he repeated it to any one: I have not until now.

Epicurus. You retain your equanimity on your defeat, as indeed I might have expected you would do.

Menander. Surely it is the least you might have expected from me, when our defeats and failures affect with no small pleasure so many of our friends. They receive a great satisfaction in meeting us with their condolences, and in lifting up their eyes at the injustice of the world.

As you never go to the theatre, and are contented to hear from me the philosophy I throw occasionally on the stage, I will repeat to you a couple of verses from my successful opponent; not that in this matter we are opponents at all, neither of us being in the sad category here described: —

> There are two miseries in human life:
> To live without a friend, and with a wife.

Such are the expressions of *Misogamos*. When they were reported to Diogenes on his death-bed at Corinth, he raised himself upon his elbow, and said, "I am no conjectural critic, but I suspect the young poet wrote *dog*, not *friend*, unless he intended a synonyme."

Polemon writes admirably, and possesses the advantage of studying his own personages. Neither you nor I are much disposed to mingle with the people, or to face them on any occasion.

Epicurus. It is what beyond all things I have the most avoided, unless it be to sit down at dinner with several others.

Loud language, discharges of it across the table, the smell of meat intermixed with it, and often both of them together in the same mouth at the same time, would be to me such a penalty as your graver brethren of the buskin never have inflicted on the most criminal in the infernal regions.

Menander. Many thanks to you, Epicurus, for giving me the frame-work of a new comedy. What think you of some such title as *The Deipnosophists?*

Epicurus. Our Macedonians would delight in it; but it requires the exertion of your whole genius to make it palatable to our Demos. Something of the Attic is yet left in Attica.

Menander. The Demos could swallow fare even less delicate, set before them by Aristophanes. Observe, whatever may be my self-complacency, I lay no claim to equality with the most harmonious and facetious of poets. Ages will pass away, and crops of follies will spring up season after season, and be mowed down again; but never will comedian arise to the level of this Hymettian lark, building the nest upon the ground, and soaring in full song among the *Clouds*.

Epicurus. I have conversed with few poets familiarly; you are the only one I ever encountered free from invidiousness and self-conceit. Aristophanes, in his *Birds*, has turned into well-merited ridicule the framers of imaginary commonwealths. If any such could be introduced into our country, they who sigh at all would sigh for the return of the Macedonians. To me the fresh air of this elevated garden is a perennial fountain of delight; *you* must breathe the breath of the people.

Menander. I confess to you, I enjoy it.

Epicurus. May you never lose your enjoyment, or experience a diminution of it. Every man should enjoy what he can enjoy innocently, and without trespassing upon others. You have written more than any man, and better than any. Even in Homer there are tedious passages, and long ones; but I question whether the most fastidious critic would expunge twenty verses from your hundred thousand.

Menander. Gently! gently! Hundred thousand!

Epicurus. You have composed nearly a hundred comedies: each contains at least a thousand verses; some contain many more.

Menander. Is it possible?

Epicurus. Possible is it that any poet in existence has never counted the lines he wrote?

Menander. Jocularity made me insensible to labor, and I never counted the seeds I scattered from my sack over so extensive a field.

I wonder whether the greatest of our poets, since Homer, could have felt the same degree of pleasure. Æschylus, I am inclined to believe, is almost as inventive as even Homer himself. We have no other poet who either has displayed much invention or much discrimination and truth of character. Poor Æschylus! what must he have suffered while he and his Prometheus were under the vulture, and creatures more ferocious than vultures stood taunting round about! He had his task to do, and he did it — how grandly!

I do not believe you care very much about poetry?

Epicurus. Perhaps it is because I am so ignorant of it. I confess to you that, when I used to read tragedies, they affected me more than I thought desirable. I collect from your comedies what are the manners of the Athenians, and I read of them more complacently than I could live among them. We are pleased in pictures with what would displease us in real life.

Menander. May I walk up to the cypress?

Epicurus. Yes, if you promise me that you will not break off a particle.

Menander. I promise; let us go.

Epicurus. Menander! go alone. You are among the few I would ever walk a hundred paces with, and thither not even with you. Gather as many strawberries as you can find, for the day is hot, and they are refreshing. The few violets have ceased to blossom, but there is another flower which Ternissa transplanted from among the rocks into this little mound: it was her favorite, and I cannot but fancy that it returns me the odor of her cool, sweet face. It is the white cyclamen: you may gather one flower, but not give it away when you go home.

Menander. Parsimonious man! I will obey, however.

Epicurus. So soon returned?

Menander. There is no inscription.

Epicurus. Ah, yes there is.

Menander. I did not see it.

Epicurus. It is not well you should. The cypress, the cyclamen, the violet, will outlast it. Pure, tender love wrote it where none shall find it.

I often bring her image before me; gentle, serene, impassive. Menander! my Menander! Life has much to give us, and Death has little to take away; therefore the one is to be cherished, the other neither to be deplored nor feared. While we retain our memory, we also retain, if we are wise and virtuous, the best of our affections; when we lose it, we lose together with it the worst of our calamities. Sleep, every night, deprives men of that faculty which it is (inconsiderately!) thought an evil to lose in the last days of life.

Menander. Frankly do I confess to you, Epicurus, that I would rather lose my memory than my teeth. One of these losses carries its own remedy with it: we know not, or know but imperfectly, that it is gone; of the other loss we are reminded at least twice a day, and we curse the impotence of cookery. At present I am spared my maledictions: I carry my arms stoutly in high polish, especially when I celebrate the intermarriage of young kid with old Chian. There are among us some who, on their return from Persia and Babylonia, have introduced loud music into dinner-parties. Can you imagine any thing more barbarous? A festival ought to be a solemnity, and a dinner-party is a festival. During the meal there ought to be silence; after it music as much as you please: it dilutes the grossness of conversation, and corrects its insipidity. Added to which, there is somewhat in music which breathes an aroma over the wine.

Epicurus. Of this you can judge better than I can, who drink water only; and I would rather see kid upon the mountain than upon the table. Yet I also have my delicacies: I am much addicted to sweet and light cakes flavored with rose-water, and to whatever is composed of fruit and cream, not excluding from my hospitable board any quail or partridge that may alight upon it. I do not perceive, my Menander, that the advance of age has produced any material difference in our tempers and dispositions.

Menander. O my friend, you have always been readier to scrutinize your own heart than your neighbor's. Perhaps I never exhibited in your presence the imperfections of mine; indeed in your company I never was inclined to be impetuous

or impatient. Bad men grow worse by keeping, as bad wines do. The unwise are rendered more morose by years, the wise more temperate and gentle. You, who are the essence of tranquillity, are unchanged for the worse or the better; while other philosophers indulge their pride, their arrogance, their resentments toward those nearest them, reserving all their good qualities for the gods. Tranquillity is enjoyment, and it is folly to look for it elsewhere. The passions drive it from the house: it is hazarded in society; it is lost in crowds. Philosophy will always bring it to us, if she knows where to find us and we will wait for her; but we must not behave like children who fight for the ball. She avoids contention, and never scolds or wrangles; never puzzles with a maze of thorny interrogations, in which Truth is farther out of sight at every turn, and the artificer of the clipped hedge shows us no way out of the labyrinth.

You are among the few, or I should rather have said you stand the foremost and most distinct, of those who walk quietly with her and converse unostentatiously. It is not pride which withholds you from turning round upon the captious and casting them at your feet.

Epicurus. I never answer an adversary.

Menander. You confer enough of honor by hearing him.

Epicurus. Even this honor I have no right to claim.

Menander. But there are extravagances which you might correct without exciting your bile (if you have any in you) by the least of intercourse.

Epicurus. I suspect, my good Menander, that you enjoy the follies of men in our rotten State as flies enjoy fruit in its decay.

Menander. What can we do with such men as those about us better than laugh at them?

Epicurus. Nothing with them, but much by keeping apart. If they laugh at each other for their weaknesses and their vices, these, countenanced and cherished by pleasantry, will become habitual and will increase.

Menander. If I exhorted them to be virtuous, they would ask me what virtue is. My father would have answered, that patriotism is a main part of it; and for such an assertion no Demosthenes could have saved him from the sword of the executioner. One wise man took the poison presented to him

by the cup-bearer of the State; another saved the State that ceremonial. Things are not so bad but we are still permitted to laugh; if we wept, we should be called to a strict account for every tear.

Epicurus. It would be folly to shed one. There are virtuous men among us who feel sorely the ignominy of living under the domination of the stranger. Inconsiderate! Is this, which is now unavoidable, so low a condition as it is to be defrauded of freedom by those in whom we trusted, and to be unable or unwilling to make them responsible for their misdeeds?

Menander. No slave is clever enough to tie his own hands behind him: only they who call themselves free have acquired this accomplishment.

Epicurus. I live unmolested in my retirement. My philosophy does not irritate or excite. I have what I want of it for home-consumption, and am willing, but not anxious, that others should take the rest.

Menander. This indeed is true philosophy, yours exclusively. Socrates had a barking stomach for controversy and quibble; Xenophon was half traitor, Plato complete sycophant. Perverseness actuated one, vanity the other: one left Philosophy outside the camp; the other left her a prostitute in the palace. Far away from both, the graver and better Aristoteles was induced to be the guide of a wild youth, but unwilling and unable to be the keeper of a madman; the gods have given to Epicurus more than Epicurus could find among the gods.

Epicurus. Smile, my friend, as you will about them, they have given him a calm conscience, a spirit averse to disputation, and a friend to enjoy his garden with him uninterrupted; a friend even dearer than solitude.

XVII. LUCIAN AND TIMOTHEUS.

Timotheus. I am delighted, my Cousin Lucian, to observe how popular are become your *Dialogues of the Dead.* Nothing can be so gratifying and satisfactory to a rightly disposed mind as the subversion of imposture by the force of ridicule.

It hath scattered the crowd of heathen gods as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of them. Now, I am confident you never would have assailed the false religion, unless you were prepared for the reception of the true. For it hath always been an indication of rashness and precipitancy, to throw down an edifice before you have collected materials for reconstruction.

Lucian. Of all metaphors and remarks, I believe this of yours, my good Cousin Timotheus, is the most trite, and, pardon me if I add, the most untrue. Surely we ought to remove an error the instant we detect it, although it may be out of our competence to state and establish what is right. A lie should be exposed as soon as born: we are not to wait until a healthier child is begotten. Whatever is evil in any way should be abolished. The husbandman never hesitates to eradicate weeds, or to burn them up, because he may not happen at the time to carry a sack on his shoulder with wheat or barley in it. Even if no wheat or barley is to be sown in future, the weeding and burning are in themselves beneficial, and something better will spring up.

Timotheus. That is not so certain.

Lucian. Doubt it as you may, at least you will allow that the temporary absence of evil is an advantage.

Timotheus. I think, O Lucian, you would reason much better if you would come over to our belief.

Lucian. I was unaware that belief is an encourager and guide to reason.

Timotheus. Depend upon it, there can be no stability of truth, no elevation of genius, without an unwavering faith in our holy mysteries. Babes and sucklings who are blest with it stand higher, intellectually as well as morally, than stiff unbelievers and proud sceptics.

Lucian. I do not wonder that so many are firm holders of this novel doctrine. It is pleasant to grow wise and virtuous at so small an expenditure of thought or time. This saying of yours is exactly what I heard spoken with angry gravity not long ago.

Timotheus. Angry? no wonder! for it is impossible to keep our patience when truths so incontrovertible are assailed. What was your answer?

Lucian. My answer was: If you talk in this manner, my

honest friend, you will excite a spirit of ridicule in the gravest and most saturnine men, who never had let a laugh out of their breasts before. Lie to *me*, and welcome; but beware lest your own heart take you to task for it, reminding you that both anger and falsehood are reprehended by all religions, yours included.

Timotheus. Lucian! Lucian! you have always been called profane.

Lucian. For what? for having turned into ridicule the gods whom you have turned out of house and home, and are reducing to dust?

Timotheus. Well; but you are equally ready to turn into ridicule the true and holy.

Lucian. In other words, to turn myself into a fool. He who brings ridicule to bear against Truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.

Timotheus. Fine talking! Do you know, you have really been called an atheist?

Lucian. Yes, yes; I know it well. But, in fact, I believe there are almost as few atheists in the world as there are Christians.

Timotheus. How! as few? Most of Europe, most of Asia, most of Africa, is Christian.

Lucian. Show me five men in each who obey the commands of Christ, and I will show you five hundred in this very city who observe the dictates of Pythagoras. Every Pythagorean obeys his defunct philosopher; and almost every Christian disobeys his living God. Where is there one who practises the most important and the easiest of his commands, to abstain from strife? Men easily and perpetually find something new to quarrel about; but the objects of affection are limited in number, and grow up scantily and slowly. Even a small house is often too spacious for them, and there is a vacant seat at the table. Religious men themselves, when the Deity has bestowed on them every thing they prayed for, discover, as a peculiar gift of Providence, some fault in the actions or opinions of a neighbor; and run it down, crying and shouting after it, with more alacrity and more clamor than boys would a leveret or a squirrel in the play-ground.

Are our years and our intellects, and the word of God itself, given us for this, O Timotheus?

Timotheus. A certain latitude, a liberal construction —

Lucian. Ay, ay! These "liberal constructions" let loose all the worst passions into those "certain latitudes." The priests themselves, who ought to be the poorest, are the richest; who ought to be the most obedient, are the most refractory and rebellious. All trouble and all piety are vicarious. They send missionaries, at the cost of others, into foreign lands, to teach observances which they supersede at home. I have ridiculed the puppets of all features, all colors, all sizes, by which an impudent and audacious set of impostors have been gaining an easy livelihood these two thousand years.

Timotheus. Gently! gently! Ours have not been at it yet two hundred. We abolish all idolatry. We know that Jupiter was not the father of gods and men; we know that Mars was not the Lord of Hosts; we know who is: we are quite at ease upon that question.

Lucian. Are you so fanatical, my good Timotheus, as to imagine that the Creator of the world cares a fig by what appellation you adore him? — whether you call him on one occasion Jupiter on another Apollo? I will not add Mars or Lord of Hosts; for, wanting as I may be in piety, I am not, and never was, so impious as to call the Maker the Destroyer: to call him Lord of Hosts who, according to your holiest of books, declared so lately and so plainly that he permits no hosts at all; much less will he take the command of one against another. Would any man in his senses go down into the cellar, and seize first an amphora from the right, and then an amphora from the left, for the pleasure of breaking them in pieces, and of letting out the wine he had taken the trouble to put in? We are not contented with attributing to the gods our own infirmities: we make them even more wayward, even more passionate, even more exigent and more malignant; and then some of us try to coax and cajole them, and others run away from them outright.

Timotheus. No wonder; but only in regard to yours: and even those are types.

Lucian. There are honest men who occupy their lives in discovering types for all things.

Timotheus. Truly and rationally thou speakest now. Honest men and wise men above their fellows are they, and the greatest of all discoverers. There are many types above thy reach, O Lucian!

Lucian. And one which my mind, and perhaps yours also, can comprehend. There is in Italy, I hear, on the border of a quiet and beautiful lake,* a temple dedicated to Diana; the priests of which temple have murdered each his predecessor for unrecorded ages.

Timotheus. What of that? They were idolaters.

Lucian. They made the type, however: take it home with you, and hang it up in your temple.

Timotheus. Why! you seem to have forgotten on a sudden that I am a Christian: you are talking of the heathens.

Lucian. True! true! I am near upon eighty years of age, and to my poor eyesight one thing looks very like another.

Timotheus. You are too indifferent.

Lucian. No indeed! I love those best who quarrel least, and who bring into public use the most civility and good-humor.

Timotheus. Our holy religion inculcates this duty especially.

Lucian. Such being the case, a pleasant story will not be thrown away upon you. Xenophanes, my townsman of Samosata, was resolved to buy a new horse: he had tried him, and liked him well enough. I asked him why he wished to dispose of his old one, knowing how sure-footed he was, how easy in his paces, and how quiet in his pasture. "Very true, O Lucian," said he; "the horse is a clever horse: noble eye, beautiful figure, stately step; rather too fond of neighing and of shuffling a little in the vicinity of a mare; but tractable and good tempered." "I would not have parted with him then," said I. "The fact is," replied he, "my grandfather, whom I am about to visit, likes no horses but what are *Saturnized.* To-morrow I begin my journey: come and see me set out." I went at the hour appointed. The new purchase looked quiet and demure; but *he* also pricked up his ears, and gave sundry other tokens of equinity, when the more interesting part of his fellow-creatures came near him. As the morning oats began to operate, he grew more and more unruly, and snapped at one friend of Xenophanes, and sidled against an-

* The lake of Nemi.

other, and gave a kick at a third. "All in play! all in play!" said Xenophanes; "his nature is more of a lamb's than a horse's." However, these mute salutations being over, away went Xenophanes. In the evening, when my lamp had just been replenished for the commencement of my studies, my friend came in striding as if he still were across the saddle. "I am apprehensive, O Xenophanes," said I, "your new acquisition has disappointed you." "Not in the least," answered he. "I do assure you, O Lucian, he is the very horse I was looking out for." On my requesting him to be seated, he no more thought of doing so than if it had been in the presence of the Persian king. I then handed my lamp to him, telling him (as was true) it contained all the oil I had in the house, and protesting I should be happier to finish my *Dialogue* in the morning. He took the lamp into my bedroom, and appeared to be much refreshed on his return. Nevertheless, he treated his chair with great delicacy and circumspection, and evidently was afraid of breaking it by too sudden a descent. I did not revert to the horse; but he went on of his own accord. "I declare to you, O Lucian, it is impossible for me to be mistaken in a palfrey. My new one is the only one in Samosata that could carry me at one stretch to my grandfather's." "But *has* he?" said I, timidly. "No; he has not yet," answered my friend. "To-morrow then, I am afraid, we really must lose you." "No," said he; "the horse does trot hard; but he is the better for that: I shall soon get used to him." In fine, my worthy friend deferred his visit to his grandfather; his rides were neither long nor frequent; he was ashamed to part with his purchase, boasted of him every where; and, humane as he is by nature, could almost have broken on the cross the quiet, contented owner of old Bucephalus.

Timotheus. Am I to understand by this, O Cousin Lucian, that I ought to be contented with the impurities of paganism?

Lucian. Unless you are very unreasonable. A moderate man finds plenty in it.

Timotheus. We abominate the deities who patronize them, and we hurl down the images of the monsters.

Lucian. Sweet cousin! be tenderer to my feelings! In such a tempest as this, my spark of piety may be blown out. Hold your hand cautiously before it, until I can find my way. Be-

lieve me, no deities (out of their own houses) patronize immorality; none patronize unruly passions, least of all the fierce and ferocious. In my opinion, you are wrong in throwing down the images of those among them who look on you benignly: the others I give up to your discretion. But I think it impossible to stand habitually in the presence of a sweet and open countenance, graven or depicted, without in some degree partaking of the character it expresses. Never tell any man that he can derive no good, in his devotions, from this or from that: abolish neither hope nor gratitude.

Timotheus. God is offended at vain efforts to represent him.

Lucian. No such thing, my dear Timotheus. If you knew him at all, you would not talk of him so irreverently. He is pleased, I am convinced, at every effort to resemble him, at every wish to remind both ourselves and others of his benefits. You cannot think so often of him without an effigy.

Timotheus. What likeness is there in the perishable to the unperishable?

Lucian. I see no reason why there may not be a similitude. All that the senses can comprehend may be represented by any material: clay or fig-tree, bronze or ivory, porphyry or gold. Indeed, I have a faint remembrance that, according to your sacred volumes, man was made by God after his own image. If so, man's intellectual powers are worthily exercised in attempting to collect all that is beautiful, serene, and dignified, and to bring him back to earth again by showing him the noblest of his gifts, the work most like his own. Surely he cannot hate or abandon those who thus cherish his memory, and thus implore his regard. Perishable and imperfect is every thing human; but in these very qualities I find the best reason for striving to attain what is least so. Would not any father be gratified by seeing his child attempt to delineate his features? And would not the gratification be rather increased than diminished by his incapacity? How long shall the narrow mind of man stand between goodness and omnipotence? Perhaps the effigy of your ancestor, Isknos, is unlike him: whether it is or no, you cannot tell; but you keep it in your hall, and would be angry if anybody broke it to pieces or defaced it. Be quite sure there are many who think as much of their gods as you think of your ancestor, Isknos, and who

see in their images as good a likeness. Let men have their own way, especially their way to the temples. It is easier to drive them out of one road than into another. Our judicious and good-humored Trajan has found it necessary on many occasions to chastise the law-breakers of your sect, indifferent as he is what gods are worshipped, so long as their followers are orderly and decorous. The fiercest of the Dacians never knocked off Jupiter's beard, or broke an arm of Venus; and the emperor will hardly tolerate in those who have received a liberal education what he would punish in barbarians. Do not wear out his patience; try rather to imitate his equity, his equanimity, and forbearance.

Timotheus. I have been listening to you with much attention, O Lucian, for I seldom have heard you speak with such gravity. And yet, O Cousin Lucian, I really do find in you a sad deficiency of that wisdom which alone is of any value. You talk of Trajan! what is Trajan?

Lucian. A beneficent citizen, an impartial judge, a sagacious ruler; the comrade of every brave soldier, the friend and associate of every man eminent in genius throughout his empire, the empire of the world. All arts, all sciences, all philosophies, all religions, are protected by him. Wherefore his name will flourish, when the proudest of these have perished in the land of Egypt. Philosophies and religions will strive, struggle, and suffocate one another. Priesthoods, I know not how many, are quarrelling and scuffling in the street at this instant, all calling on Trajan to come and knock an antagonist on the head; and the most peaceful of them, as it wishes to be thought, proclaiming him an infidel for turning a deaf ear to its imprecations. Mankind was never so happy as under his guidance; and he has nothing now to do but to put down the battles of the gods. If they must fight it out, he will insist on our neutrality.

Timotheus. He has no authority and no influence over us in matters of faith. A wise and upright man, whose serious thoughts lead him forward to religion, will never be turned aside from it by any worldly consideration or any human force.

Lucian. True: but mankind is composed not entirely of the upright and the wise. I suspect that we may find some, here and there, who are rather too fond of novelties in the

furniture of temples ; and I have observed that new sects are apt to warp, crack, and split, under the heat they generate. Our homely old religion has run into fewer quarrels, ever since the Centaurs and Lapiths (whose controversy was on a subject quite comprehensible), than yours has engendered in twenty years.

Timotheus. We shall obviate that inconvenience by electing a supreme pontiff to decide all differences. It has been seriously thought about long ago ; and latterly we have been making out an ideal series down to the present day, in order that our successors in the ministry may have stepping-stones up to the fountain-head. At first the disseminators of our doctrines were equal in their commission ; we do not approve of this any longer, for reasons of our own.

Lucian. You may shut, one after another, all our other temples ; but, I plainly see, you will never shut the temple of Janus. The Roman empire will never lose its pugnacious character while your sect exists. The only danger is, lest the fever rage internally and consume the vitals. If you sincerely wish your religion to be long-lived, maintain in it the spirit of its constitution, and keep it patient, humble, abstemious, domestic, and zealous only in the services of humanity. Whenever the higher of your priesthood shall attain the riches they are aiming at, the people will envy their possessions and revolt from their impostures. Do not let them seize upon the palace, and shove their God again into the manger.

Timotheus. Lucian ! Lucian ! I call this impiety !

Lucian. So do I, and shudder at its consequences. Caverns which at first look inviting, the roof at the aperture green with overhanging ferns and clinging mosses, then glittering with native gems and with water as sparkling and pellucid, freshening the air all around, — these caverns grow darker and closer, until you find yourself among animals that shun the daylight, adhering to the walls, hissing along the bottom, flapping, screeching, gaping, glaring, making you shrink at the sounds, and sicken at the smells, and afraid to advance or retreat.

Timotheus. To what can this refer ? Our caverns open on verdure, and terminate in veins of gold.

Lucian. Veins of gold, my good Timotheus, such as your excavations have opened and are opening, in the spirit of ava-

rice and ambition, will be washed (or as you would say *purified*) in streams of blood. Arrogance, intolerance, resistance to authority and contempt of law, distinguish your aspiring sectarians from the other subjects of the empire.

Timotheus. Blindness hath often a calm and composed countenance; but, my cousin Lucian, it usually hath also the advantage of a cautious and a measured step. It hath pleased God to blind you, like all the other adversaries of our faith; but he has given you no staff to lean upon. You object against us the very vices from which we are peculiarly exempt.

Lucian. Then it is all a story, a fable, a fabrication, about one of your earlier leaders cutting off with his sword a servant's ear? If the accusation is true, the offence is heavy. For not only was the wounded man innocent of any provocation, but he is represented as being in the service of the High Priest at Jerusalem. Moreover, from the direction and violence of the blow, it is evident that his life was aimed at. According to law, you know, my dear cousin, all the party might have been condemned to death as accessories to an attempt at murder. I am unwilling to think so unfavorably of your sect; nor indeed do I see the possibility that, in such an outrage, the principal could be pardoned. For any man but a soldier to go about armed is against the Roman law, which, on that head, as on many others, is borrowed from the Athenian; and it is incredible that in any civilized country so barbarous a practice can be tolerated. Travellers do indeed relate that, in certain parts of India, there are princes at whose courts even civilians are armed. But *traveller* hath occasionally the same signification as *liar*, and *India* as *fable*. However, if the practice really does exist in that remote and rarely visited country, it must be in some region of it very far beyond the Indus or the Ganges; for the nations situated between those rivers are, and were in the reign of Alexander and some thousand years before his birth, as civilized as the Europeans: nay, incomparably more courteous, more industrious, and more pacific, — the three grand criterions.

But answer my question: is there any foundation for so mischievous a report?

Timotheus. There was indeed, so to say, an ear, or something of the kind, abscinded; probably by mistake. But High Priests' servants are propense to follow the swaggering gait

of their masters, and to carry things with a high hand, in such wise as to excite the choler of the most quiet. If you knew the character of the eminently holy man who punished the atrocious insolence of that bloody-minded wretch, you would be sparing of your animadversions. We take him for our model.

Lucian. I see you do.

Timotheus. We proclaim him Prince of the apostles.

Lucian. I am the last in the world to question his princely qualifications; but, if I might advise you, it should be to follow in preference him whom you acknowledge to be an unerring guide; who delivered to you his ordinances with his own hand, equitable, plain, explicit, compendious, and complete; who committed no violence, who countenanced no injustice, whose compassion was without weakness, whose love was without frailty, whose life was led in humility, in purity, in beneficence, and at the end laid down in obedience to his Father's will.

Timotheus. Ah, Lucian! what strangely imperfect notions! All that is little.

Lucian. Enough to follow.

Timotheus. Not enough to compel others. I did indeed hope, O Lucian! that you would again come forward with the irresistible arrows of your wit, and unite with us against our adversaries. By what you have just spoken, I doubt no longer that you approve of the doctrines inculcated by the blessed founder of our religion.

Lucian. To the best of my understanding.

Timotheus. So ardent is my desire for the salvation of your precious soul, O my cousin! that I would devote many hours of every day to disputation with you, on the principal points of our Christian controversy.

Lucian. Many thanks, my kind Timotheus! But I think the blessed founder of your religion very strictly forbade that there should be *any* points of controversy. Not only has he prohibited them on the doctrines he delivered, but on every thing else. Some of the most obstinate might never have doubted of his divinity, if the conduct of his followers had not repelled them from the belief of it. How can they imagine you sincere when they see you disobedient? It is in vain for you to protest that you worship the God of Peace,

when you are found daily in the courts and market-places with clenched fists and bloody noses. I acknowledge the full value of your offer; but really I am as anxious for the salvation of your precious time, as you appear to be for the salvation of my precious soul; particularly since I am come to the conclusion that souls cannot be lost, and that time can.

Timotheus. We mean by *salvation* exemption from eternal torments.

Lucian. Among all my old gods and their children, morose as some of the senior are, and mischievous as are some of the junior, I have never represented the worst of them as capable of inflicting such atrocity. Passionate and capricious and unjust are several of them; but a skin stripped off the shoulder, and a liver tossed to a vulture, are among the worst of their inflictions.

Timotheus. This is scoffing.

Lucian. Nobody but an honest man has a right to scoff at any thing.

Timotheus. And yet people of a very different cast are usually those who scoff the most.

Lucian. We are apt to push forward at that which we are without, — the low-born at titles and distinctions, the silly at wit, the knave at the semblance of probity. But I was about to remark, that an honest man may fairly scoff at all philosophies and religions which are proud, ambitious, intemperate, and contradictory. The thing most adverse to the spirit and essence of them all is falsehood. It is the business of the philosophical to seek truth; it is the office of the religious to worship her: under what name, is unimportant. The falsehood that the tongue commits is slight in comparison with what is conceived by the heart, and executed by the whole man, throughout life. If, professing love and charity to the human race at large, I quarrel day after day with my next neighbor; if, professing that the rich can never see God, I spend in the luxuries of my household a talent monthly; if, professing to place so much confidence in his word, that, in regard to worldly weal, I need take no care for to-morrow, I accumulate stores even beyond what would be necessary, as though I quite distrusted both his providence and his veracity; if, professing that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," I question the Lord's security, and haggle with him about the

amount of the loan; if, professing that I am their steward, I keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emolument of my stewardship, — how, when God hates liars and punishes defrauders, shall I, and other such thieves and hypocrites, fare hereafter?

Timotheus. Let us hope there are few of them.

Lucian. We cannot hope against what is: we may however hope that in future these will be fewer; but never while the overseers of a priesthood look for offices out of it, taking the lead in politics, in debate, and strife. Such men bring to ruin all religion, but their own first, and raise unbelievers not only in divine providence, but in human faith.

Timotheus. If they leave the altar for the market-place, the sanctuary for the senate-house, and agitate party questions instead of Christian verities, everlasting punishments await them.

Lucian. Everlasting?

Timotheus. Certainly: at the very least. I rank it next to heresy in the catalogue of sins; and the Church supports my opinion.

Lucian. I have no measure for ascertaining the distance between the opinions and practices of men: I only know that they stand widely apart in all countries on the most important occasions; but this newly-hatched word *heresy*, alighting on my ear, makes me rub it. A beneficent God descends on earth in the human form, to redeem us from the slavery of sin, from the penalty of our passions: can you imagine he will punish an error in opinion, or even an obstinacy in unbelief, with everlasting torments? Supposing it highly criminal to refuse to weigh a string of arguments, or to cross-question a herd of witnesses, on a subject which no experience hath warranted and no sagacity can comprehend; supposing it highly criminal to be contented with the religion which our parents taught us, which they bequeathed to us as the most precious of possessions, and which it would have broken their hearts if they had foreseen we should cast aside, — yet are eternal pains the just retribution of what at worst is but indifference and supineness?

Timotheus. Our religion has clearly this advantage over yours: it teaches us to regulate our passions.

Lucian. Rather say it *tells* us. I believe all religions do

the same ; some indeed more emphatically and primarily than others ; but *that* indeed would be incontestably of divine origin, and acknowledged at once by the most sceptical, which should thoroughly teach it. Now, my friend Timotheus, I think you are about seventy-five years of age.

Timotheus. Nigh upon it.

Lucian. Seventy-five years, according to my calculation, are equivalent to seventy-five gods and goddesses in regulating our passions for us, if we speak of the amatory, which are always thought in every stage of life the least to be pardoned.

Timotheus. Execrable !

Lucian. I am afraid the sourest hang longest on the tree. Mimnermus says, —*

> In early youth we often sigh
> Because our pulses beat so high ;
> All this we conquer, and at last
> We sigh that we are grown so chaste.

Timotheus. Swine !

Lucian. No animal sighs oftener or louder. But, my dear cousin, the quiet swine is less troublesome and less odious than the grumbling and growling and fierce hyena, which will not let the dead rest in their graves. We may be merry with the follies and even the vices of men, without doing or wishing them harm : punishment should come from the magistrate, not from us. If we are to give pain to any one because he thinks differently from us, we ought to begin by inflicting a few smart stripes on ourselves ; for both upon light and upon grave occasions, if we have thought much and often, our opinions must have varied. We are always fond of seizing and managing what appertains to others. In the savage state all belongs to all. Our neighbors the Arabs, who stand between barbarism and civilization, waylay travellers and plunder their equipage and their gold. The wilier marauders in Alexandria start up from under the shadow of temples, force us to change our habiliments for theirs, and strangle us with fingers dipped in holy water if we say they sit uneasily.

Timotheus. This is not the right view of things.

Lucian. That is never the right view which lets in too much light. About two centuries have elapsed since your religion

* Query, *where ?*

was founded. Show me the pride it has humbled; show me the cruelty it has mitigated; show me the lust it has extinguished or repressed. I have now been living ten years in Alexandria; and you never will accuse me, I think, of any undue partiality for the system in which I was educated: yet, from all my observation, I find no priest or elder, in your community, wise, tranquil, firm, and sedate, as Epicurus, and Carneades, and Zeno, and Epictetus; or indeed in the same degree as some who were often called forth into political and military life, — Epaminondas, for instance, and Phocion.

Timotheus. I pity them from my soul: they were ignorant of the truth: they are lost, my cousin! take my word for it, they are lost men.

Lucian. Unhappily, they are. I wish we had them back again; or that, since we have lost them, we could at least find among us the virtues they left for our example.

Timotheus. Alas, my poor cousin! you too are blind: you do not understand the plainest words, nor comprehend those verities which are the most evident and palpable. Virtues! if the poor wretches had any, they were false ones.

Lucian. Scarcely ever has there been a politician, in any free state, without much falsehood and duplicity. I have named the most illustrious exceptions. Slender and irregular lines of a darker color run along the bright blade that decides the fate of nations, and may indeed be necessary to the perfection of its temper. The great warrior hath usually his darker lines of character, necessary (it may be) to constitute his greatness. No two men possess the same quantity of the same virtues, if they have many or much. We want some which do not far outstep us, and which we may follow with the hope of reaching; we want others to elevate, and others to defend us. The order of things would be less beautiful without this variety. Without the ebb and flow of our passions, but guided and moderated by a beneficent light above, the ocean of life would stagnate; and zeal, devotion, eloquence, would become dead carcasses, collapsing and wasting on unprofitable sands. The vices of some men cause the virtues of others, as corruption is the parent of fertility.

Timotheus. O my cousin! this doctrine is diabolical.

Lucian. What is it?

Timotheus. Diabolical: a strong expression in daily use among us. We turn it a little from its origin.

Lucian. Timotheus, I love to sit by the side of a clear water, although there is nothing in it but naked stones. Do not take the trouble to muddy the stream of language for my benefit: I am not about to fish in it.

Timotheus. Well; we will speak about things which come nearer to your apprehension. I only wish you were somewhat less indifferent in your choice between the true and the false.

Lucian. We take it for granted that what is not true must be false.

Timotheus. Surely we do.

Lucian. This is erroneous.

Timotheus. Are you grown captious? Pray explain.

Lucian. What is not true, I need not say, must be untrue: but that alone is false which is intended to deceive. A witness may be mistaken, yet you would not call him a false witness unless he asserted what he knew to be false.

Timotheus. Quibbles upon words!

Lucian. On words, on quibbles, if you please to call distinctions so, rests the axis of the intellectual world. A winged word hath stuck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation; on a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations; on a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity. Hence the most pernicious of absurdities, far exceeding in folly and mischief the worship of three-score gods: namely, that an implicit faith in what outrages our reason, which we know is God's gift and bestowed on us for our guidance, — that this weak, blind, stupid faith is surer of his favor than the constant practice of every human virtue. They at whose hands one prodigious lie, such as this, hath been accepted, may reckon on their influence in the dissemination of many smaller, and may turn them easily to their own account. Be sure they will do it sooner or later. The fly floats on the surface for a while, but up springs the fish at last and swallows it.

Timotheus. Was ever man so unjust as you are? The abominable old priesthoods are avaricious and luxurious; ours is willing to stand or fall by maintaining its ordinances of fellowship and frugality. Point out to me a priest of our religion whom you could, by any temptation or entreaty, so far mislead that he shall reserve for his own consumption one loaf, one plate of lentils, while another poor Christian hungers. In the meanwhile the priests of Isis are proud and wealthy, and admit none of the indigent to their tables. And now, to tell you the whole truth, my Cousin Lucian, I come to you this morning to propose that we should lay our heads together, and contrive a merry dialogue on these said priests of Isis. What say you?

Lucian. These said priests of Isis have already been with me, several times, on a similar business in regard to yours.

Timotheus. Malicious wretches! What slyness! what perfidy!

Lucian. Beside, they have attempted to persuade me that your religion is borrowed from theirs, altering a name a little, and laying the scene of action in a corner, in the midst of obscurity and ruins.

Timotheus. The wicked dogs! the hellish liars! We have nothing in common with such vile impostors. Are they not ashamed of taking such unfair means of lowering us in the estimation of our fellow-citizens? And so, they artfully came to you, craving any spare gibe to throw against us! They lie open to these weapons, — we do not: we stand above the malignity, above the strength, of man. You would do justly in turning their own devices against them: it would be amusing to see how they would look. If you refuse me, I am resolved to write a *Dialogue of the Dead*, myself, and to introduce these hypocrites in it.

Lucian. Consider well first, my good Timotheus, whether you can do any such thing with propriety; I mean to say judiciously in regard to composition.

Timotheus. I always thought you generous and open-hearted, and quite inaccessible to jealousy.

Lucian. Let nobody ever profess himself so much as that; for, although he may be insensible of the disease, it lurks within him, and only waits its season to break out. But really, my cousin, at present I feel no symptoms: and, to

prove that I am ingenuous and sincere with you, these are my reasons for dissuasion. We believers in the Homeric family of gods and goddesses believe also in the locality of Tartarus and Elysium. We entertain no doubt whatever that the passions of men and demigods and gods are nearly the same above ground and below; and that Achilles would dispatch his spear through the body of any shade who would lead Briseis too far among the myrtles, or attempt to throw the halter over the ears of any chariot-horse belonging to him in the meads of asphodel. We admit no doubt of these verities, delivered down to us from the ages when Theseus and Hercules had descended into Hades itself. Instead of a few stadions in a cavern, with a bank and a bower at the end of it, under a very small portion of our diminutive Hellas, you Christians possess the whole cavity of the earth for punishment, and the whole convex of the sky for felicity.

Timotheus. Our passions are burnt out amid the fires of purification, and our intellects are elevated to the enjoyment of perfect intelligence.

Lucian. How silly then and incongruous would it be, not to say how impious, to represent your people as no better and no wiser than they were before, and discoursing on subjects which no longer can or ought to concern them! Christians must think your *Dialogue of the Dead* no less irreligious than their opponents think mine, and infinitely more absurd. If indeed you are resolved on this form of composition, there is no topic which may not, with equal facility, be discussed on earth; and you may intersperse as much ridicule as you please, without any fear of censure for inconsistency or irreverence. Hitherto such writers have confined their view mostly to speculative points, sophistic reasonings, and sarcastic interpellations.

Timotheus. Ha! you are always fond of throwing a little pebble at the lofty Plato, whom we, on the contrary, are ready to receive (in a manner) as one of ourselves.

Lucian. To throw pebbles is a very uncertain way of showing where lie defects. Whenever I have mentioned him seriously, I have brought forward, not accusations, but passages from his writings, such as no philosopher or scholar, or moralist, can defend.

Timotheus. His doctrines are too abstruse and too sublime for you.

Lucian. Solon, Anaxagoras, and Epicurus, are more sublime, if truth is sublimity.

Timotheus. Truth is indeed; for God is truth.

Lucian. We are upon earth to learn what can be learnt upon earth, and not to speculate on what can never be. This you, O Timotheus, may call philosophy: to me it appears the idlest of curiosity; for every other kind may teach us something, and may lead to more beyond. Let men learn what benefits men; above all things, to contract their wishes, to calm their passions, and, more especially, to dispel their fears. Now these are to be dispelled, not by collecting clouds, but by piercing and scattering them. In the dark we may imagine depths and heights immeasurable, which, if a torch be carried right before us, we find it easy to leap across. Much of what we call sublime is only the residue of infancy, and the worst of it.

The philosophers I quoted are too capacious for schools and systems. Without noise, without ostentation, without mystery, not quarrelsome, not captious, not frivolous, their lives were commentaries on their doctrines. Never evaporating into mist, never stagnating into mire, their limpid and broad morality runs parallel with the lofty summits of their genius.

Timotheus. Genius! was ever genius like Plato's?

Lucian. The most admired of his *Dialogues*, his *Banquet*, is beset with such puerilities, deformed with such pedantry, and disgraced with such impurity, that none but the thickest beards, and chiefly of the philosophers and the satyrs, should bend over it. On a former occasion he has given us a specimen of history, than which nothing in our language is worse: here he gives us one of poetry, in honor of Love, for which the god has taken ample vengeance on him, by perverting his taste and feelings. The grossest of all the absurdities in this dialogue is attributing to Aristophanes, so much of a scoffer and so little of a visionary, the silly notion of male and female having been originally complete in one person, and walking circuitously. He may be joking: who knows?

Timotheus. Forbear! forbear! do not call this notion a silly one: he took it from our Holy Scriptures, but perverted it somewhat. Woman was made from man's rib, and did not require to be cut asunder all the way down: this is no proof of bad reasoning, but merely of misinterpretation.

Lucian. If you would rather have bad reasoning, I will

adduce a little of it. Farther on, he wishes to extol the wisdom of Agathon by attributing to him such a sentence as this: —

"It is evident that Love is the most beautiful of the gods, *because* he is the youngest of them."

Now, even on earth, the youngest is not always the most beautiful; how infinitely less cogent then is the argument when we come to speak of the immortals, with whom age can have no concern! There was a time when Vulcan was the youngest of the gods: was he also, at that time, and for that reason, the most beautiful? Your philosopher tells us, moreover, that "Love is of all deities the most *liquid;* else he never could fold himself about every thing, and flow into and out of men's souls."

The last three sentences of Agathon's rhapsody are very harmonious, and exhibit the finest specimen of Plato's style; but we, accustomed as we are to hear him lauded for his poetical diction, should hold that poem a very indifferent one which left on the mind so superficial an impression. The garden of Academus is flowery without fragrance, and dazzling without warmth: I am ready to dream away an hour in it after dinner, but I think it unsalutary for a night's repose. So satisfied was Plato with his *Banquet*, that he says of himself, in the person of Socrates, "How can I or any one but find it difficult to speak after a discourse so eloquent? It would have been wonderful if the brilliancy of the sentences at the end of it, and the choice of expression throughout, had not astonished all the auditors. I, who can never say any thing nearly so beautiful, would if possible have made my escape, and have fairly run off for shame." He had indeed much better run off before he made so wretched a pun on the name of Gorgias. "I dreaded," says he, "lest Agathon, *measuring my discourse by the head of the eloquent Gorgias, should turn me to stone* for inability of utterance."

Was there ever joke more frigid? What painful twisting of unelastic stuff! If Socrates was the wisest man in the world, it would require another oracle to persuade us, after this, that he was the wittiest. But surely a small share of common sense would have made him abstain from hazarding such failures. He falls on his face in very flat and very dry ground; and, when he gets up again, his quibbles are well-nigh as tedi-

ous as his witticisms. However, he has the presence of mind to throw them on the shoulders of Diotima, whom he calls a prophetess, and who, ten years before the Plague broke out in Athens, obtained from the gods (he tells us) that delay. Ah! the gods were doubly mischievous: they sent her first. Read her words, my cousin, as delivered by Socrates; and if they have another Plague in store for us, you may avert it by such an act of expiation.

Timotheus. The world will have ended before ten years are over.

Lucian. Indeed!

Timotheus. It has been pronounced.

Lucian. How the threads of belief and unbelief run woven close together in the whole web of human life! Come, come; take courage! you will have time for your *Dialogue*. Enlarge the circle; enrich it with a variety of matter, enliven it with a multitude of characters, occupy the intellect of the thoughtful, the imagination of the lively; spread the board with solid viands, delicate rarities, and sparkling wines; and throw along the whole extent of it geniality and festal crowns!

Timotheus. What writer of dialogues hath ever done this, or undertaken, or conceived, or hoped it?

Lucian. None whatever; yet surely you yourself may when even your babes and sucklings are endowed with abilities incomparably greater than our niggardly old gods have bestowed on the very best of us.

Timotheus. I wish, my dear Lucian, you would let our babes and sucklings lie quiet, and say no more about them: as for your gods, I leave them at your mercy. Do not impose on me the performance of a task in which Plato himself, if he had attempted it, would have failed.

Lucian. No man ever detected false reasoning with more quickness; but unluckily he called in Wit at the exposure, and Wit, I am sorry to say, held the lowest place in his household. He sadly mistook the qualities of his mind in attempting the facetious; or rather he fancied he possessed one quality more than belonged to him. But, if he himself had not been a worse quibbler than any whose writings are come down to us, we might have been gratified by the exposure of wonderful acuteness wretchedly applied. It is no small service to the community to turn into ridicule the grave impos-

tors, who are contending which of them shall guide and govern us, whether in politics or religion. There are always a few who will take the trouble to walk down among the sea-weeds and slippery stones, for the sake of showing their credulous fellow-citizens that skins filled with sand, and set upright at the forecastle, are neither men nor merchandise.

Timotheus. I can bring to mind, O Lucian, no writer possessing so great a variety of wit as you.

Lucian. No man ever possessed any variety of this gift; and the holder is not allowed to exchange the quality for another. Banter (and such is Plato's) never grows large, never sheds its bristles, and never do they soften into the humorous or the facetious.

Timotheus. I agree with you that banter is the worst species of wit. We have indeed no correct idea what persons those really were whom Plato drags by the ears, to undergo slow torture under Socrates. One sophist, I must allow, is precisely like another: no discrimination of character, none of manner, none of language.

Lucian. He wanted the fancy and fertility of Aristophanes.

Timotheus. Otherwise, his mind was more elevated and more poetical.

Lucian. Pardon me if I venture to express my dissent in both particulars. Knowledge of the human heart, and discrimination of character, are requisites of the poet. Few ever have possessed them in an equal degree with Aristophanes: Plato has given no indication of either.

Timotheus. But consider his imagination.

Lucian. On what does it rest? He is nowhere so imaginative as in his *Polity*. Nor is there any State in the world that is, or would be, governed by it. One day you may find him at his counter in the midst of old-fashioned toys, which crack and crumble under his fingers while he exhibits and recommends them; another day, while he is sitting on a goat's bladder, I may discover his bald head surmounting an enormous mass of loose chaff and uncleanly feathers, which he would persuade you is the pleasantest and healthiest of beds, and that dreams descend on it from the gods.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what Zeus shall send you,"

says Aristophanes in his favorite metre. In this helpless

condition of closed optics and hanging jaw, we find the followers of Plato. It is by shutting their eyes that they see, and by opening their mouths that they apprehend. Like certain broad-muzzled dogs, all stand equally stiff and staunch, although few scent the game, and their lips wag and water at whatever distance from the net. We must leave them with their hands hanging down before them, confident that they are wiser than we are, were it only for this attitude of humility. It is amusing to see them in it before the tall, well-robed Athenian, while he mis-spells the charms and plays clumsily the tricks he acquired from the conjurers here in Egypt. I wish you better success with the same materials. But in my opinion all philosophers should speak clearly. The highest things are the purest and brightest; and the best writers are those who render them the most intelligible to the world below. In the arts and sciences, and particularly in music and metaphysics, this is difficult; but the subjects not being such as lie within the range of the community, I lay little stress upon them, and wish authors to deal with them as they best may; only beseeching that they recompense us, by bringing within our comprehension the other things with which they are intrusted for us. The followers of Plato fly off indignantly from any such proposal. If I ask them the meaning of some obscure passage, they answer that I am unprepared and unfitted for it, and that his mind is so far above mine I cannot grasp it. I look up into the faces of these worthy men, who mingle so much commiseration with so much calmness, and wonder at seeing their look no less vacant than my own.

Timotheus. You have acknowledged his eloquence, while you derided his philosophy and repudiated his morals.

Lucian. Certainly; there was never so much eloquence with so little animation. When he has heated his oven, he forgets to put the bread into it; instead of which, he throws in another bundle of fagots. His words and sentences are often too large for the place they occupy. If a water-melon is not to be placed in an oyster-shell, neither is a grain of millet in a golden salver. At high festivals a full band may enter; ordinary conversation goes on better without it.

Timotheus. There is something so spiritual about him, that many of us Christians are firmly of opinion he must have been partially enlightened from above.

Lucian. I hope and believe we all are. His entire works are in our library: do me the favor to point out to me a few of those passages where in poetry he approaches the spirit of Aristophanes, or where in morals he comes up to Epictetus.

Timotheus. It is useless to attempt it if you carry your prejudices with you. Beside, my dear cousin, I would not offend you; but really your mind has no point about it which could be brought to contact or affinity with Plato's.

Lucian. In the universality of his genius there must surely be some atom coincident with another in mine. You acknowledge, as everybody must do, that his wit is the heaviest and lowest: pray, is the specimen he has given us of history at all better?

Timotheus. I would rather look to the loftiness of his mind, and the genius that sustains him.

Lucian. So would I. Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it. The voice ought not to be perpetually nor much elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing; nor is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander; nor are the rampires always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet to the infant of Andromache, and Achilles to the embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose-writer who opens his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry; neither on the contrary can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a corn-field. Be authority as old and obstinate as it may, never let it persuade you that a man is the stronger for being unable to keep himself on the ground, or the weaker for breathing quietly and softly on ordinary occasions. Tell me over and over that you find every great quality in Plato: let me only once ask you in return, whether he ever is ardent and energetic, whether he wins the affections, whether he agitates the heart? Finding him deficient in every one of these faculties, I think his disciples have extolled him too highly. Where power is absent, we may find the robes of genius, but we miss the throne. He would acquit a slave who killed another in self-defence; but if he killed any free man even in self-defence, he was not only

to be punished with death, but to undergo the cruel death of a parricide. This effeminate philosopher was more severe than the manly Demosthenes, who quotes a law against the striking of a slave; and Diogenes, when one ran away from him, remarked that it would be horrible if Diogenes could not do without a slave, when a slave could do without Diogenes.

Timotheus. Surely the allegories of Plato are evidences of his genius?

Lucian. A great poet in the hours of his idleness may indulge in allegory; but the highest poetical character will never rest on so unsubstantial a foundation. The poet must take man from God's hands, must look into every fibre of his heart and brain, must be able to take the magnificent work to pieces, and to reconstruct it. When this labor is completed, let him throw himself composedly on the earth, and care little how many of its ephemeral insects creep over him. In regard to these allegories of Plato, about which I have heard so much, pray what and where are they? You hesitate, my fair cousin Timotheus! Employ one morning in transcribing them, and another in noting all the passages which are of practical utility in the commerce of social life, or purify our affections at home, or excite and elevate our enthusiasm in the prosperity and glory of our country. Useful books, moral books, instructive books, are easily composed, and surely so great a writer should present them to us without blot or blemish: I find among his many volumes no copy of a similar composition. My enthusiasm is not easily raised indeed; yet such a whirlwind of a poet must carry it away with him: nevertheless, here I stand, calm and collected, not a hair of my beard in commotion. Declamation will find its echo in vacant places: it beats ineffectually on the well-furnished mind. Give me proof; bring the work; show the passages; convince, confound, overwhelm me.

Timotheus. I may do that another time with Plato. And yet, what effect can I hope to produce on an unhappy man who doubts even that the world is on the point of extinction?

Lucian. Are there many of your association who believe that this catastrophe is so near at hand?

Timotheus. We all believe it; or, rather, we all are certain of it.

Lucian. How so? Have you observed any fracture in the

disk of the sun? Are any of the stars loosened in their orbits? Has the beautiful light of Venus ceased to pant in the heavens, or has the belt of Orion lost its gems?

Timotheus. Oh for shame!

Lucian. Rather should I be ashamed of indifference on so important an occasion.

Timotheus. We know the fact by surer signs.

Lucian. These, if you could vouch for them, would be sure enough for me. The least of them would make me sweat as profusely as if I stood up to the neck in the hot preparation of a mummy. Surely no wise or benevolent philosopher could ever have uttered what he knew or believed might be distorted into any such interpretation. For if men are persuaded that they and their works are so soon about to perish, what provident care are they likely to take in the education and welfare of their families? What sciences will they improve, what learning will they cultivate, what monuments of past ages will they be studious to preserve, who are certain that there can be no future ones? Poetry will be censured as rank profaneness, eloquence will be converted into howls and execrations, statuary will exhibit only Midases and Ixions, and all the colors of painting will be mixed together to produce one grand conflagration: *flammantia mœnia mundi.*

Timotheus. Do not quote an atheist; especially in Latin. I hate the language: the Romans are beginning to differ from us already.

Lucian. Ah! you will soon split into smaller fractions. But pardon me my unusual fault of quoting. Before I let fall a quotation I must be taken by surprise. I seldom do it in conversation, seldomer in composition; for it mars the beauty and unity of style, especially when it invades it from a foreign tongue. A quoter is either ostentatious of his acquirements or doubtful of his cause. And, moreover, he never walks gracefully who leans upon the shoulder of another, however gracefully that other may walk. Herodotus, Plato, Aristoteles, Demosthenes, are no quoters. Thucydides, twice or thrice, inserts a few sentences of Pericles; but Thucydides is an emanation of Pericles, somewhat less clear indeed, being lower, although at no great distance from that purest and most pellucid source. The best of the Romans, I agree

with you, are remote from such originals, if not in power of mind, or in acuteness of remark, or in sobriety of judgment, yet in the graces of composition. While I admired, with a species of awe such as not Homer himself ever impressed me with, the majesty and sanctimony of Livy, I have been informed by learned Romans that in the structure of his sentences he is often inharmonious, and sometimes uncouth. I can imagine such uncouthness in the goddess of battles, confident of power and victory, when part of her hair is waving round the helmet, loosened by the rapidity of her descent or the vibration of her spear. Composition may be too adorned even for beauty. In painting, it is often requisite to cover a bright color with one less bright; and in language, to relieve the ear from the tension of high notes, even at the cost of a discord. There are urns of which the borders are too prominent and too decorated for use, and which appear to be brought out chiefly for state, at grand carousals. The author who imitates the artificers of these shall never have my custom.

Timotheus. I think you judge rightly: but I do not understand languages; I only understand religion.

Lucian. He must be a most accomplished, a most extraordinary man, who comprehends them both together. We do not even talk clearly when we are walking in the dark.

Timotheus. Thou art not merely walking in the dark, but fast asleep.

Lucian. And thou, my cousin, wouldst kindly awaken me with a red-hot poker! I have but a few paces to go along the corridor of life: prythee let me turn into my bed again and lie quiet. Never was any man less an enemy to religion than I am, whatever may be said to the contrary: and you shall judge of me by the soundness of my advice. If your leaders are in earnest, as many think, do persuade them to abstain from quarrelsomeness and contention, and not to declare it necessary that there should perpetually be a religious as well as a political war between east and west. No honest and considerate man will believe in their doctrines who, inculcating peace and good-will, continue all the time to assail their fellow-citizens with the utmost rancor at every divergency of opinion, and, forbidding the indulgence of the kindlier affections, exercise at full stretch the fiercer. This is certain: if they obey any commander, they will never sound a charge

when his order is to sound a retreat; if they acknowledge any magistrate, they will never tear down the tablet of his edicts.

Timotheus. We have what is all-sufficient.

Lucian. I see you have.

Timotheus. You have ridiculed all religion and all philosophy.

Lucian. I have found but little of either. I have cracked many a nut, and have come only to dust or maggots.

Timotheus. To say nothing of the saints, are all philosophers fools or impostors? And, because you cannot rise to the ethereal heights of Plato, nor comprehend the real magnitude of a man so much above you, must he be a dwarf?

Lucian. The best sight is not that which sees best in the dark or the twilight, for no objects are then visible in their true colors and just proportions; but it is that which presents to us things as they are, and indicates what is within our reach and what is beyond it. Never were any three writers of high celebrity so little understood in the main character, as Plato, Diogenes, and Epicurus. Plato is a perfect master of logic and rhetoric; and whenever he errs in either, as I have proved to you he does occasionally, he errs through perverseness, not through unwariness. His language often settles into clear and most beautiful prose, often takes an imperfect and incoherent shape of poetry, and often, cloud against cloud, bursts with a vehement detonation in the air. Diogenes was hated both by the vulgar and the philosophers. By the philosophers, because he exposed their ignorance, ridiculed their jealousies, and rebuked their pride; by the vulgar, because they never can endure a man, apparently of their own class, who avoids their society and partakes in none of their humors, prejudices, and animosities. What right has he to be greater or better than they are? — he who wears older clothes, who eats staler fish, and possesses no vote to imprison or banish anybody. I am now ashamed that I mingled in the rabble, and that I could not resist the childish mischief of smoking him in his tub. He was the wisest man of his time, not excepting Aristoteles; for he knew that he was greater than Philip or Alexander. Aristoteles did not know that he himself was, or, knowing it, did not act up to his knowledge; and here is a deficiency of wisdom.

Timotheus. Whether you did or did not strike the cask,

Diogenes would have closed his eyes equally. He would never have come forth and seen the truth, had it shone upon the world in that day. But, intractable as was this recluse, Epicurus I fear is quite as lamentable. What horrible doctrines!

Lucian. Enjoy, said he, the pleasant walks where you are; repose and eat gratefully the fruit that falls into your bosom; do not weary your feet with an excursion, at the end whereof you will find no resting-place; reject not the odor of roses for the fumes of pitch and sulphur. What horrible doctrines!

Timotheus. Speak seriously. He was much too bad for ridicule.

Lucian. I will then speak as you desire me, seriously. His smile was so unaffected and so graceful, that I should have thought it very injudicious to set my laugh against it. No philosopher ever lived with such uniform purity, such abstinence from censoriousness, from controversy, from jealousy, and from arrogance.

Timotheus. Ah, poor mortal! I pity him, as far as may be; he is in hell: it would be wicked to wish him out; we are not to murmur against the all-wise dispensations.

Lucian. I am sure he would not; and it is therefore I hope he is more comfortable than you believe.

Timotheus. Never have I defiled my fingers, and never will I defile them, by turning over his writings. But in regard to Plato I can have no objection to take your advice.

Lucian. He will reward your assiduity; but he will assist you very little if you consult him principally (and eloquence for this should principally be consulted) to strengthen your humanity. Grandiloquent and sonorous, his lungs seem to play the better for the absence of the heart. His imagination is the most conspicuous, buoyed up by swelling billows over unsounded depths. There are his mild thunders, there are his glowing clouds, his traversing coruscations, and his shooting stars. More of true wisdom, more of trustworthy manliness, more of promptitude and power to keep you steady and straightforward on the perilous road of life, may be found in the little manual of Epictetus, which I could write in the palm of my left hand, than there is in all the rolling and redundant volumes of this mighty rhetorician, — which you may begin to transcribe on the summit of the great Pyramid, carry down

over the Sphynx at the bottom, and continue on the sands half-way to Memphis. And indeed the materials are appropriate; one part being far above our sight, and the other on what, by the most befitting epithet, Homer calls the *no-corn-bearing*.

Timotheus. There are many who will stand against you on this ground.

Lucian. With what perfect ease and fluency do some of the dullest men in existence toss over and discuss the most elaborate of all works! How many myriads of such creatures would be insufficient to furnish intellect enough for any single paragraph in them! Yet, "*we think this*," "*we advise that*," are expressions now become so customary, that it would be difficult to turn them into ridicule. We must pull the creatures out while they are in the very act, and show who and what they are. One of these fellows said to Caius Fuscus in my hearing, that there was a time when it was permitted him to doubt occasionally on particular points of criticism, but that the time was now over!

Timotheus. And what did you think of such arrogance? What did you reply to such impertinence?

Lucian. Let me answer one question at a time. First: I thought him a legitimate fool, of the purest breed. Secondly: I promised him I would always be contented with the judgment he had rejected, leaving him and his friends in the enjoyment of the rest.

Timotheus. And what said he?

Lucian. I forget. He seemed pleased at my acknowledgment of his discrimination, at my deference and delicacy. He wished, however, I had studied Plato, Xenophon, and Cicero more attentively; without which preparatory discipline no two persons could be introduced advantageously into a dialogue. I agreed with him on this position, remarking that we ourselves were at that very time giving our sentence on the fact. He suggested a slight mistake on my side, and expressed a wish that he were conversing with a writer able to sustain the opposite part. With his experience and skill in rhetoric, his long habitude of composition, his knowledge of life, of morals, and of character, he should be less verbose than Cicero, less gorgeous than Plato, and less trimly attired than Xenophon.

Timotheus. If he spoke in that manner, he might indeed be ridiculed for conceitedness and presumption; but his language is not altogether a fool's.

Lucian. I deliver his sentiments, not his words: for who would read, or who would listen to me, if such fell from me as from him? Poetry has its probabilities, so has prose: when people cry out against the representation of a dullard, *Could he have spoken all that?* "Certainly no," is the reply; neither did Priam implore, in harmonious verse, the pity of Achilles. We say only what might be said, when great postulates are conceded.

Timotheus. We will pretermit these absurd and silly men: but, Cousin Lucian! Cousin Lucian! the name of Plato will be durable as that of Sesostris.

Lucian. So will the pebbles and bricks which gangs of slaves erected into a pyramid. I do not hold Sesostris in much higher estimation than those quieter lumps of matter. They, O Timotheus, who survive the wreck of ages, are by no means, as a body, the worthiest of our admiration. It is in these wrecks, as in those at sea, — the best things are not always saved. Hen-coops and empty barrels bob upon the surface, under a serene and smiling sky, when the graven or depicted images of the gods are scattered on invisible rocks, and when those who most resemble them in knowledge and beneficence are devoured by cold monsters below.

Timotheus. You now talk reasonably, seriously, almost religiously. Do you ever pray?

Lucian. I do. It was no longer than five years ago that I was deprived by death of my dog Melanops. He had uniformly led an innocent life; for I never would let him walk out with me, lest he should bring home in his mouth the remnant of some god or other, and at last get bitten or stung by one. I reminded Anubis of this: and moreover I told him, what he ought to be aware of, that Melanops did honor to his relationship.

Timotheus. I cannot ever call it piety to pray for dumb and dead beasts.

Lucian. Timotheus! Timotheus! have you no heart? have you no dog? Do you always pray only for yourself?

Timotheus. We do not believe that dogs can live again.

Lucian. More shame for you! If they enjoy and suffer, if

they hope and fear, if calamities and wrongs befall them such as agitate their hearts and excite their apprehensions; if they possess the option of being grateful or malicious, and choose the worthier; if they exercise the same sound judgment on many other occasions, some for their own benefit and some for the benefit of their masters, — they have as good a chance of a future life, and a better chance of a happy one, than half the priests of all the religions in the world. Wherever there is the choice of doing well or ill, and that choice (often against a first impulse) decides for well, there must not only be a soul of the same nature as man's, although of less compass and comprehension, but, being of the same nature, the same immortality must appertain to it; for spirit, like body, may change, but cannot be annihilated.

It was among the prejudices of former times that pigs are uncleanly animals, and fond of wallowing in the mire for mire's sake. Philosophy has now discovered that, when they roll in mud and ordure, it is only from an excessive love of cleanliness, and a vehement desire to rid themselves of scabs and vermin. Unfortunately doubts keep pace with discoveries. They are like warts, of which the blood that springs from a great one extirpated makes twenty little ones.

Timotheus. The Hydra would be a more noble simile.

Lucian. I was indeed about to illustrate my position by the old Hydra, so ready at hand and so tractable; but I will never take hold of a hydra, when a wart will serve my turn.

Timotheus. Continue then.

Lucian. Even children are now taught, in despite of Æsop, that animals never spoke. The uttermost that can be advanced with any show of confidence is that, if they spoke at all, they spoke in unknown tongues. Supposing the fact, is this a reason why they should not be respected? Quite the contrary. If the tongues were unknown, it tends to demonstrate *our* ignorance, not *theirs*. If we could not understand them, while they possessed the gift, here is no proof that they did not speak to the purpose, but only that it was not to our purpose: which may likewise be said with equal certainty of the wisest men that ever existed. How little have we learned from them, for the conduct of life or the avoidance of calamity! Unknown tongues indeed! yes, so are all tongues to the vulgar and the negligent.

Timotheus. It comforts me to hear you talk in this manner, without a glance at our gifts and privileges.

Lucian. I am less incredulous than you suppose, my cousin! Indeed, I have been giving you what ought to be a sufficient proof of it.

Timotheus. You have spoken at last with becoming gravity, I must confess.

Lucian. Let me then submit to your judgment some fragments of history which have lately fallen into my hands. There is among them a *Hymn*, of which the metre is so incondite, and the phraseology so ancient, that the grammarians have attributed it to Linus. But the Hymn will interest you less, and is less to our purpose, than the tradition; by which it appears that certain priests of high antiquity were of the brute creation.

Timotheus. No better, any of them!

Lucian. Now you have polished the palms of your hands, I will commence my narrative from the manuscript.

Timotheus. Pray, do.

Lucian. There existed in the city of Nephosis a fraternity of priests, reverenced by the appellation of *Gasteres*. It is reported that they were not always of their present form, but were birds, aquatic and migratory, a species of cormorant. The poet Linus, who lived nearer the transformation (if there indeed was any), sings thus, in his Hymn to Zeus: —

"Thy power is manifest, O Zeus! in the Gasteres. Wild birds were they, strong of talon, clanging of wing, and clamorous of gullet. Wild birds, O Zeus! wild birds; now cropping the tender grass by the river of Adonis, and breaking the nascent reed at the root, and depasturing the sweet nymphæa; now again picking up serpents and other creeping things on each hand of old Ægyptos, whose head is hidden in the clouds.

"Oh that Mnemosyne would command the staidest of her three daughters to stand and sing before me! to sing clearly and strongly! How before thy throne, Saturnian, sharp voices arose, even the voices of Heré and of thy children! How they cried out that innumerable mortal men, various-tongued, kid-roasters in tent and tabernacle, devising in their many-turning hearts and thoughtful minds how to fabricate well-rounded spits of beech-tree, — how such men, having been

changed into brute animals, it behooved thee to trim the balance, and in thy wisdom to change sundry brute animals into men, in order that they might pour out flame-colored wine unto thee, and sprinkle the white flower of the sea upon the thighs of many bulls, to pleasure thee. Then didst thou, O storm-driver! overshadow far lands with thy dark eyebrows, looking down on them, to accomplish thy will. And then didst thou behold the Gasteres, fat, tall, prominent-crested, purple-legged, dædal-plumed, white and black, changeable in color as Iris. And lo! thou didst will it, and they were men."

Timotheus. No doubt whatever can be entertained of this Hymn's antiquity. But what farther says the historian?

Lucian. I will read on, to gratify you.

"It is recorded that this ancient order of a most lordly priesthood went through many changes of customs and ceremonies, which indeed they were always ready to accommodate to the maintenance of their authority and the enjoyment of their riches. It is recorded that, in the beginning, they kept various tame animals, and some wild ones, within the precincts of the temple; nevertheless, after a time, they applied to their own uses every thing they could lay their hands on, whatever might have been the vow of those who came forward with the offering. And when it was expected of them to make sacrifices, they not only would make none, but declared it an act of impiety to expect it. Some of the people, who feared the immortals, were dismayed and indignant at this backwardness; and the discontent at last grew universal. Whereupon, the two chief priests held a long conference together, and agreed that something must be done to pacify the multitude. But it was not until the greater of them, acknowledging his despondency, called on the gods to answer for him that his grief was only because he never could abide bad precedents; and the other, on his side, protested that he was overruled by his superior, and, moreover, had a serious objection (founded on principle) to be knocked on the head. Meanwhile, the elder was looking down on the folds of his robe, in deep melancholy. After long consideration, he sprang upon his feet, pushing his chair behind him, and said, 'Well; it is grown old, and was always too long for me; I am resolved to cut off a finger's breadth.'

"'Having, in your wisdom and piety, well contemplated the

bad precedent,' said the other, with much consternation in his countenance at seeing so elastic a spring in a heel by no means bearing any resemblance to a stag's — 'I have, I have,' replied the other, interrupting him; 'say no more; I am sick at heart; you must do the same.'

"'A cursed dog has torn a hole in mine,' answered the other; 'and, if I cut anywhere about it, I only make bad worse. In regard to its length, I wish it were as long again.' 'Brother! brother! never be worldly-minded,' said the senior. 'Follow my example: snip off it, not a finger's breadth, half a finger's breadth.'

"'But,' expostulated the other, 'will that satisfy the gods?' 'Who talked about them?' placidly said the senior. 'It is very unbecoming to have them always in our mouths: surely there are appointed times for them. Let us be contented with laying the snippings on the altar, and thus showing the people our piety and condescension. They, and the gods also, will be just as well satisfied as if we offered up a buttock of beef, with a bushel of salt, and the same quantity of wheaten flour on it.'

"'Well, if that will do — and you know best,' replied the other, 'so be it.' Saying which words, he carefully and considerately snipped off as much in proportion (for he was shorter by an inch) as the elder had done, yet leaving on his shoulders quite enough of materials to make handsome cloaks for seven or eight stout-built generals. Away they both went, arm-in-arm, and then, holding up their skirts a great deal higher than was necessary, told the gods what they two had been doing for them and their glory. About the court of the temple the sacred swine were lying in indolent composure; seeing which, the brotherly twain began to commune with themselves afresh; and the senior said repentantly, 'What fools we have been! The populace will laugh outright at the curtailment of our vestures, but would gladly have seen these animals eat daily a quarter less of the lentils.' The words were spoken so earnestly and emphatically that they were overheard by the quadrupeds. Suddenly there was a rising of all the principal ones in the sacred inclosure; and many that were in the streets took up, each according to his temperament and condition, the gravest or shrillest tone of reprobation. The thinner, and therefore the more desperate, of the

creatures, pushing their snouts under the curtailed habiliments of the priests, assailed them with ridicule and reproach. For it had pleased the gods to work a miracle in their behoof, and they became as loquacious as those who governed them, and who were appointed to speak in the high places. 'Let the worst come to the worst, we at least have our tails to our hams,' said they. 'For how long?' whined others piteously; others incessantly ejaculated tremendous imprecations; others, more serious and sedate, groaned inwardly; and, although under their hearts there lay a huge mass of indigestible sourness ready to rise up against the chief priests, they ventured no farther than expostulation. 'We shall lose our voices,' said they, 'if we lose our complement of lentils; and then, most reverend lords, what will ye do for choristers?' Finally, one of grand dimensions, who seemed almost half-human, imposed silence on every debater. He lay stretched out apart from his brethren, covering with his side the greater portion of a noble dunghill, and all its verdure, native and imported. He crashed a few measures of peascods to cool his tusks; then turned his pleasurable longitudinal eyes far toward the outer extremities of their sockets, and leered fixedly and sarcastically at the high priests, showing every tooth in each jaw. Other men might have feared them; the high priests envied them, seeing what order they were in, and what exploits they were capable of. A great painter, who flourished many Olympiads ago, has, in his volume entitled the *Canon*, defined the line of beauty! It was here in its perfection; it followed with winning obsequiousness every member, but delighted more especially to swim along that placid and pliant curvature on which Nature had ranged the implements of mastication. Pawing with his cloven hoof, he suddenly changed his countenance from the contemplative to the wrathful. At one effort he rose up to his whole length, breadth, and height; and they who had never seen him in earnest, nor separate from the common swine of the inclosure, with which he was in the habit of husking what was thrown to him, could form no idea what a prodigious beast he was. Terrible were the expressions of choler and comminations which burst forth from his fulminating tusks. Erimanthus would have hidden his puny offspring before them; and Hercules would have paused at the encounter. Thrice he called aloud to the high priests; thrice

he swore in their own sacred language that they were a couple of thieves and impostors; thrice he imprecated the worst maledictions on his own head if they had not violated the holiest of their vows, and were not ready even to sell their gods. A tremor ran throughout the whole body of the united swine, so awful was the adjuration! Even the Gasteres themselves in some sort shuddered, not perhaps altogether, at the solemn tone of its impiety, for they had much experience in these matters. But among them was a Gaster who was calmer than the swearer, and more prudent and conciliating than those he swore against. Hearing this objurgation, he went blandly up to the sacred porker, and, lifting the flap of his right ear between forefinger and thumb with all delicacy and gentleness, thus whispered into it: 'You do not in your heart believe that any of us are such fools as to sell our gods, at least while we have such a reserve to fall back upon.'

"'Are we to be devoured?' cried the noble porker, twitching his ear indignantly from under the hand of the monitor. 'Hush!' said he, laying it again most soothingly rather farther from the tusks; 'hush! sweet friend! Devoured? Oh, certainly not; that is to say, not *all;* or, if all, not all at once. Indeed, the holy men, my brethren, may perhaps be contented with taking a little blood from each of you, entirely for the advantage of your health and activity, and merely to compose a few slender black-puddings for the inferior monsters of the temple, who latterly are grown very exacting, and either are, or pretend to be, hungry after they have eaten a whole handful of acorns, swallowing, I am ashamed to say, what a quantity of water to wash them down. We do not grudge them it, as they well know; but they appear to have forgotten how recently no inconsiderable portion of this bounty has been conferred. If we, as they object to us, eat more, they ought to be aware that it is by no means for our gratification, since we have abjured it before the gods, but to maintain the dignity of the priesthood, and to exhibit the beauty and utility of subordination.'

"The noble porker had beaten time with his muscular tail at many of these periods; but again his heart panted visibly, and he could bear no more.

"'All this for our good! for our activity! for our health! Let us alone: we have health enough; we want no activity. Let

us alone, I say again, or by the immortals!'—'Peace, my son! Your breath is valuable: evidently you have but little to spare; and what mortal knows how soon the gods may demand the last of it?'

"At the beginning of this exhortation, the worthy high priest had somewhat repressed the ebullient choler of his refractory and pertinacious disciple, by applying his flat, soft palm to the signet-formed extremity of the snout.

"'We are ready to hear complaints at all times,' added he, 'and to redress any grievance at our own. But, beyond a doubt, if you continue to raise your abominable outcries, some of the people are likely to hit upon two discoveries: first, that your lentils would be sufficient to make daily for every poor family a good wholesome porridge; and, secondly, that your flesh, properly cured, might hang up nicely against the forthcoming bean-season.' Pondering these mighty words, the noble porker kept his eyes fixed upon him for some instants, then leaned forward dejectedly, then tucked one foot under him, then another, cautious to descend with dignity. At last he grunted (it must for ever be ambiguous whether with despondency or with resignation), pushed his wedgy snout far within the straw subjacent, and sank into that repose which is granted to the just."

Timotheus. Cousin! there are glimmerings of truth and wisdom in sundry parts of this discourse, not unlike little broken shells entangled in dark masses of seaweed. But I would rather you had continued to adduce fresh arguments to demonstrate the beneficence of the Deity, proving (if you could) that our horses and dogs, faithful servants and companions to us, and often treated cruelly, may recognize us hereafter, and we them. We have no authority for any such belief.

Lucian. We have authority for thinking and doing whatever is humane. Speaking of humanity, it now occurs to me, I have heard a report that some well-intentioned men of your religion so interpret the words or wishes of its founder, they would abolish slavery throughout the empire.

Timotheus. Such deductions have been drawn indeed from our Master's doctrine; but the saner part of us receive it metaphorically, and would only set men free from the bonds of sin. For if domestic slaves were manumitted, we should neither

have a dinner dressed nor a bed made, unless by our own children; and as to labor in the fields, who would cultivate them in this hot climate? We must import slaves from Æthiopia and elsewhere, wheresoever they can be procured; but the hardship lies not on them; it lies on us, and bears heavily; for we must first buy them with our money, and then feed them; and not only must we maintain them while they are hale and hearty and can serve us, but likewise in sickness and (unless we can sell them for a trifle) in decrepitude. Do not imagine, my cousin, that we are no better than enthusiasts, visionaries, subverters of order, and ready to roll society down into one flat surface.

Lucian. I thought you were maligned: I said so.

Timotheus. When the subject was discussed in our congregation, the meaner part of the people were much in favor of the abolition; but the chief priests and ministers absented themselves, and gave no vote at all, deeming it secular, and saying that in such matters the laws and customs of the country ought to be observed.

Lucian. Several of these chief priests and ministers are robed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.

Timotheus. I have hopes of you now.

Lucian. Why so suddenly?

Timotheus. Because you have repeated those blessed words, which are only to be found in our scriptures.

Lucian. There, indeed, I found them. But I also found in the same volume words of the same speaker, declaring that the rich shall never see his face in heaven.

Timotheus. He does not always mean what you think he does.

Lucian. How is this? Did he then direct his discourse to none but men more intelligent than I am?

Timotheus. Unless he gave you understanding for the occasion, they might mislead you.

Lucian. Indeed!

Timotheus. Unquestionably. For instance, he tells us to take no heed of to-morrow; he tells us to share equally all our worldly goods; but we know that we cannot be respected unless we bestow due care on our possessions, and that not only the vulgar but the well-educated esteem us in proportion to the gifts of fortune.

Lucian. The eclectic philosophy is most flourishing among you Christians. You take whatever suits your appetites, and reject the rest.

Timotheus. We are not half so rich as the priests of Isis. Give us their possessions, and we will not sit idle as they do, but be able and ready to do incalculable good to our fellow-creatures.

Lucian. I have never seen great possessions excite to great alacrity. Usually they enfeeble the sympathies, and often overlie and smother them.

Timotheus. Our religion is founded less on sympathies than on miracles. Cousin! you smile most when you ought to be most serious.

Lucian. I was smiling at the thought of one whom I would recommend to your especial notice, as soon as you disinherit the priests of Isis. He may, perhaps, be refractory; for he pretends (the knave!) to work miracles.

Timotheus. Impostor! who is he?

Lucian. Aulus of Pelusium. Idle and dissolute, he never gained any thing honestly but a scourging, if, indeed, he ever made, what he long merited, this acquisition. Unable to run into debt where he was known, he came over to Alexandria.

Timotheus. I know him; I know him well. Here, of his own accord, he has betaken himself to a new and regular life.

Lucian. He will presently wear it out, or make it sit easier on his shoulders. My metaphor brings me to my story. Having nothing to carry with him beside an empty valise, he resolved on filling it with somewhat, however worthless, lest, seeing his utter destitution, and hopeless of payment, a receiver of lodgers should refuse to admit him into the hostlery. Accordingly, he went to a tailor's, and began to joke about his poverty. Nothing is more apt to bring people into good humor; for, if they are poor themselves, they enjoy the pleasure of discovering that others are no better off; and, if not poor, there is the consciousness of superiority.

"The favor I am about to ask of a man so wealthy and so liberal as you are," said Aulus, "is extremely small: you can materially serve me, without the slightest loss, hazard, or inconvenience. In a few words, my valise is empty; and, to some ears, an empty valise is louder and more discordant than a bagpipe: I cannot say I like the sound of it myself. Give

me all the shreds and snippings you can spare me. They will feel like clothes; not exactly so to me and my person, but to those who are inquisitive, and who may be importunate."

The tailor laughed, and distended both arms of Aulus with his munificence. Soon was the valise well filled and rammed down. Plenty of boys were in readiness to carry it to the boat. Aulus waved them off, looking at some angrily, at others suspiciously. Boarding the skiff, he lowered his treasure with care and caution, staggering a little at the weight, and shaking it gently on deck, with his ear against it; and then, finding all safe and compact, he sat on it, but as tenderly as a pullet on her first eggs. When he was landed, his care was even greater, and whoever came near him was warned off with loud vociferations. Anxiously as the other passengers were invited by the innkeepers to give their houses the preference, Aulus was importuned most; the others were only beset, he was borne off in triumphant captivity. He ordered a bed-room, and carried his valise with him; he ordered a bath, and carried with him his valise. He started up from the company at dinner, struck his forehead, and cried out, "Where is my valise?" "We are honest men here," replied the host. "You have left it, sir, in your chamber: where else, indeed, should you leave it?"

"Honesty is seated on your brow," exclaimed Aulus; "but there are few to be trusted in the world we live in. I now believe I can eat." And he gave a sure token of the belief that was in him, not without a start now and then and a finger at his ear, as if he heard somebody walking in the direction of his bed-chamber. Now began his first miracle; for now he contrived to pick up, from time to time, a little money. In the presence of his host and fellow-lodgers, he threw a few obols, negligently and indifferently, among the beggars. "These poor creatures," said he, "know a new comer as well as the gnats do: in one half-hour I am half ruined by them; and this daily."

Nearly a month had elapsed since his arrival, and no account of board and lodging had been delivered or called for. Suspicion at length arose in the host whether he really was rich. When another man's honesty is doubted, the doubter's is sometimes in jeopardy. The host was tempted to unsew the valise. To his amazement and horror he found only

shreds within it. However, he was determined to be cautious, and to consult his wife, who, although a Christian like Aulus, and much edified by his discourses, might dissent from him in regard to a community of goods, at least in her own household, and might defy him to prove by any authority that the doctrine was meant for innkeepers. Aulus, on his return in the evening, found out that his valise had been opened. He hurried back, threw its contents into the canal, and, borrowing an old cloak, he tucked it up under his dress, and returned. Nobody had seen him enter or come back again, nor was it immediately that his host or hostess were willing to appear. But, after he had called them loudly for some time, they entered his apartment, and he thus addressed the woman :—

"O Eucharis! no words are requisite to convince you (firm as you are in the faith) of eternal verities, however mysterious. But your unhappy husband has betrayed his incredulity in regard to the most awful. If my prayers, offered up in our holy temples all day long, have been heard,— and that they have been heard I feel within me the blessed certainty,— something miraculous has been vouchsafed for the conversion of this miserable sinner. Until the present hour, the valise before you was filled with precious relics from the apparel of saints and martyrs, fresh as when on them." "True, by Jove!" said the husband to himself. "Within the present hour," continued Aulus, "they are united into one raiment, signifying our own union, our own restoration."

He drew forth the cloak, and fell on his face. Eucharis fell also, and kissed the saintly head prostrate before her. The host's eyes were opened, and he bewailed his hardness of heart. Aulus is now occupied in strengthening his faith, not without an occasional support to the wife's: all three live together in unity.

Timotheus. And do you make a joke even of this? Will you never cease from the habitude?

Lucian. Too soon. The farther we descend into the vale of years, the fewer illusions accompany us: we have little inclination, little time for jocularity and laughter. Light things are easily detached from us, and we shake off heavier as we can. Instead of levity, we are liable to moroseness: for always near the grave there are more briars than flowers, unless we plant them ourselves, or our friends supply them.

Timotheus. Thinking thus, do you continue to dissemble or to distort the truth? The shreds are become a cable for the faithful. That they were miraculously turned into one entire garment, who shall gainsay? How many hath it already clothed with righteousness? Happy men, casting their doubts away before it! Who knows, O Cousin Lucian, but on some future day you yourself will invoke the merciful interposition of Aulus?

Lucian. Possibly; for if ever I fall among thieves, nobody is likelier to be at the head of them.

Timotheus. Uncharitable man! how suspicious! how ungenerous! how hardened in unbelief! Reason is a bladder on which you may paddle like a child as you swim in summer waters; but, when the winds rise and the waves roughen, it slips from under you, and you sink: yes, O Lucian, you sink into a gulf whence you never can emerge.

Lucian. I deem those the wisest who exert the soonest their own manly strength, now with the stream and now against it, enjoying the exercise in fine weather, venturing out in foul, if need be, yet avoiding not only rocks and whirlpools, but also shallows. In such a light, my cousin, I look on your dispensations. I shut them out as we shut out winds blowing from the desert; hot, debilitating, oppressive, laden with impalpable sands and pungent salts, and inflicting an incurable blindness.

Timotheus. Well, Cousin Lucian! I can bear all you say while you are not witty. Let me bid you farewell in this happy interval.

Lucian. Is it not serious and sad, O my cousin, that what the Deity hath willed to lie incomprehensible in his mysteries, we should fall upon with tooth and nail, and ferociously growl over, or ignorantly dissect?

Timotheus. Ho! now you come to be serious and sad, there are hopes of you. Truth always begins or ends so.

Lucian. Undoubtedly. But I think it more reverential to abstain from that which, with whatever effort, I should never understand.

Timotheus. You are lukewarm, my cousin, you are lukewarm. A most dangerous state!

Lucian. For milk to continue in, not for men. I would not fain be frozen or scalded.

Timotheus. Alas! you are blind, my sweet cousin!

Lucian. Well; do not open my eyes with pincers, nor compose for them a collyrium of spurge.

May not men eat and drink and talk together, and perform in relation one to another all the duties of social life, whose opinions are different on things immediately under their eyes? If they can and do, surely they may as easily on things equally above the comprehension of each party. The wisest and most virtuous man in the whole extent of the Roman empire is Plutarch of Cheronæa; yet Plutarch holds a firm belief in the existence of I know not how many gods, every one of whom has committed notorious misdemeanors. The nearest to the Cheronæan in virtue and wisdom is Trajan, who holds all the gods dog-cheap. These two men are friends. If either of them were influenced by your religion, as inculcated and practised by the priesthood, he would be the enemy of the other, and wisdom and virtue would plead for the delinquent in vain. When your religion had existed, as you tell us, about a century, Caius Cæcilius,* of Novum Comum, was Proconsul in Bithynia. Trajan, the mildest and most equitable of mankind, desirous to remove from them, as far as might be, the hatred and invectives of those whose old religion was assailed by them, applied to Cæcilius for information on their behavior as good citizens. The reply of Cæcilius was favorable. Had Trajan applied to the most eminent and authoritative of the sect, they would certainly have brought into jeopardy all who differed in one tittle from any point of their doctrine or discipline. For the thorny and bitter aloe of dissension required less than a century to flower on the steps of your temple.

Timotheus. You are already half a Christian, in exposing to the world the vanities both of philosophy and of power.

Lucian. I have done no such thing: I have exposed the vanities of the philosophizing and the powerful. Philosophy is admirable; and Power may be glorious: the one conduces to truth, the other has nearly all the means of conferring peace and happiness, but it usually, and, indeed, almost always, takes a contrary direction. I have ridiculed the futility of speculative minds, only when they would pave the clouds instead of the streets. To see distant things better than near,

* The younger Pliny.

is a certain proof of a defective sight. The people I have held in derision never turn their eyes to what they can see, but direct them continually where nothing is to be seen. And this, by their disciples, is called the sublimity of speculation! There is little merit acquired, or force exhibited, in blowing off a feather that would settle on my nose: and this is all I have done in regard to the philosophers; but I claim for myself the approbation of humanity, in having shown the true dimensions of the great. The highest of them are no higher than my tunic; but they are high enough to trample on the necks of those wretches who throw themselves on the ground before them.

Timotheus. Was Alexander of Macedon no higher?

Lucian. What region of the earth, what city, what theatre, what library, what private study hath he enlightened? If you are silent, I may well be. It is neither my philosophy nor your religion which casts the blood and bones of men in their faces, and insists on the most reverence for those who have made the most unhappy. If the Romans scourged by the hands of children the schoolmaster who would have betrayed them, how greatly more deserving of flagellation, from the same quarter, are those hundreds of pedagogues who deliver up the intellects of youth to such immoral revellers and mad murderers! They would punish a thirsty child for purloining a bunch of grapes from a vineyard, and the same men on the same day would insist on his reverence for the subverter of Tyre, the plunderer of Babylon, and the incendiary of Persepolis. And are these men teachers? are these men philosophers? are these men priests? Of all the curses that ever afflicted the earth, I think Alexander was the worst. Never was he in so little mischief as when he was murdering his friends.

Timotheus. Yet he built this very city, — a noble and opulent one when Rome was of hurdles and rushes.

Lucian. He built it? I wish, O Timotheus, he had been as well employed as the stone-cutters or the plasterers. No, no: the wisest of architects planned the most beautiful and commodious of cities, by which, under a rational government and equitable laws, Africa might have been civilized to the centre, and the palm have extended her conquests through the remotest desert. Instead of which, a dozen of Mace-

donian thieves rifled a dying drunkard and murdered his children. In process of time, another drunkard reeled hitherward from Rome, made an easy mistake in mistaking a palace for a brothel, permitted a stripling boy to beat him soundly, and a serpent to receive the last caresses of his paramour.

Shame upon historians and pedagogues for exciting the worst passions of youth by the display of such false glories! If your religion hath any truth or influence, her professors will extinguish the promontory lights, which only allure to breakers. They will be assiduous in teaching the young and ardent that great abilities do not constitute great men, without the right and unremitting application of them; and that, in the sight of Humanity and Wisdom, it is better to erect one cottage than to demolish a hundred cities. Down to the present day we have been taught little else than falsehood. We have been told to do this thing and that: we have been told we shall be punished unless we do; but at the same time we are shown by the finger that prosperity and glory, and the esteem of all about us, rest upon other and very different foundations. Now, do the ears or the eyes seduce the most easily and lead the most directly to the heart? But both eyes and ears are won over, and alike are persuaded to corrupt us.

Timotheus. Cousin Lucian, I was leaving you with the strangest of all notions in my head. I began to think for a moment that you doubted my sincerity in the religion I profess; and that a man of your admirable good sense, and at your advanced age, could reject that only sustenance which supports us through the grave into eternal life.

Lucian. I am the most docile and practicable of men, and never reject what people set before me; for if it is bread, it is good for my own use; if bone or bran, it will do for my dog or mule. But, although you know my weakness and facility, it is unfair to expect I should have admitted at once what the followers and personal friends of your Master for a long time hesitated to receive. I remember to have read in one of the early commentators, that his disciples themselves * could not swallow the miracle of the loaves; and one who wrote more recently says that even his brethren did not believe † in him.

Timotheus. Yet finally, when they have looked over each other's accounts, they cast them up, and make them all tally in

* Mark vi. † John vii.

the main sum; and if one omits an article, the next supplies its place with a commodity of the same value. What would you have? But it is of little use to argue on religion with a man who, professing his readiness to believe, and even his credulity, yet disbelieves in miracles.

Lucian. I should be obstinate and perverse if I disbelieved in the existence of a thing for no better reason than because I never saw it, and cannot understand its operations. Do you believe, O Timotheus, that Perictione, the mother of Plato, became his mother by the sole agency of Apollo's divine spirit, under the phantasm of that god?

Timotheus. I indeed believe such absurdities?

Lucian. You touch me on a vital part, if you call an absurdity the religion or philosophy in which I was educated. Anaxalides, and Clearagus, and Speusippus, his own nephew, assert it. Who should know better than they?

Timotheus. Where are their proofs?

Lucian. I would not be so indelicate as to require them on such an occasion. A short time ago I conversed with an old centurion, who was in service by the side of Vespasian, when Titus, and many officers and soldiers of the army, and many captives, were present, and who saw one Eleazar put a ring to the nostril of a demoniac (as the patient was called) and draw the demon out of it.

Timotheus. And do you pretend to believe this nonsense?

Lucian. I only believe that Vespasian and Titus had nothing to gain or accomplish by the miracle; and that Eleazar, if he had been detected in a trick by two acute men and several thousand enemies, had nothing to look forward to but a cross; the only piece of upholstery for which Judea seems to have either wood or workmen, and which are as common in that country as direction-posts are in any other.

Timotheus. The Jews are a stiff-necked people.

Lucian. On such occasions, no doubt.

Timotheus. Would you, O Lucian, be classed among the atheists, like Epicurus?

Lucian. It lies not at my discretion what name shall be given me at present or hereafter, any more than it did at my birth. But I wonder at the ignorance and precipitancy of those who call Epicurus an atheist. He saw on the same earth with himself a great variety of inferior creatures, some

possessing more sensibility and more thoughtfulness than others. Analogy would lead so contemplative a reasoner to the conclusion, that, if many were inferior and in sight, others might be superior and out of sight. He never disbelieved in the existence of the gods; he only disbelieved that they troubled their heads with our concerns. Have they none of their own? If they are happy, does their happiness depend on us, comparatively so imbecile and vile? He believed, as nearly all nations do, in different ranks and orders of superhuman beings: and perhaps he thought (but I never was in his confidence or counsels) that the higher were rather in communication with the next to them in intellectual faculties, than with the most remote. To me the suggestion appears by no means irrational, that, if we are managed or cared for at all, by beings wiser than ourselves (which in truth would be no sign of any great wisdom in them), it can only be by such as are very far from perfection, and who indulge us in the commission of innumerable faults and follies for their own speculation or amusement.

Timotheus. There is only one such: and he is the Devil.

Lucian. If he delights in our wickedness, which you believe, he must be incomparably the happiest of beings, which you do not believe. No god of Epicurus rests his elbow on his arm-chair with less energetic exertion or discomposure.

Timotheus. We lead holier and purer lives than such ignorant mortals as are not living under Grace.

Lucian. I also live under Grace, O Timotheus! and I venerate her for the pleasures I have received at her hands. I do not believe she has quite deserted me. If my gray hairs are unattractive to her, and if the trace of her fingers is lost in the wrinkles of my forehead, still I sometimes am told it is discernible even on the latest and coldest of my writings.

Timotheus. You are wilful in misapprehension. The Grace of which I speak is adverse to pleasure and impurity.

Lucian. Rightly do you separate impurity and pleasure, which indeed soon fly asunder when the improvident would unite them. But never believe that tenderness of heart signifies corruption of morals, if you happen to find it (which indeed is unlikely) in the direction you have taken: on the contrary, no two qualities are oftener found together, on mind as on matter, than hardness and lubricity.

Believe me, Cousin Timotheus, when we come to eighty years of age we are all Essenes. In our kingdom of heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage; and austerity in ourselves, when Nature holds over us the sharp instrument with which Jupiter operated on Saturn, makes us austere to others. But how happens it that you, both old and young, break every bond which connected you anciently with the Essenes? Not only do you marry (a height of wisdom to which I never have attained, although in others I commend it), but you never share your substance with the poorest of your community, as they did, nor live simply and frugally, nor refuse rank and offices in the State, nor abstain from litigation, nor abominate and execrate the wounds and cruelties of war. The Essenes did all this, and greatly more, if Josephus and Philo, whose political and religious tenets are opposite to theirs, are credible and trustworthy.

Timotheus. Doubtless you would also wish us to retire into the desert, and eschew the conversation of mankind.

Lucian. No, indeed; but I would wish the greater part of your people to eschew mine, for they bring all the worst of the desert with them wherever they enter,— its smothering heats, its blinding sands, its sweeping suffocation. Return to the pure spirit of the Essenes, without their asceticism; cease from controversy, and drop party designations. If you will not do this, do less, and be merely what you profess to be, which is quite enough for an honest, a virtuous, and a religious man.

Timotheus. Cousin Lucian, I did not come hither to receive a lecture from you.

Lucian. I have often given a dinner to a friend who did not come to dine with me.

Timotheus. Then, I trust, you gave him something better for dinner than bay-salt and dandelions. If you will not assist us in nettling our enemies a little for their absurdities and impositions, let me entreat you however to let us alone, and to make no remarks on us. I myself run into no extravagances, like the Essenes, washing and fasting, and roaming into solitude. I am not called to them: when I am, I go.

Lucian. I am apprehensive the Lord may afflict you with deafness in that ear.

Timotheus. Nevertheless, I am indifferent to the world, and

all things in it. This, I trust, you will acknowledge to be true religion and true philosophy.

Lucian. That is not philosophy which betrays an indifference to those for whose benefit philosophy was designed; and those are the whole human race. But I hold it to be the most unphilosophical thing in the world to call away men from useful occupations and mutual help, to profitless speculations and acrid controversies. Censurable enough, and contemptible too, is that supercilious philosopher, sneeringly sedate, who narrates in full and flowing periods the persecutions and tortures of a fellow man led astray by his credulity, and ready to die in the assertion of what in his soul he believes to be the truth. But hardly less censurable, hardly less contemptible, is the tranquilly arrogant sectarian, who denies that wisdom or honesty can exist beyond the limits of his own ill-lighted chamber.

Timotheus. What! is he sanguinary?

Lucian. Whenever he can be, he is: and he always has it in his power to be even worse than that; for he refuses his custom to the industrious and honest shopkeeper who has been taught to think differently from himself in matters which he has had no leisure to study, and by which, if he had enjoyed that leisure, he would have been a less industrious and a less expert artificer.

Timotheus. We cannot countenance those hard-hearted men who rufuse to hear the word of the Lord.

Lucian. The hard-hearted knowing this of the tender-hearted, and receiving the declaration from their own lips, will refuse to hear the word of the Lord all their lives.

Timotheus. Well, well; it cannot be helped. I see, cousin, my hopes of obtaining a little of your assistance in your own pleasant way are disappointed; but it is something to have conceived a better hope of saving your soul, from your readiness to acknowledge your belief in miracles.

Lucian. Miracles have existed in all ages, and in all religions. Witnesses to some of them have been numerous; to others of them fewer. Occasionally the witnesses have been disinterested in the result.

Timotheus. Now, indeed, you speak truly and wisely.

Lucian. But sometimes the most honest and the most quiescent have either been unable or unwilling to push them-

selves so forward as to see clearly and distinctly the whole of the operation; and have listened to some knave who felt a pleasure in deluding their credulity, or some other who himself was either an enthusiast or a dupe. It also may have happened in the ancient religions,— of Egypt, for instance, or of India, or even of Greece, — that narratives have been attributed to authors who never heard of them; and have been circulated by honest men who firmly believed them; by half-honest, who indulged their vanity in becoming members of a novel and bustling society; and by utterly dishonest, who, having no other means of rising above the shoulders of the vulgar, threw dust into their eyes and made them stoop.

Timotheus. Ha! the rogues! It is nearly all over with them.

Lucian. Let us hope so. Parthenius and the Roman poet, Ovidius Naso, have related the transformations of sundry men, women, and gods.

Timotheus. Idleness! Idleness! I never read such lying authors.

Lucian. I myself have seen enough to incline me towards a belief in them.

Timotheus. You? Why! you have always been thought an utter infidel; and now you are running, hot and heedless as any mad dog, to the opposite extreme!

Lucian. I have lived to see, not indeed one man, but certainly one animal turned into another: nay, great numbers. I have seen sheep with the most placid faces in the morning, one nibbling the tender herb with all its dew upon it; another, negligent of its own sustenance, and giving it copiously to the tottering lamb aside it!

Timotheus. How pretty! half poetical!

Lucian. In the heat of the day I saw the very same sheep tearing off each other's fleeces with long teeth and longer claws, and imitating so admirably the howl of wolves, that at last the wolves came down on them in a body, and lent their best assistance at the general devouring. What is more remarkable, the people of the villages seemed to enjoy the sport; and, instead of attacking the wolves, waited until they had filled their stomachs, ate the little that was left, said piously and from the bottom of their hearts what you call *grace*, and went home singing and piping.

CLASSICAL DIALOGUES.

(ROMAN.)

I. MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL.

Hannibal. Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not — he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers — wide, forty paces — give him air — bring water — halt! Gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood — unbrace his armor. Loose the helmet first — his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me — they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans too sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

Gaulish Chieftain. Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods hath overtaken the impure —

Hannibal. We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is. — The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me. — Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome. — Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot. — How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood — few other enter there. And what plain armor!

Gaulish Chieftain. My party slew him — indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain: it belongs to my king;

the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it: rather would she lose her last man. We swear! we swear!

Hannibal. My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breast-plate he pierced with his sword, — these he showed to the people and to the gods; hardly his wife and little children saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain. Hear me, O Hannibal!

Hannibal. What! when Marcellus lies before me? when his life may perhaps be recalled? when I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me? Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain. For myself?

Hannibal. For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain. And these rubies and emeralds, and that scarlet —

Hannibal. Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain. O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude — yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal. In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station. — I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus! the triumph of Hannibal! what else has the world in it? Only Rome and Carthage: these follow.

Surgeon. Hardly an hour of life is left.

Marcellus. I must die then? The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal (*to the Surgeon*). Could not he bear a sea-voyage? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. He expires that moment.

Marcellus. It pains me: extract it.

Hannibal. Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance, and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. Hannibal, give me thy hand — thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

Hannibal. Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring — try to write, to sign it at least. Oh, what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

Marcellus. Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is this thy writing?"

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

Hannibal. Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately, too, the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge; the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus. Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal. What then? What mean you?

Marcellus. That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me: mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? Or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest; this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal. I placed my mantle on your head when the hel-

met was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country!) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal. What?

Marcellus. This body.

Hannibal. Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said — This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal. You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal. Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. A few dying lie about — and let them lie — they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them — he appeared a Roman — a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with

their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus. I have suppressed it long enough. My son — my beloved son!

Hannibal. Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. He would have shared my fate — and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent: I render you, for the last time, thanks.

II. P. SCIPIO ÆMILIANUS, POLYBIUS, PANÆTIUS.

Scipio. Polybius, if you have found me slow in rising to you, if I lifted not up my eyes to salute you on your entrance, do not hold me ungrateful. Proud there is no danger that you will ever call me: this day of all days would least make me so; it shows me the power of the immortal gods, the mutability of fortune, the instability of empire, the feebleness, the nothingness of man. The earth stands motionless; the grass upon it bends and returns, the same to-day as yesterday, the same in this age as in a hundred past; the sky darkens and is serene again; the clouds melt away, but they are clouds another time, and float like triumphal pageants along the heavens. Carthage is fallen, to rise no more! The funereal horns have this hour announced to us, that, after eighteen days and eighteen nights of conflagration, her last embers are extinguished.

Polybius. Perhaps, O Æmilianus, I ought not to have come in.

Scipio. Welcome, my friend.

Polybius. While you were speaking, I would by no means interrupt you so idly as to ask you to whom you have been proud, or to whom could you be ungrateful?

Scipio. To him, if to any, whose hand is in mine; to him on whose shoulder I rest my head, weary with presages and

vigils. Collect my thoughts for me, O my friend! the fall of Carthage hath shaken and scattered them. There are moments when, if we are quite contented with ourselves, we never can remount to what we were before.

Polybius. Panætius is absent.

Scipio. Feeling the necessity, at the moment, of utter loneliness, I despatched him toward the city. There may be (yes, even there) some sufferings which the Senate would not censure us for assuaging. But behold he returns! We were speaking of you, Panætius!

Panætius. And about what beside? Come, honestly tell me, Polybius, on what are you reflecting and meditating with such sedately intense enthusiasm?

Polybius. After the burning of some village, or the overleaping of some garden-wall, to exterminate a few pirates or highwaymen, I have seen the commander's tent thronged with officers; I have heard as many trumpets around him as would have shaken down the places of themselves; I have seen the horses start from the prætorium, as if they would fly from under their trappings, and spurred as if they were to reach the east and west before sunset, that nations might hear of the exploit, and sleep soundly. And now do I behold in solitude, almost in gloom, and in such silence that, unless my voice prevents it, the grasshopper is audible, him who has levelled to the earth the strongest and most populous of cities, the wealthiest and most formidable of empires. I had seen Rome; I had seen (what those who never saw never *will* see) Carthage! I thought I had seen Scipio; it was but the image of him: here I find him.

Scipio. There are many hearts that ache this day; there are many that never will ache more: hath one man done it? one man's breath? What air upon the earth, or upon the waters, or in the void of heaven is lost so quickly? It flies away at the point of an arrow, and returns no more! the sea-foam stifles it! the tooth of a reptile stops it! a noxious leaf suppresses it. What are we in our greatness? — whence rises it? whither tends it?

Merciful gods! may not Rome be what Carthage is? May not those who love her devotedly, those who will look on her with fondness and affection after life, see her in such condition as to wish she were so?

Polybius. One of the heaviest groans over fallen Carthage burst from the breast of Scipio! who would believe this tale?

Scipio. Men like my Polybius: others must never hear it.

Polybius. You have not ridden forth, Æmilianus, to survey the ruins?

Scipio. No, Polybius: since I removed my tent to avoid the heat from the conflagration, I never have ridden nor walked nor looked toward them. At this elevation, and three miles off, the temperature of the season is altered. I do not believe, as those about me would have persuaded me, that the gods were visible in the clouds; that thrones of ebony and gold were scattered in all directions; that broken chariots, and flaming steeds, and brazen bridges, had cast their fragments upon the earth; that eagles and lions, dolphins and tridents, and other emblems of power and empire, were visible at one moment and at the next had vanished; that purple and scarlet over-spread the mansions of the gods; that their voices were heard at first confusedly and discordantly; and that the apparition closed with their high festivals. I could not keep my eyes on the heavens: a crash of arch or of theatre or of tower, a column of flame rising higher than they were, or a universal cry as if none until then had perished, drew them thitherward. Such were the dismal sights and sounds, a fresh city seemed to have been taken every hour for seventeen days. This is the nineteenth since the smoke arose from the level roofs and from the lofty temples; and thousands died, and tens of thousands ran in search of death.

Calamity moves me; heroism moves me more. That a nation whose avarice we have so often reprehended should have cast into the furnace gold and silver, from the insufficiency of brass and iron for arms; that palaces the most magnificent should have been demolished by the proprietor for their beams and rafters, in order to build a fleet against us; that the ropes whereby the slaves hauled them down to the new harbor should in part be composed of hair, for one lock of which kings would have laid down their diadems; that Asdrubal should have found equals, his wife none, — my mind, my very limbs, are unsteady with admiration!

O Liberty! what art thou to the valiant and brave, when thou art thus to the weak and timid? — dearer than life, stronger than death, higher than purest love. Never will I call upon

thee where thy name can be profaned, and never shall my soul acknowledge a more exalted Power than thee.

Panætius. The Carthaginians and Moors have, beyond other nations, a delicate feeling on female chastity. Rather than that their women should become slaves and concubines, they slay them: is it certain that Asdrubal did not observe, or cause to be observed, the custom of his country?

Polybius. Certain: on the surrender of his army his wife threw herself and her two infants into the flames. Not only memorable acts, of what the dastardly will call desperation, were performed, but some also of deliberate and signal justice. Avaricious as we called the people, and unjustly, as you have proved, Æmilianus, I will relate what I myself was witness to.

In a part of the city where the fire had subsided, we were excited by loud cries, rather of indignation, we thought, than of such as fear or lament or threaten or exhort; and we pressed forward to disperse the multitude. Our horses often plunged in the soft dust and in the holes whence the pavement had been removed for missiles, and often reared up and snorted violently at smells which we could not perceive, but which we discovered to rise from bodies, mutilated and half-burned, of soldiers and horses laid bare, some partly, some wholly, by the march of the troop. Although the distance from the place whence we parted to that where we heard the cries was very short, yet from the incumbrances in that street, and from the dust and smoke issuing out of others, it was some time before we reached it. On our near approach, two old men threw themselves on the ground before us, and the elder spake thus: "Our age, O Romans, neither will nor ought to be our protection. We are, or rather we have been, judges of this land; and to the uttermost of our power we have invited our countrymen to resist you. The laws are now yours."

The expectation of the people was intense and silent; we had heard some groans, and now the last words of the old man were taken up by others, by men in agony.

"Yes, O Romans!" said the elder, who accompanied him that had addressed us, "the laws are yours; and none punish more severely than you do treason and parricide. Let your horses turn this corner, and you will see before you traitors and parricides."

We entered a small square: it had been a market-place; the roofs of the stalls were demolished, and the stones of several columns (thrown down to extract the cramps of iron and the lead that fastened them) served for the spectators, male and female, to mount on. Five men were nailed on crosses; two others were nailed against a wall from scarcity (as we were told) of wood.

"Can seven men have murdered their parents in the same year?" cried I.

"No, nor has any of the seven," replied the first who had spoken. "But when heavy impositions were laid upon those who were backward in voluntary contributions, these men, among the richest in our city, protested by the gods that they had no gold or silver left. They protested truly."

"And they die for this? inhuman, insatiable, inexorable wretch!"

"Their books," added he, unmoved at my reproaches, "were seized by public authority and examined. It was discovered that, instead of employing their riches in external or internal commerce, or in manufactures, or in agriculture, — instead of reserving it for the embellishment of the city, or the utility of the citizens, — instead of lending it on interest to the industrious and the needy, — they had lent it to foreign kings and tyrants, some of whom were waging unjust wars by these very means, and others were enslaving their own country. For so heinous a crime the laws had appointed no specific punishment. On such occasions, the people and elders vote in what manner the delinquent shall be prosecuted, lest any offender should escape with impunity, from their humanity or improvidence. Some voted that these wretches should be cast amid the panthers; the majority decreed them (I think wisely) a more lingering and more ignominious death."

The men upon the crosses held down their heads, whether from shame, or pain, or feebleness. The sunbeams were striking them fiercely; sweat ran from them, liquefying the blood that had blackened and hardened on their hands and feet. A soldier stood by the side of each, lowering the point of his spear to the ground; but no one of them gave it up to us. A centurion asked the nearest of them how he dared to stand armed before him.

"Because the city is in ruins, and the laws still live," said

he. "At the first order of the conqueror or the elders, I surrender my spear."

"What is your pleasure, O commander?" said the elder.

"That an act of justice be the last public act performed by the citizens of Carthage, and that the sufferings of these wretches be not abridged."

Such was my reply. The soldiers piled their spears, for the points of which the hearts of the crucified men thirsted; and the people hailed us as they would have hailed deliverers.

Scipio. It is wonderful that a city, in which private men are so wealthy as to furnish the armories of tyrants, should have existed so long, and flourishing in power and freedom.

Panætius. It survived but shortly this flagrant crime in its richer citizens. An admirable form of government, spacious and safe harbors, a fertile soil, a healthy climate, industry and science in agriculture, in which no nation is equal to the Moorish, were the causes of its prosperity: there are many of its decline.

Scipio. Enumerate them, Panætius, with your wonted clearness.

Panætius. We are fond, O my friends, of likening power and greatness to the luminaries of heaven; and we think ourselves quite moderate when we compare the agitations of elevated souls to whatever is highest and strongest on the earth, liable alike to shocks and sufferings, and able alike to survive and overcome them. And truly thus to reason, as if all things around and above us sympathized, is good both for heart and intellect. I have little or nothing of the poetical in my character; and yet, from reading over and considering these similitudes, I am fain to look upon nations with somewhat of the same feeling; and, dropping from the mountains and disentangling myself from the woods and forests, to fancy I see in States what I have seen in cornfields. The green blades rise up vigorously in an inclement season, and the wind itself makes them shine against the sun. There is room enough for all of them: none wounds another by collision, or weakens by overtopping it; but, rising and bending simultaneously, they seem equally and mutually supported. No sooner do the ears of corn upon them lie close together in their full maturity, than a slight inundation is enough to cast them down, or a

faint blast of wind to shed and scatter them. In Carthage we have seen the powerful families, however discordant among themselves, unite against the popular; and it was only when their lives were at stake that the people coöperated with the Senate.

A mercantile democracy may govern long and widely; a mercantile aristocracy cannot stand. What people will endure the supremacy of those, uneducated and presumptuous, from whom they buy their mats and faggots, and who receive their money for the most ordinary and vile utensils? If no conqueror enslaves them from abroad, they would, under such disgrace, welcome as their deliverer, and acknowledge as their master, the citizen most distinguished for his military achievements. The rich men who were crucified in the weltering wilderness beneath us would not have employed such criminal means of growing richer, had they never been persuaded to the contrary, and that enormous wealth would enable them to commit another and a more flagitious act of treason against their country, in raising them above the people and enabling them to become its taxers and oppressors.

O Æmilianus, what a costly beacon here hath Rome before her, in this awful conflagration! the greatest (I hope) ever to be, until that wherein the world must perish.

Polybius. How many Sibylline books are legible in yonder embers!

The causes, O Panætius, which you have stated, of Carthage's former most flourishing condition, are also those why a hostile Senate hath seen the necessity of her destruction, necessary not only to the dominion, but to the security, of Rome. Italy has the fewest and the worst harbors of any country known to us; a third of her soil is sterile, a third of the remainder is pestiferous: and her inhabitants are more addicted to war and rapine than to industry and commerce. To make room for her few merchants on the Adriatic and Ionian seas, she burns Corinth; to leave no rival in traffic or in power, she burns Carthage.

Panætius. If the Carthaginians had extended their laws and language over the surrounding States of Africa, which they might have done by moderation and equity, this ruin could not have been effected. Rome has been victorious by having been the first to adopt a liberal policy, which even in war itself is

a wise one. The parricides who lent their money to the petty tyrants of other countries would have found it greatly more advantageous to employ it in cultivation nearer home, and in feeding those as husbandmen whom else they must fear as enemies. So little is the Carthaginian language known, that I doubt whether we shall in our lifetime see any one translate their annals into Latin or Greek: and within these few days what treasures of antiquity have been irreparably lost! The Romans will repose at citrean* tables for ages, and never know at last, perhaps, whence the Carthaginians brought their wood.

Scipio. It is an awful thing to close as we have done the history of a people. If the intelligence brought this morning to Polybius be true,† in one year the two most flourishing and most beautiful cities in the world have perished, in comparison with which our Rome presents but the pent-houses of artisans or the sheds of shepherds. With whatever celerity the messenger fled from Corinth and arrived here, the particulars must have been known at Rome as early, and I shall receive them ere many days are past.

Panætius. I hardly know whether we are not less affected at the occurrence of two or three momentous and terrible events than at one; and whether the gods do not usually place them together in the order of things, that we may be awe-stricken by the former, and reconciled to their decrees by the latter, from an impression of their power. I know not what Babylon may have been; but I presume that, as in the case of all other great Asiatic capitals, the habitations of the people (who are slaves) were wretched, and that the magnificence of the place consisted in the property of the king and priesthood, and in the walls erected for the defence of it. Many streets probably were hardly worth a little bronze cow of Myron, such as a stripling could steal and carry off. The

* The *trabs citrea* is not *citron wood* as we understand the fruit tree. It was often of great dimensions: it appears from the description of its color to have been mahogany. The trade to the Atlantic continent and islands must have been possessed by a company bound to secrecy by oath and interest. The prodigious price of this wood at Rome proves that it had ceased to be imported, or perhaps found, in the time of Cicero.

† Corinth in fact was not burned until some months after Carthage; but as one success is always followed by the rumor of another, the relation is not improbable.

case of Corinth and of Carthage was very different. Wealth overspread the greater part of them, competence and content the whole. Wherever there are despotical governments, poverty and industry dwell together; Shame dogs them in the public walks; Humiliation is among their household gods.

Scipio. I do not remember the overthrow of any two other great cities within so short an interval.

Panætius. I was not thinking so much of cities or their inhabitants, when I began to speak of what a breath of the gods removes at once from earth. I was recollecting, O Æmilianus, that in one Olympiad the three greatest men that ever appeared together were swept off. What is Babylon, or Corinth, or Carthage, in comparison with these! what would their destruction be, if every hair on the head of every inhabitant had become a man, such as most men are! First in order of removal was he whose steps you have followed, and whose labors you have completed, — Africanus; then Philopœmen, whose task was more difficult, more complex, more perfect; and lastly, Hannibal. What he was you know better than any.

Scipio. Had he been supported by his country, had only his losses been filled up, and skilful engineers sent out to him with machinery and implements for sieges, we should not be discoursing here on what he was: the Roman name had been extinguished.

Polybius. Since Æmilianus is as unwilling to blame an enemy as a friend, I take it on myself to censure Hannibal for two things, subject, however, to the decision of him who has conquered Carthage.

Scipio. The first I anticipate: now what is the second?

Panætius. I would hear both stated and discoursed on, although the knowledge will be of little use to me.

Polybius. I condemn, as every one does, his inaction after the battle of Cannæ; and, in his last engagement with Africanus, I condemn no less his bringing into the front of the centre, as became some showy tetrarch rather than Hannibal, his eighty elephants, by the refractoriness of which he lost the battle.

Scipio. What would you have done with them, Polybius?

Polybius. Scipio, I think it unwise and unmilitary to employ any force on which we can by no means calculate.

Scipio. Gravely said, and worthy of Polybius. In the first book of your history, which leaves me no other wish or desire than that you should continue as you begin it, we have, in three different engagements, three different effects produced by the employment of elephants. The first, when our soldiers in Sicily, under Lucius Postumius and Quinctus Mamilius, drove the Carthaginians into Heraclea; in which battle the advanced guard of the enemy, being repulsed, propelled these animals before it upon the main body of the army, causing an irreparable disaster: the second, in the ill-conducted engagement of Atilius Regulus, who, fearing the shock of them, condensed his centre, and was outflanked. He should have opened the lines to them and have suffered them to pass through, as the enemy's cavalry was in the wings, and the infantry not enough in advance to profit by such an evolution. The third was evinced at Panormus, when Metellus gave orders to the light-armed troops to harass them and retreat into the trenches, from which, wounded and confounded, and finding no way open, they rushed back (as many as could) against the Carthaginian army, and accelerated its discomfiture.

Polybius. If I had employed the elephants at all, it should rather have been in the rear or on the flank; and even there not at the beginning of the engagement, unless I knew that the horses or the soldiers were unused to encounter them. Hannibal must have well remembered (being equally great in memory and invention) that the Romans had been accustomed to them in the war with Pyrrhus, and must have expected more service from them against the barbarians of the two Gauls — against the Insubres and Taurini — than against our legions. He knew that the Romans had on more than one occasion made them detrimental to their masters. Having with him a large body of troops collected by force from various nations, and kept together with difficulty, he should have placed the elephants where they would have been a terror to these soldiers, not without a threat that they were to trample down such of them as attempted to fly or declined to fight.

Scipio. Now, what think you, Panætius?

Panætius. It is well, O Æmilianus, when soldiers would be philosophers; but it is ill when philosophers would be soldiers. Do you and Polybius agree on the point? if you do, the question need be asked of none other.

Scipio. Truly, O Panætius, I would rather hear the thing from him than that Hannibal should have heard it: for a wise man will say many things which even a wiser man may not have thought of. Let me tell you both, however, what Polybius may perhaps know already, that combustibles were placed by Africanus both in flank and rear, at equal distances, with archers from among the light horsemen, whose arrows had liquid fire attached to them, and whose movements would have irritated, distracted, and wearied down the elephants, even if the wounds and scorchings had been ineffectual. But come, Polybius, you must talk now as others talk; we all do sometimes.

Polybius. I am the last to admit the authority of the vulgar; but here we all meet and unite. Without asserting or believing that the general opinion is of any weight against a captain like Hannibal; agreeing on the contrary with Panætius, and firmly persuaded that myriads of little men can no more compensate a great one than they can make him, — you will listen to me if I adduce the authority of Lælius.

Scipio. Great authority! and perhaps, as living and conversing with those who remembered the action of Cannæ, preferable even to your own.

Polybius. It was his opinion that, from the consternation of Rome, the city might have been taken.

Scipio. It suited not the wisdom or the experience of Hannibal to rely on the consternation of the Roman people. I too, that we may be on equal terms, have some authority to bring forward. The son of Africanus, he who adopted me into the family of the Scipios, was, as you both remember, a man of delicate health and sedentary habits, learned, elegant, and retired. He related to me, as having heard it from his father, that Hannibal after the battle sent home the rings of the Roman knights, and said in his letter: "If you will instantly give me a soldier for each ring, together with such machines as are already in the arsenal, I will replace them surmounted by the statue of Capitoline Jupiter, and our supplications to the gods of our country shall be made along the streets and in the temples, on the robes of the Roman Senate." Could he doubt of so moderate a supply? he waited for it in vain.

And now I will relate to you another thing, which I am per-

suaded you will accept as a sufficient reason of itself why Hannibal did not besiege our city after the battle of Cannæ. His own loss was so severe, that, in his whole army, he could not muster ten thousand men.*

But, my friends, as I am certain that neither of you will ever think me invidious, and as the greatness of Hannibal does not diminish the reputation of Africanus, but augment it, I will venture to remark that he had little skill or practice in sieges; that, after the battle of Thrasymene, he attacked (you remember) Spoletum unsuccessfully; and that, a short time before the unhappy day at Cannæ, a much smaller town than Spoletum had resisted and repulsed him. Perhaps he rejoiced in his heart that he was not supplied with materials requisite for the capture of strong places; since in Rome, he well knew, he would have found a body of men, partly citizens who had formerly borne arms, partly the wealthier of our allies who had taken refuge there, together with their slaves and clients, exceeding his army in number, not inferior in valor, compensating the want of generalship by the advantage of position and by the desperation of their fortunes, and possessing the abundant means of a vigorous and long defence. Unnecessary is it to speak of its duration. When a garrison can hold our city six months, or even less, the besieger must retire. Such is the humidity of the air in its vicinity, that the Carthaginians, who enjoyed here at home a very dry and salubrious climate, would have perished utterly. The Gauls, I imagine, left us unconquered on a former occasion from the same necessity. Beside, they are impatient of inaction, and would have been most so under a general to whom, without any cause in common, they were but hired auxiliaries. None in any age hath performed such wonderful exploits as Hannibal; and we ought not to censure him for deficiency in an art which we ourselves have acquired but lately. Is there, Polybius, any proof or record that Alexander of Macedon was master of it?

Polybius. I have found none. We know that he exposed his person, and had nearly lost his life, by leaping from the walls of a city; which a commander-in-chief ought never to do, unless he would rather hear the *huzzas* of children than

* Plutarch says, and undoubtedly upon some ancient authority, that *both* armies did not contain that number.

the approbation of military men, or any men of discretion or sense. Alexander was without an excuse for his temerity, since he was attended by the generals who had taken Thebes, and who, therefore, he might well know, would take the weaker and less bravely defended towns of Asia.

Scipio. Here again you must observe the superiority of Hannibal. He was accompanied by no general of extraordinary talents, resolute as were many of them, and indeed all. His irruption into and through Gaul, with so inconsiderable a force; his formation of allies out of enemies, in so brief a space of time; and then his holding them together so long, — are such miracles, that, cutting through eternal snows, and marching through paths which seem to us suspended loosely and hardly poised in the heavens, are less. And these too were his device and work. Drawing of parallels, captain against captain, is the occupation of a trifling and scholastic mind, and seldom is commenced, and never conducted, impartially. Yet, my friends, who of these idlers in parallelograms is so idle, as to compare the invasion of Persia with the invasion of Gaul, the Alps, and Italy, — Moors and Carthaginians with Macedonians and Greeks; Darius and his hordes and satraps with Roman legions under Roman consuls?

While Hannibal lived, O Polybius and Panætius, although his city lay before us smouldering in its ashes, ours would be ever insecure.

Panætius. You said, O Scipio, that the Romans had learned but recently the business of sieges; and yet many cities in Italy appear to me very strong, which your armies took long ago.

Scipio. By force and patience. If Pyrrhus had never invaded us, we should scarcely have excelled the Carthaginians, or even the Nomades, in castrametation, and have been inferior to both in cavalry. Whatever we know, we have learned from your country, whether it be useful in peace or war. — I say your country; for the Macedonians were instructed by the Greeks. The father of Alexander, the first of his family who was not as barbarous and ignorant as a Carian or Armenian slave, received his rudiments in the house of Epaminondas.

Panætius. Permit me now to return, O Scipio, to a question not unconnected with philosophy. Whether it was prudent or not in Hannibal to invest the city of Rome after his victory,

he might somewhere have employed his army, where it should not waste away with luxury.

Scipio. Philosophers. O Panætius, seem to know more about luxury than we military men do. I cannot say upon what their apprehensions of it are founded, but certainly they sadly fear it.

Polybius. For us. I wish I could as easily make you smile to-day, O Æmilianus, as I shall our good-tempered and liberal Panætius, — a philosopher, as we have experienced, less inclined to speak ill or ludicrously of others, be the sect what it may, than any I know or have heard of.

In my early days, one of a different kind, and whose alarms at luxury were (as we discovered) subdued in some degree, in some places, was invited by Critolaus to dine with a party of us, all then young officers, on our march from Achaia into Elis. His florid and open countenance made his company very acceptable: and the more so, as we were informed by Critolaus that he never was importunate with his morality at dinner-time.

Philosophers, if they deserve the name, are by no means indifferent as to the places in which it is their intention to sow the seeds of virtue. They choose the ingenuous, the modest, the sensible, the obedient. We thought rather of where we should place our table. Behind us lay the forest of Pholöe, with its many glens opening to the plain; before us the Temple of Olympian Zeus, indistinctly discernible, leaned against the azure heavens; and the rivulet of Selinus ran a few stadions from us, seen only where it received a smaller streamlet, originating at a fountain close by.

The cistus, the pomegranate, the myrtle, the serpolet, bloomed over our heads and beside us; for we had chosen a platform where a projecting rock, formerly a stone-quarry, shaded us, and where a little rill, of which the spring was there, bedimmed our goblets with the purest water. The awnings we had brought with us to protect us from the sun were unnecessary for that purpose: we rolled them therefore into two long seats, filling them with moss, which grew profusely a few paces below. "When our guest arrives," said Critolaus, "every one of these flowers will serve him for some moral illustration; every shrub will be the rod of Mercury in his hands." We were impatient for the time of his coming.

Thelymnia, the beloved of Critolaus, had been instructed by him in a stratagem, to subvert, or shake at least and stagger, the philosophy of Euthymedes. Has the name escaped me? no matter — perhaps he is dead — if living, he would smile at a recoverable lapse as easily as we did.

Thelymnia wore a dress like ours, and acceded to every advice of Critolaus, excepting that she would not consent so readily to entwine her head with ivy. At first she objected that there was not enough of it for all. Instantly two or three of us pulled down (for nothing is more brittle) a vast quantity from the rock, which loosened some stones, and brought down together with them a bird's nest of the last year. Then she said, "I dare not use this ivy: the omen is a bad one."

"Do you mean the nest, Thelymnia?" said Critolaus.

"No, not the nest so much as the stones," replied she, faltering.

"Ah! those signify the dogmas of Euthymedes, which you, my lovely Thelymnia, are to loosen and throw down."

At this she smiled faintly and briefly, and began to break off some of the more glossy leaves; and we who stood around her were ready to take them and place them in her hair; when suddenly she held them tighter, and let her hand drop. On her lover's asking her why she hesitated, she blushed deeply, and said, "Phoroneus told me I look best in myrtle."

Innocent and simple and most sweet (I remember) was her voice; and, when she had spoken, the traces of it were remaining on her lips. Her beautiful throat itself changed color; it seemed to undulate; and the roseate predominated in its pearly hue. Phoroneus had been her admirer: she gave the preference to Critolaus; yet the name of Phoroneus at that moment had greater effect upon him than the recollection of his defeat.

Thelymnia recovered herself sooner. We ran wherever we saw myrtles, and there were many about, and she took a part of her coronal from every one of us, smiling on each; but it was only of Critolaus that she asked if he thought that myrtle became her best. "Phoroneus," answered he, not without melancholy, "is infallible as Paris." There was something in the tint of the tender sprays resembling that of the hair they encircled: the blossoms, too, were white as her forehead. She reminded me of those ancient fables which represent the

favorites of the gods as turning into plants; so accordant and identified was her beauty with the flowers and foliage she had chosen to adorn it.

In the midst of our felicitations to her we heard the approach of horses, for the ground was dry and solid; and Euthymedes was presently with us. The mounted slave who led off his master's charger, for such he appeared to be in all points, suddenly disappeared: I presume lest the sight of luxury should corrupt him. I know not where the groom rested, nor where the two animals (no neglected ones certainly, for they were plump and stately) found provender.

Euthymedes was of lofty stature, had somewhat passed the middle age; but the Graces had not left his person, as they usually do when it begins to bear an impression of authority. He was placed by the side of Thelymnia. Gladness and expectation sparkled from every eye: the beauty of Thelymnia seemed to be a light sent from heaven for the festival, — a light the pure radiance of which cheered and replenished the whole heart. Desire of her was chastened, I may rather say was removed, by the confidence of Critolaus in our friendship.

Panætius. Well said! The story begins to please and interest me. Where love finds the soul he neglects the body, and only turns to it in his idleness as to an afterthought. Its best allurements are but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.

Polybius. We exulted in the felicity of our friend, and wished for nothing which even he would not have granted. Happy was the man from whom the glancing eye of Thelymnia seemed to ask some advice, how she should act or answer: happy he who, offering her an apple in the midst of her discourse, fixed his keen survey upon the next, anxious to mark where she had touched it. For it was a calamity to doubt upon what streak or speck, while she was inattentive to the basket, she had placed her finger.

Panætius. I wish, Æmilianus, you would look rather more severely than you do — upon my life! I cannot — and put an end to these dithyrambics. The ivy runs about us, and may infuriate us.

Scipio. The dithyrambics, I do assure you, Panætius, are not of my composing. We are both in danger from the same thyrsus: we will parry it as well as we can, or bend our heads before it.

Panætius. Come, Polybius, we must follow you then, I see, or fly you.

Polybius. Would you rather hear the remainder another time?

Panætius. By Hercules! I have more curiosity than becomes me.

Polybius. No doubt, in the course of the conversation, Euthymedes had made the discovery we hoped to obviate. Never was his philosophy more amiable or more impressive. Pleasure was treated as a friend, not as a master; many things were found innocent that had long been doubtful: excesses alone were condemned. Thelymnia was enchanted by the frankness and liberality of her philosopher, although, in addressing her, more purity on his part and more rigor were discernible. His delicacy was exquisite. When his eyes met hers, they did not retire with rapidity and confusion, but softly and complacently, and as though it were the proper time and season of reposing from the splendors they had encountered. Hers from the beginning were less governable: when she found that they were so, she contrived scheme after scheme for diverting them from the table, and entertaining his unobservedly.

The higher part of the quarry, which had protected us always from the western sun, was covered with birch and hazel; the lower with innumerable shrubs, principally the arbutus and myrtle. "Look at those goats above us," said Thelymnia. "What has tangled their hair so? they seem wet."

"They have been lying on the cistus in the plain," replied Euthymedes: "many of its broken flowers are sticking upon them yet, resisting all the efforts, as you see, of hoof and tongue."

"How beauteous," said she, "are the flexible and crimson branches of this arbutus," taking it in one hand and beating with it the back of the other. "It seems only to have come out of its crevice to pat my shoulder at dinner, and twitch my myrtle when my head leaned back. I wonder how it can grow in such a rock."

"The arbutus," answered he, "clings to the Earth with the most fondness where it finds her in the worst poverty, and covers her bewintered bosom with leaves, berries, and flowers. On the same branch is unripe fruit of the most vivid green;

ripening, of the richest orange; ripened, of perfect scarlet. The maidens of Tyre could never give so brilliant and sweet a lustre to the fleeces of Miletus; nor did they ever string such even and graceful pearls as the blossoms are, for the brides of Assyrian or Persian kings."

"And yet the myrtle is preferred to the arbutus," said Thelymnia, with some slight uneasiness.

"I know why," replied he: "may I tell it?" She bowed and smiled, perhaps not without the expectation of some compliment. He continued, — "The myrtle has done what the arbutus comes too late for.

"The myrtle has covered with her starry crown the beloved of the reaper and vintager; the myrtle was around the head of many a maiden celebrated in song, when the breezes of autumn scattered the first leaves, and rustled among them on the ground; and when she cried timidly, Rise, rise! people are coming! here! there! many!"

Thelymnia said, "That now is not true. Where did you hear it?" and in a softer and lower voice, if I may trust Androcles, "O Euthymedes, do not believe it!"

Either he did not hear her, or dissembled it; and went on: "This deserves preference; this deserves immortality; this deserves a place in the Temple of Venus; in her hand, in her hair, in her breast: Thelymnia herself wears it."

We laughed and applauded; she blushed and looked grave and sighed, — for she had never heard any one, I imagine, talk so long at once. However it was, she sighed: I saw and heard her. Critolaus gave her some glances: she did not catch them. One of the party clapped his hands longer than the rest, whether in approbation or derision of this rhapsody delivered with glee and melody, and entreated the philosopher to indulge us with a few of his adventures.

"You deserve, young man," said Euthymedes gravely, "to have as few as I have had, — you whose idle curiosity would thus intemperately reveal the most sacred mysteries. Poets and philosophers may reason on love, and dream about it, but rarely do they possess the object; and, whenever they do, that object is the invisible deity of a silent worshipper."

"Reason then, or dream," replied the other, breathing an air of scorn to soothe the soreness of the reproof.

"When we reason on love," said Euthymedes, "we often

talk as if we were dreaming: let me try whether the recital of my dream can make you think I talk as if I were reasoning. You may call it a dream, a vision, or what you will.

"I was in a place not very unlike this, my head lying back against a rock, where its crevices were tufted with soft and odoriferous herbs, and where vine leaves protected my face from the sun, and from the bees; which, however, were less likely to molest me, being busy in their first hours of honey-making among the blossoms. Sleep soon fell upon me; for of all philosophers I am certainly the drowsiest, though perhaps there are many quite of equal ability in communicating the gift of drowsiness. Presently I saw three figures, two of which were beautiful; very differently, but in the same degree: the other was much less so. The least of the three, at the first glance, I recognized to be Love; although I saw no wings, nor arrows, nor quiver, nor torch, nor emblem of any kind designating his attributes. The next was not Venus, nor a grace, nor a nymph, nor goddess of whom in worship or meditation I had ever conceived an idea; and yet my heart persuaded me she was a goddess, and from the manner in which she spoke to Love, and he again to her, I was convinced she must be. Quietly and unmovedly as she was standing, her figure, I perceived, was adapted to the perfection of activity. With all the succulence and suppleness of early youth, scarcely beyond puberty, it however gave me the idea, from its graceful and easy languor, of its being possessed by a fondness for repose. Her eyes were large and serene, and of a quality to exhibit the intensity of thought, or even the habitude of reflection, but incapable of expressing the plenitude of joy; and her countenance was tinged with so delicate a color, that it appeared an effluence from an irradiated cloud passing over it in the heavens. The third figure — who sometimes stood in one place and sometimes in another, and of whose countenance I could only distinguish that it was pale, anxious, and mistrustful — interrupted her perpetually. I listened attentively and with curiosity to the conversation, and by degrees I caught the appellations they interchanged. The one I found was Hope, — and I wondered I did not find it out sooner; the other was Fear, which I should not have found out at all; for she did not look terrible nor aghast, but more like Sorrow or Despondency. The first words I could collect of Hope

were these, spoken very mildly, and rather with a look of appeal than of accusation: 'Too surely you have forgotten — for never was child more forgetful or more ungrateful — how many times I have carried you in my bosom, when even your mother drove you from her, and when you could find no other resting-place in heaven or earth.'

"'O unsteady, unruly Love!' cried the pale goddess with much energy, 'it has often been by my intervention that thy wavering authority was fixed. For this I have thrown alarm after alarm into the heedless breast that Hope had once beguiled, and that was growing insensible and torpid under her feebler influence. I do not upbraid thee; and it never was my nature to caress thee; but I claim from thee my portion of the human heart, — mine, ever mine, abhorrent as it may be of me. Let Hope stand on one side of thy altars, but let my place be on the other; or, I swear by all the gods! not any altars shalt thou possess upon the globe.'

"She ceased — and Love trembled. He turned his eyes upon Hope, as if in his turn appealing to her. She said, 'It must be so; it was so from the beginning of the world: only let me never lose you from my sight.' She clasped her hands upon her breast, as she said it, and he looked on her with a smile, and was going up (I thought) to kiss her, when he was recalled, and stopped.

"'Where Love is, there will I be also,' said Fear; 'and even thou, O Hope! never shalt be beyond my power.'

"At these words, I saw them both depart. I then looked toward Love: I did not see him go; but he was gone."

The narration being ended, there were some who remarked what very odd things dreams are; but Thelymnia looked almost as if she herself was dreaming; and Alcimus, who sat opposite, and fancied she was pondering on what the vision could mean, said it appeared to him a thing next to certainty, that it signified how love cannot exist without hope or without fear. Euthymedes nodded assent, and assured him that a soothsayer in great repute had given him the same interpretation. Upon which the younger friends of Alcimus immediately took the ivy from his forehead, and crowned him with laurel, as being worthy to serve Apollo. But they did it with so much noise and festivity, that, before the operation was completed, he began to suspect they were in jest. Thelymnia

had listened to many stories in her lifetime, yet never had she heard one from any man before, who had been favored by the deities with a vision. Hope and Love, as her excited imagination represented them to her, seemed still to be with Euthymedes. She thought the tale would have been better without the mention of Fear; but perhaps this part was only a dream, all the rest a really true vision. She had many things to ask him: she did not know when, nor exactly what, for she was afraid of putting too hard a question to him in the presence of so many, lest it might abash him if he could not answer it; but she wished to ask him something, anything. She soon did it, not without faltering, and was enchanted by the frankness and liberality of her philosopher.

"Did you ever love?" said she, smiling, though not inclined to smile, but doing it to conceal (as in her simplicity she thought it would) her blushes; and looking a little aside, at the only cloud in the heavens, which crossed the moon, as if adorning her for a festival, with a fillet of pale sapphire and interlucent gold.

"I thought I did," replied he, lowering his eyes, that she might lower hers to rest upon him.

"Do then people ever doubt this?" she asked in wonder, looking full in his face with earnest curiosity.

"Alas!" said he softly, "until a few hours ago, until Thelymnia was placed beside me, until an ungenerous heart exposed the treasure, that should have dwelt within it, to the tarnish of a stranger, if that stranger had the baseness to employ the sophistry that was in part expected from him, never should I have known that I had not loved before. We may be uncertain if a vase or an image be of the richest metal, until the richest metal be set right against it. Thelymnia! if I thought it possible at any time hereafter, that you should love me as I love you, I would exert to the uttermost my humble powers of persuasion to avert it."

"Oh! there is no danger," said she, disconcerted; "I did not love any one: I thought I did, just like you; but indeed, indeed, Euthymedes, I was equally in an error. Women have dropped into the grave from it, and have declared to the last moment that they never loved: men have sworn they should die with desperation, and have lived merrily, and have dared to run into the peril fifty times. They have hard, cold hearts, incommunicative and distrustful."

"Have I, too, Thelymnia?" gently he expostulated.

"No, not you," said she; "you may believe I was not thinking of you when I was speaking. But the idea does really make me smile and almost laugh, that you should fear me, supposing it possible, if you could suppose any such thing. Love does not kill men, take my word for it."

He looked rather in sorrow than in doubt, and answered: "Unpropitious love may not kill us always, may not deprive us at once of what at their festivals the idle and inconsiderate call life; but, O Thelymnia! our lives are truly at an end when we are beloved no longer. Existence may be continued, or rather may be renewed, yet the agonies of death and the chilliness of the grave have been passed through; nor are there Elysian fields, nor the sports that delighted in former times, awaiting us, — nor pleasant converse, nor walks with linked hands, nor intermitted songs, nor vengeful kisses for leaving them off abruptly, nor looks that shake us to assure us afterward, nor that bland inquietude, as gently tremulous as the expansion of buds into blossoms, which hurries us from repose to exercise and from exercise to repose."

"Oh! I have been very near loving!" sighed Thelymnia. "Where in the world can a philosopher have learned all this about it!"

The beauty of Thelymnia, her blushes, first at the deceit, afterward at the encouragement she received in her replies, and lastly from some other things which we could not penetrate, highly gratified Critolaus. Soon however (for wine always brings back to us our last strong feeling) he thought again of Phoroneus, as young, as handsome, and once (is that the word?) as dear to her. He saddened at the myrtle on the head of his beloved; it threw shadows and gloom upon his soul: her smiles, her spirits, her wit, and, above all, her nods of approbation, wounded him. He sighed when she covered her face with her hand; when she disclosed it he sighed again. Every glance of pleasure, every turn of surprise, every movement of her body, pained and oppressed him. He cursed in his heart whoever it was who had stuffed that portion of the couch: there was so little moss, thought he, between Thelymnia and Euthymedes. He might have seen Athos part them, and would have murmured still.

The rest of us were in admiration at the facility and grace

with which Thelymnia sustained her part, and observing less Critolaus than we did in the commencement, when he acknowledged and enjoyed our transports, indifferently and contentedly saw him rise from the table and go away, thinking his departure a preconcerted section of the stratagem. He retired, as he told us afterward, into a grot. So totally was his mind abstracted from the entertainment, he left the table athirst, covered as it was with fruit and wine, and abundant as ran beside us the clearest and sweetest and most refreshing rill. He related to me that, at the extremity of the cavern, he applied his parched tongue to the dripping rock, shunning the light of day, the voice of friendship, so violent was his desire of solitude and concealment; and he held his forehead and his palms against it when his lips had closed. We knew not and suspected not his feelings at the time, and rejoiced at the anticipation of the silly things a philosopher should have whispered, which Thelymnia in the morning of the festival had promised us to detail the next day. Love is apt to get entangled and to trip and stumble when he puts on the garb of Friendship: it is too long and loose for him to walk in, although he sometimes finds it convenient for a covering. Euthymedes the philosopher made this discovery, to which perhaps others may lay equal claim.

After the lesson he had been giving her, which amused her in the dictation, she stood composed and thoughtful, and then said hesitatingly, "But would it be quite proper? would there be nothing of insincerity and falsehood in it, to my Critolaus?" He caught her up in his arms, and, as in his enthusiasm he had raised her head above his, he kissed her bosom. She reproved and pardoned him, making him first declare and protest he would never do the like again. "O soul of truth and delicacy!" cried he aloud; and Thelymnia, no doubt, trembled lest her lover should in a moment be forsworn; so imminent and inevitable seemed the repetition of his offence. But he observed on her eyelashes, what had arisen from his precipitation in our presence, —

> A hesitating, long-suspended tear,
> Like that which hangs upon the vine fresh-pruned,
> Until the morning kisses it away.

The nymphs, who often drive men wild (they tell us), have

led me astray: I must return with you to the grot. We gave every facility to the stratagem. One slipped away in one direction, another in another; but, at a certain distance, each was desirous of joining some comrade, and of laughing together; yet each reproved the laughter, even when far off, lest it should do harm, reserving it for the morrow. While they walked along, conversing, the words of Euthymedes fell on the ears of Thelymnia softly as cistus-petals, fluttering and panting for a moment in the air, fall on the thirsty sand. She, in a voice that makes the brain dizzy as it plunges into the breast, replied to him,—

"O Euthymedes! you must have lived your whole life-time in the hearts of women, to know them so thoroughly: I never knew mine before you taught me."

Euthymedes now was silent, being one of the few wise men whom love ever made wiser. But, in his silence and abstraction, he took especial care to press the softer part of her arm against his heart, that she might be sensible of its quick pulsation; and, as she rested her elbow within the curvature of his, the slenderest of her fingers solicited, first one, then another, of those beneath them, but timidly, briefly, inconclusively, and then clung around it pressingly for countenance and support. Panætius, you have seen the mountains on the left hand, eastward, when you are in Olympia, and perhaps the little stream that runs from the nearest of them into the Alpheus. Could you have seen them that evening! the moon never shone so calmly, so brightly, upon Latmos, nor the torch of Love before her. And yet many of the stars were visible; the most beautiful were among them; and as Euthymedes taught Thelymnia their names, their radiance seemed more joyous, more effulgent, more beneficent. If you have ever walked forth into the wilds and open plains upon such moonlight nights, cautious as you are, I will venture to say, Panætius, you have often tripped, even though the stars were not your study. There was an arm to support or to catch Thelymnia: yet she seemed incorrigible. Euthymedes was patient: at last he did I know not what, which was followed by a reproof, and a wonder how he could have done so, and another how he could answer for it. He looked ingenuously and apologetically, forgetting to correct his fault in the meanwhile. She listened to him attentively, pushing his hand

away at intervals, yet less frequently and less resolutely in the course of his remonstrance, particularly when he complained to her that the finer and more delicate part of us, the eye, may wander at leisure over what is in its way; yet that its dependents in the corporeal system must not follow it; that they must hunger and faint in the service of a power so rich and absolute. "This being hard, unjust, and cruel," said he, "never can be the ordinance of the gods. Love alone feeds the famishing; Love alone places all things, both of matter and of mind, in perfect harmony: Love hath less to learn from Wisdom than Wisdom hath to learn from Love."

"Modest man!" said she to herself, "there is a great deal of truth in what he says, considering he is a philosopher." She then asked him, after a pause, why he had not spoken so in the conversation on love, which appeared to give animation, mirth, and wit, to the dullest of the company, and even to make the wines of Chios, Crete, and Lesbos, sparkle with fresh vivacity in their goblets.

"I who was placed by the fountain-head," replied he, "had no inclination to follow the shallow and slender stream, taking its course towards streets and lanes, and dipped into and muddied by unhallowed and uncleanly hands. After dinner such topics are usually introduced, when the objects that ought to inspire our juster sentiments are gone away. An indelicacy worse than Thracian! The purest gales of heaven, in the most perfect solitudes, should alone lift up the aspiration of our souls to the divinities all men worship."

"Sensible creature!" sighed Thelymnia in her bosom, "how rightly he does think!"

"Come, fairest of wanderers," whispered he, softly and persuasively, "such will I call you, though the stars hear me, and though the gods too in a night like this pursue their loves upon earth — the moon has no little pools filled with her light under the rock yonder; she deceives us in the depth of these hollows, like the limpid sea. Beside, we are here among the pinks and sand-roses: do they never prick your ankles with their stems and thorns? Even their leaves at this late season are enough to hurt you."

"I think they do," replied she, and thanked him, with a tender, timid glance, for some fresh security his arm or hand had given her in escaping from them. "Oh, now we are quite

out of them all! How cool is the saxifrage! how cool the ivy-leaves!"

"I fancy, my sweet scholar, — or shall I rather say (for you have been so oftener) my sweet teacher, — they are not ivy-leaves: to me they appear to be periwinkles."

"I will gather some and see," said Thelymnia.

Periwinkles cover wide and deep hollows: of what are they incapable when the convolvulus is in league with them! She slipped from the arm of Euthymedes, and in an instant had disappeared. In an instant too he had followed.

Panætius. These are mad pranks, and always end ill. Moonlights! cannot we see them quietly from the tops of our houses, or from the plain pavement? Must we give challenges to mastiffs, make appointments with wolves, run after asps, and languish for stone-quarries? Unwary philosopher and simple girl! Were they found again?

Polybius. Yea, by Castor! and most unwillingly.

Scipio. I do not wonder. When the bones are broken, without the consolation of some great service rendered in such misfortune, and when beauty must become deformity, I can well believe that they both would rather have perished.

Polybius. Amaranth on the couch of Jove and Hebe was never softer than the bed they fell on. Critolaus had advanced to the opening of the cavern: he had heard the exclamation of Thelymnia as she was falling — he forgave her — he ran to her for her forgiveness — he heard some low sounds — he smote his heart, else it had fainted in him — he stopped.

Euthymedes was raising up Thelymnia, forgetful (as was too apparent) of himself. "Traitor!" exclaimed the fiery Critolaus, "thy blood shall pay for this. Impostor! whose lesson this very day was, that luxury is the worst of poisons."

"Critolaus," answered he calmly, drawing his robe about him (for, falling in so rough a place, his vesture was a little disordered), "we will not talk of blood; but as for my lesson of to-day, I must defend it. In a few words, then, since I think we are none of us disposed for many, hemlock does not hurt goats, nor luxury philosophers."

Thelymnia had risen more beautiful from her confusion; but her color soon went away, and, if any slight trace of it were remaining on her cheeks, the modest moonlight and the severer stars would let none show itself. She looked as the

statue of Pygmalion would have looked, had she been destined the hour after animation to return into her inanimate state. Offering no excuse, she was the worthier of pardon: but there is one hour in which pardon never entered the human breast, and that hour was this. Critolaus, who always had ridiculed the philosophers, now hated them from the bottom of his heart. Every sect was detestable to him, — the Stoic, the Platonic, the Epicurean, — all equally; but especially those hypocrites and impostors in each, who, under the cloak of philosophy, come forward with stately figures, prepossessing countenances, and bland discourse.

Panætius. We do not desire to hear what such foolish men think of philosophers, true or false; but pray tell us how he acted on his own notable discovery: for I opine he was the unlikeliest of the three to grow quite calm on a sudden.

Polybius. He went away; not without fierce glances at the stars, reproaches to the gods themselves, and serious and sad reflections upon destiny. Being, however, a pious man by constitution and education, he thought he had spoken of the omens unadvisedly, and found other interpretations for the stones we had thrown down with the ivy. "And, ah!" said he, sighing, "the bird's nest of last year too! I now know what that is!"

Panætius. Polybius, I considered you too grave a man to report such idle stories. The manner is not yours: I rather think you have torn out a page or two from some love-feast (not generally known) of Plato.

Polybius. Your judgment has for once deserted you, my friend. If Plato had been present, he might then indeed have described what he saw, and elegantly; but if he had feigned the story, the name that most interests us would not have ended with a vowel.

Scipio. You convince me, Polybius.

Panætius. I join my hands, and give them to you.

Polybius. My usual manner is without variety. I endeavor to collect as much sound sense and as many solid facts as I can, to distribute them as commodiously, and to keep them as clear of ornament. If any one thought of me or my style in reading my history, I should condemn myself as a defeated man.

Scipio. Polybius, you are by far the wisest that ever wrote

history, though many wise have written it; and, if your facts are sufficiently abundant, your work will be the most interesting and important.

Polybius. Live then, Scipio!

Panætius. The gods grant it!

Polybius. I know what I can do and what I cannot (the proudest words perhaps that ever man uttered) — I say it plainly to you, my sincere and judicious monitor; but you must also let me say that, doubtful whether I could amuse our Æmilianus in his present mood, I would borrow a tale, unaccustomed as I am to such, from the libraries of Miletus, or snatch it from the bosom of Elephantis.

Scipio. Your friendship comes under various forms to me, my dear Polybius, but it is always warm and always welcome. Nothing can be kinder or more delicate in you, than to diversify as much as possible our conversation this day. Panætius would be more argumentative on luxury than I: even Euthymedes (it appears) was unanswerable.

Panætius. Oh the knave! such men bring reproaches upon philosophy.

Scipio. I see no more reason why they should, than why a slattern, who empties a certain vase on your head in the street, should make you cry, "O Jupiter! what a curse is water!"

Panætius. I am ready to propose almost such an exchange with you, Æmilianus, as Diomedes with Glaucus — my robe for yours.

Scipio. Panætius, could it be done, you would wish it undone. The warfare you undertake is the more difficult: we have not enemies on both sides, as you have.

Panætius. If you had seen straight, you would have seen that the offer was to exchange my philosophy for yours. You need less meditation, and employ more, than any man. Now if you have aught to say on luxury, let me hear it.

Scipio. It would be idle to run into the parts of it, and to make a definition of that which we agree on; but it is not so to remind you that we were talking of it in soldiers, for the pleasant tale of Thelymnia is enough to make us forget them, even while the trumpet is sounding. Believe me, my friend (or ask Polybius), a good general will turn this formidable thing luxury to some account. He will take care that, like

the strong vinegar the legionaries carry with them, it should be diluted, and thus be useful.

Panætius. Then it is luxury no longer.

Scipio. True; and now tell me, Panætius, or you Polybius, what city was ever so exuberant in riches, as to maintain a great army long together in sheer luxury? I am not speaking of cities that have been sacked, but of the allied and friendly, whose interests are to be observed, whose affection is to be conciliated and retained. Hannibal knew this, and minded it.

Polybius. You might have also added to the interrogation, if you had thought proper, those cities which *have* been sacked; for there plenty is soon wasted, and not soon supplied again.

Scipio. Let us look closer at the soldier's board, and see what is on it in the rich Capua. Is plentiful and wholesome food luxury? or do soldiers run into the market-place for a pheasant? or do those on whom they are quartered pray and press them to eat it? Suppose they went hunting quails, hares, partridges; would it render them less active? There are no wild-boars in that neighborhood, or we might expect from a boar-hunt a visitation of the gout. Suppose the men drew their idea of pleasure from the school or from the practices of Euthymedes. One vice is corrected by another, where a higher principle does not act, and where a man does not exert the proudest dominion over the most turbulent of states — himself. Hannibal, we may be sure, never allowed his army to repose in utter inactivity; no, nor to remain a single day without its exercise — a battle, a march, a foraging, a conveyance of wood or water, a survey of the banks of rivers, a fathoming of their depth, a certification of their soundness or unsoundness at bottom, a measurement of the greater or less extent of their fords, a review, or a castrametation. The plenty of his camp at Capua (for you hardly can imagine, Panætius, that the soldiers had in a military sense the freedom of the city, and took what they pleased without pay and without restriction) attached to him the various nations of which it was composed, and kept together the heterogeneous and discordant mass. It was time that he should think of this; for probably there was not a soldier left who had not lost in battle or by fatigue his dearest friend and comrade.

Dry bread and hard blows are excellent things in themselves, and military requisites, — to those who converse on them over their cups, turning their heads for the approbation of others on whose bosom they recline, and yawning from sad disquietude at the degeneracy and effeminacy of the age. But there is finally a day when the cement of power begins to lose its strength and coherency, and when the fabric must be kept together by pointing it anew, and by protecting it a little from that rigor of the seasons which at first compacted it.

The story of Hannibal and his army wasting away in luxury is common, general, universal: its absurdity is remarked by few, or rather by none.

Polybius. The wisest of us are slow to disbelieve what we have learned early; yet this story has always been to me incredible.

Scipio. Beside the reasons I have adduced, is it necessary to remind you that Campania is subject to diseases which incapacitate the soldier? Those of Hannibal were afflicted by them; few indeed perished, but they were debilitated by their malady, and while they were waiting for the machinery which (even if they had had the artificers among them) could not have been constructed in double the time requisite for importing it, the period of dismay at Rome, if ever it existed, had elapsed. The wonder is less that Hannibal did not take Rome than that he was able to remain in Italy, not having taken it. Considering how he held together, how he disciplined, how he provisioned (the most difficult thing of all, in the face of such enemies) an army in great part, as one would imagine, so intractable and wasteful; what commanders, what soldiers, what rivers, and what mountains, opposed him, — I think, Polybius, you will hardly admit to a parity or comparison with him, in the rare union of political and military science, the most distinguished of your own countrymen: not Philopœmen, nor Philip of Macedon; if indeed you can hear me, without anger and indignation, name a barbarian king with Greeks.

Polybius. When kings are docile, and pay due respect to those who are wiser and more virtuous than themselves, I would not point at them as objects of scorn or contumely, even among the free. There is little danger that men educated as we have been should value them too highly, or that men educated as they have been should eclipse the glory of Philo-

pœmen. People in a republic know that their power and existence must depend on the zeal and assiduity, the courage and integrity, of those they employ in their first offices of state; kings on the contrary lay the foundations of their power on abject hearts and prostituted intellects, and fear and abominate those whom the breath of God hath raised higher than the breath of man. Hence, from being the dependants of their own slaves, both they and their slaves become at last the dependants of free nations, and alight from their cars to be tied by the neck to the cars of better men.

Scipio. Deplorable condition! if their education had allowed any sense of honor to abide in them. But we must consider them as the tulips and anemones and other gaudy flowers that shoot from the earth to be looked upon in idleness, and to be snapped by the stick or broken by the wind without our interest, care, or notice. We cannot thus calmly contemplate the utter subversion of a mighty capital; we cannot thus indifferently stand over the strong agony of an expiring nation, after a gasp of years in a battle of ages to win a world, or be for ever fallen.

Seldom are we prone to commiserate the misfortunes of our enemies. The reason is, they are seldom great or virtuous men; and, when they are, we are apt to think otherwise. But Hannibal hath shown greatness both in prosperity and adversity. He hath conciliated both the most barbarous and the most civilized of mankind, the most frugal and the most luxurious, — the mountaineers of Helvetia, the princes of Campania; and, if truth is ever painful to utter it is painful now, he hath vanquished the most experienced in war. Again I see the Alps rise up before me; and I witness the discomfiture of that commander whose name I reverence and bear. Resentment hath no place in my bosom: I can pity the man whom an ungrateful country helped his enemies to throw down; who flies from potentate to potentate for protection; who is destined to die not in the land that nurtured him, probably not in the field of battle, probably not with kindred or friends about him. Enough! enough! somewhat of this may befall even those who are now prosperous and triumphant.

Panætius. We see little when we are cast down; and when we are raised high we are ill-inclined to see all we might. Ingratitude is a monster not peculiar to Africa.

Polybius. The breed will never be exterminated.

Panætius. Never! be sure of that; but there are men, however few of them, in all countries, who know a remedy for its venom.

Polybius. What can that be?

Panætius. Covering the fresh wound with fresh kindness. It is not every one who has the privilege of making an ingrate: there must be power and will to benefit. Hannibal, at all events, owes but small gratitude to the Roman Senate; yet, if his character is indeed so exalted as I am willing to suppose it, he would not be insensible to the praises his vanquisher hath bestowed on him. You estimate, O Æmilianus, the abilities of a general, not by the number of battles he has won, nor of enemies he hath slain or led captive, but by the combinations he hath formed, the blows of fortune he hath parried or avoided, the prejudices he hath removed, and the difficulties of every kind he hath overcome. In like manner we should consider kings. Educated still more barbarously than other barbarians, sucking their milk alternately from Vice and Folly, guided in their first steps by Duplicity and Flattery, whatever they do but decently is worthy of applause; whatever they do virtuously, of admiration. I would say it even to Caius Gracchus: I would tell him it even in the presence of his mother, unappalled by her majestic mien, her truly Roman sanctity, her brow that cannot frown, but that reproves with pity; for I am not so hostile to royalty as other philosophers are,—perhaps because I have been willing to see less of it.

Scipio. Cornelia is dearer to me for her virtues than even for our consanguinity; and I reciprocate the fondness of her brave and intelligent sons, whose estrangement from our order I fear to trace and grieve to reprehend. Let us rather look once again toward your own country, Greece. Many have been signally courageous, signally judicious, in battle; many by their eloquence have been leaders at Rome, where tumults and mutinies are more ready to break out and more difficult to quell; many have managed the high and weighty magistratures with integrity and discretion, with hand equally firm and pure. Any one of these qualities is sufficient to constitute a memorable man. But, O Panætius and Polybius, we do not find in the records of history, we do not find in the

regions of fable, a greater than your Pericles, your Epaminondas, your Philopœmen.

Polybius. Praise from you, Æmilianus, would have supported the heart of Philopœmen, which sank only under the ruins of our country. Of such materials as this praise, such glorification from superior minds, are the lamps that shine inextinguishable in the tomb. Eternal thanks to the Romans! who, whatever reason they may have had to treat the Greeks as enemies; to traverse and persecute such men as Lycortas, my father, and as Philopœmen, my early friend; to consume our cities with fire, and to furrow our streets with torrents (as we have heard lately) issuing from the remolten images of gods and heroes, — have, however, so far respected the mother of Civilization and of Law, as never to permit the cruel mockery of erecting Barbarism and Royalty on their vacant bases.

Panætius. Our ancient institutions in part exist; we lost the rest when we lost the simplicity of our forefathers. Let it be our glory that we have resisted the most populous and wealthy nations, and that, having been conquered, we have been conquered by the most virtuous; that every one of our chief cities hath produced a greater number of illustrious men than all the remainder of the earth around us; that no man can anywhere enter his hall or portico, and see the countenances of his ancestors from their marble columels, without a commemorative and grateful sense of obligation to us; that neither his solemn feasts nor his cultivated fields are silent on it; that not the lamp which shows him the glad faces of his children, and prolongs his studies, and watches by his rest, — that not the ceremonies whereby he hopes to avert the vengeance of the gods, nor the tenderer ones whereon are founded the affinities of domestic life, nor finally those which lead toward another, — would have existed in this country, if Greece had not conveyed them. Bethink thee, Scipio, how little hath been done by any other nation to promote the moral dignity or enlarge the social pleasures of the human race. What parties ever met in their most populous cities, for the enjoyment of liberal and speculative conversation? What Alcibiades, elated with war and glory, turned his youthful mind from general admiration and from the cheers and caresses of coeval friends, to strengthen and purify it under the cold reproofs of

the aged? What Aspasia led Philosophy to smile on Love, or taught Love to reverence Philosophy? These, as thou knowest, are not the safest guides for either sex to follow; yet in these were united the gravity and the graces of wisdom, never seen, never imagined, out of Athens.

I would not offend thee by comparing the genius of the Roman people with ours: the offence is removable, and in part removed already, by thy hand. The little of sound learning, the little of pure wit, that hath appeared in Rome from her foundation, hath been concentrated under thy roof: one tile would cover it. Have we not walked together, O Scipio, by starlight, on the shores of Surrentum and Baiæ, of Ischia and Caprea, and hath it not occurred to thee that the heavens themselves, both what we see of them and what lieth above our vision, are peopled with our heroes and heroines? The ocean that roars so heavily in the ears of other men hath for us its tuneful shells, its placid nymphs, and its beneficent ruler. The trees of the forest, the flowers, the plants, passed indiscriminately elsewhere, awaken and warm our affection; they mingle with the objects of our worship; they breathe the spirit of our ancestors; they lived in our form; they spoke in our language; they suffered as our daughters may suffer; the deities revisit them with pity; and some (we think) dwell among them.

Scipio. Poetry! poetry!

Panætius. Yes; I own it. The spirit of Greece, passing through and ascending above the world, hath so animated universal nature, that the very rocks and woods, the very torrents and wilds burst forth with it, — and it falls, Æmilianus, even from me.

Scipio. It is from Greece I have received my friends, Panætius and Polybius.

Panætius. Say more, Æmilianus! You have indeed said it here already; but say it again at Rome: it is Greece who taught the Romans all beyond the rudiments of war; it is Greece who placed in your hand the sword that conquered Carthage.

III. METELLUS AND MARIUS.

Metellus. Well met, Caius Marius! My orders are to find instantly a centurion who shall mount the walls; one capable of observation, acute in remark, prompt, calm, active, intrepid. The Numantians are sacrificing to the gods in secrecy; they have sounded the horn once only,—and hoarsely, and low, and mournfully.

Marius. Was that ladder I see yonder among the caper-bushes and purple lilies, under where the fig-tree grows out of the rampart, left for me?

Metellus. Even so, wert thou willing. Wouldst thou mount it?

Marius. Rejoicingly. If none are below or near, may I explore the state of things by entering the city?

Metellus. Use thy discretion in that.

What seest thou? Wouldst thou leap down? Lift the ladder.

Marius. Are there spikes in it where it sticks in the turf? I should slip else.

Metellus. How! bravest of our centurions, art even thou afraid? Seest thou any one by?

Marius. Ay; some hundreds close beneath me.

Metellus. Retire, then. Hasten back; I will protect thy descent.

Marius. May I speak, O Metellus, without an offence to discipline?

Metellus. Say.

Marius. Listen! Dost thou not hear?

Metellus. Shame on thee! alight, alight! my shield shall cover thee.

Marius. There is a murmur like the hum of bees in the beanfield of Cereate;* for the sun is hot, and the ground is thirsty. When will it have drunk up for me the blood that has run, and is yet oozing on it, from those fresh bodies!

Metellus. How! We have not fought for many days; what bodies, then, are fresh ones?

* The farm of Marius, near Arpinum.

Marius. Close beneath the wall are those of infants and of girls; in the middle of the road are youths, emaciated; some either unwounded or wounded months ago; some on their spears, others on their swords: no few have received in mutual death the last interchange of friendship; their daggers unite them, hilt to hilt, bosom to bosom.

Metellus. Mark rather the living, — what are they about?

Marius. About the sacrifice, which portends them, I conjecture, but little good, — it burns sullenly and slowly. The victim will lie upon the pyre till morning, and still be unconsumed, unless they bring more fuel.

I will leap down and walk on cautiously, and return with tidings, if death should spare me.

Never was any race of mortals so unmilitary as these Numantians: no watch, no stations, no palisades across the streets.

Metellus. Did they want, then, all the wood for the altar?

Marius. It appears so, — I will return anon.

Metellus. The gods speed thee, my brave, honest Marius!

Marius (*returned*). The ladder should have been better spiked for that slippery ground. I am down again safe, however. Here a man may walk securely, and without picking his steps.

Metellus. Tell me, Caius, what thou sawest.

Marius. The streets of Numantia.

Metellus. Doubtless; but what else?

Marius. The temples and markets and places of exercise and fountains.

Metellus. Art thou crazed, centurion? what more? Speak plainly, at once, and briefly.

Marius. I beheld, then, all Numantia.

Metellus. Has terror maddened thee? hast thou descried nothing of the inhabitants but those carcasses under the ramparts?

Marius. Those, O Metellus, lie scattered, although not indeed far asunder. The greater part of the soldiers and citizens, — of the fathers, husbands, widows, wives, espoused, — were assembled together.

Metellus. About the altar?

Marius. Upon it.

Metellus. So busy and earnest in devotion! but how all upon it?

Marius. It blazed under them, and over them, and round about them.

Metellus. Immortal gods! Art thou sane, Caius Marius? Thy visage is scorched: thy speech may wander after such an enterprise; thy shield burns my hand.

Marius. I thought it had cooled again. Why, truly, it seems hot: I now feel it.

Metellus. Wipe off those embers.

Marius. 'Twere better: there will be none opposite to shake them upon, for some time.

The funereal horn, that sounded with such feebleness, sounded not so from the faint heart of him who blew it. Him I saw; him only of the living. Should I say it? there was another: there was one child whom its parent could not kill, could not part from. She had hidden it in her robe, I suspect; and, when the fire had reached it, either it shrieked or she did. For suddenly a cry pierced through the crackling pinewood, and something of round in figure fell from brand to brand, until it reached the pavement, at the feet of him who had blown the horn. I rushed toward him, for I wanted to hear the whole story, and felt the pressure of time. Condemn not my weakness, O Cæcilius! I wished an enemy to live an hour longer; for my orders were to explore and bring intelligence. When I gazed on him, in height almost gigantic, I wondered not that the blast of his trumpet was so weak: rather did I wonder that Famine, whose hand had indented every limb and feature, had left him any voice articulate. I rushed toward him, however, ere my eyes had measured either his form or strength. He held the child against me, and staggered under it.

"Behold," he exclaimed, "the glorious ornament of a Roman triumph!"

I stood horror-stricken; when suddenly drops, as of rain, pattered down from the pyre. I looked; and many were the precious stones, many were the amulets and rings and bracelets, and other barbaric ornaments, unknown to me in form or purpose, that tinkled on the hardened and black branches, from mothers and wives and betrothed maids; and some, too, I can imagine, from robuster arms, — things of joyance, won in battle. The crowd of incumbent bodies was so dense and heavy, that neither the fire nor the smoke could penetrate up-

ward from among them; and they sank, whole and at once, into the smouldering cavern eaten out below. He at whose neck hung the trumpet felt this, and started.

"There is yet room," he cried, "and there is strength enough yet, both in the element and in me."

He extended his withered arms, he thrust forward the gaunt links of his throat, and upon gnarled knees, that smote each other audibly, tottered into the civic fire. It — like some hungry and strangest beast on the innermost wild of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless, gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe — panted once more, and seized him.

I have seen within this hour, O Metellus, what Romé in the cycle of her triumphs will never see, what the Sun in his eternal course can never show her, what the Earth has borne but now, and must never rear again for her, what Victory herself has envied her, — a Numantian.

Metellus. We shall feast to-morrow. Hope, Caius Marius, to become a tribune: trust in fortune.

Marius. Auguries are surer: surest of all is perseverance.

Metellus. I hope the wine has not grown vapid in my tent: I have kept it waiting, and must now report to Scipio the intelligence of our discovery. Come after me, Caius.

Marius (alone). The tribune is the discoverer! the centurion is the scout! Caius Marius must enter more Numantias. Light-hearted Cæcilius, thou mayest perhaps hereafter, and not with humbled but with exulting pride, take orders from this hand. If Scipio's words are fate, and to me they sound so, the portals of the Capitol may shake before my chariot, as my horses plunge back at the applauses of the people, and Jove in his high domicile may welcome the citizen of Arpinum.

Marius was young at the siege of Numantia, and, entering the army with no advantage of connection, would have risen slowly; but Scipio had marked his regularity and good morals, and desirous of showing the value he placed on discipline, when he was asked who, in case of accident to him, should succeed in the chief command, replied, *Perhaps this man*, touching the shoulder of Marius.

Caius Cæcilius Metellus was the youngest of four brothers: he served as tribune before Numantia, where Scipio said of him, *Si quintum pareret mater ejus, asinum fuisse parituram.* He was the kinsman of that Metellus by whose jealousy Marius was persecuted in the Numidian war.

IV. LUCULLUS AND CÆSAR.

Cæsar. Lucius Lucullus, I come to you privately and unattended for reasons which you will know; confiding, I dare not say in your friendship, since no service of mine toward you hath deserved it, but in your generous and disinterested love of peace. Hear me on. Cneius Pompeius, according to the report of my connections in the city, had, on the instant of my leaving it for the province, begun to solicit his dependants to strip me ignominiously of authority. Neither vows nor affinity can bind him. He would degrade the father of his wife; he would humiliate his own children, the unoffending, the unborn; he would poison his own nascent love, — at the suggestion of Ambition. Matters are now brought so far, that either he or I must submit to a reverse of fortune; since no concession can assuage his malice, divert his envy, or gratify his cupidity. No sooner could I raise myself up, from the consternation and stupefaction into which the certainty of these reports had thrown me, than I began to consider in what manner my own private afflictions might become the least noxious to the republic. Into whose arms, then, could I throw myself more naturally and more securely, to whose bosom could I commit and consign more sacredly the hopes and destinies of our beloved country, than his who laid down power in the midst of its enjoyments, in the vigor of youth, in the pride of triumph, when Dignity solicited, when Friendship urged, entreated, supplicated, and when Liberty herself invited and beckoned to him from the senatorial order and from the curule chair? Betrayed and abandoned by those we had confided in, our next friendship, if ever our hearts receive any, or if any will venture in those places of desolation, flies forward instinctively to what is most contrary and dissimilar. Cæsar is hence the visitant of Lucullus.

Lucullus. I had always thought Pompeius more moderate and more reserved than you represent him, Caius Julius; and yet I am considered in general, and surely you also will consider me, but little liable to be prepossessed by him.

Cæsar. Unless he may have ingratiated himself with you recently, by the administration of that worthy whom last

winter his partisans dragged before the Senate, and forced to assert publicly that you and Cato had instigated a party to circumvent and murder him; and whose carcass, a few days afterward, when it had been announced that he had died by a natural death, was found covered with bruises, stabs, and dislocations.

Lucullus. You bring much to my memory which had quite slipped out of it, and I wonder that it could make such an impression on yours. A proof to me that the interest you take in my behalf began earlier than your delicacy will permit you to acknowledge. You are fatigued, which I ought to have perceived before.

Cæsar. Not at all; the fresh air has given me life and alertness: I feel it upon my cheek even in the room.

Lucullus. After our dinner and sleep, we will spend the remainder of the day on the subject of your visit.

Cæsar. Those Ethiopian slaves of yours shiver with cold upon the mountain here; and truly I myself was not insensible to the change of climate, in the way from Mutina.

What white bread! I never found such even at Naples or Capua. This Formian wine (which I prefer to the Chian), how exquisite!

Lucullus. Such is the urbanity of Cæsar, even while he bites his lip with displeasure. How! surely it bleeds! Permit me to examine the cup.

Cæsar. I believe a jewel has fallen out of the rim in the carriage: the gold is rough there.

Lucullus. Marcipor, let me never see that cup again! No answer, I desire. My guest pardons heavier faults. Mind that dinner be prepared for us shortly.

Cæsar. In the meantime, Lucullus, if your health permits it, shall we walk a few paces round the villa? for I have not seen any thing of the kind before.

Lucullus. The walls are double; the space between them two feet; the materials for the most part earth and straw. Two hundred slaves, and about as many mules and oxen, brought the beams and rafters up the mountain; my architects fixed them at once in their places: every part was ready, even the wooden nails. The roof is thatched, you see.

Cæsar. Is there no danger that so light a material should be carried off by the winds, on such an eminence?

Lucullus. None resists them equally well.

Cæsar. On this immensely high mountain, I should be apprehensive of the lightning, which the poets, and I think the philosophers too, have told us strikes the highest.

Lucullus. The poets are right; for whatever is received as truth is truth in poetry; and a fable may illustrate like a fact. But the philosophers are wrong, as they generally are, even in the commonest things; because they seldom look beyond their own tenets, unless through captiousness, and because they argue more than they meditate, and display more than they examine. Archimedes and Euclid are, in my opinion, after our Epicurus, the worthiest of the name, having kept apart to the demonstrable, the practical, and the useful. Many of the rest are good writers and good disputants; but unfaithful suitors of simple science, boasters of their acquaintance with gods and goddesses, plagiarists and impostors. I had forgotten my roof, although it is composed of much the same materials as the philosophers'. Let the lightning fall: one handful of silver, or less, repairs the damage.

Cæsar. Impossible! nor indeed one thousand, nor twenty, if those tapestries * and pictures are consumed.

Lucullus. True; but only the thatch would burn. For, before the baths were tessellated, I filled the area with alum and water, and soaked the timbers and laths for many months, and covered them afterward with alum in powder, by means of liquid glue. Mithridates taught me this. Having in vain attacked with combustibles a wooden tower, I took it by stratagem, and found within it a mass of alum, which, if a great hurry had not been observed by us among the enemy in the attempt to conceal it, would have escaped our notice. I never scrupled to extort the truth from my prisoners; but my instruments were purple robes and plate, and the only wheel in my armory, destined to such purposes, was the wheel of Fortune.

Cæsar. I wish, in my campaigns, I could have equalled your clemency and humanity; but the Gauls are more uncertain, fierce, and perfidious than the wildest tribes of Caucasus; and our policy cannot be carried with us, it must be formed

* Cæsar would regard such things attentively. "In *expeditionibus* tessellata et sectitia pavimenta circumtulisse; signa, tabulas, operis antiqui, semper animosissime comparâsse," says Suetonius.

upon the spot. They love you, not for abstaining from hurting them, but for ceasing; and they embrace you only at two seasons, — when stripes are fresh, or when stripes are imminent. Elsewhere, I hope to become the rival of Lucullus in this admirable part of virtue.

I shall never build villas, because, — but what are your proportions? Surely the edifice is extremely low.

Lucullus. There is only one floor; the height of the apartments is twenty feet to the cornice, five above it; the breadth is twenty-five, the length forty. The building, as you perceive, is quadrangular: three sides contain four rooms each; the other has many partitions and two stories, for domestics and offices. Here is my salt-bath.

Cæsar. A bath indeed for all the Nereids named by Hesiod, with room enough for the Tritons and their herds and horses.

Lucullus. Next to it, where yonder boys are carrying the myrrhine vases, is a tepid one of fresh water, ready for your reception.

Cæsar. I resign the higher pleasure for the inferior, as we all are apt to do; and I will return to the enjoyment of your conversation when I have indulged a quarter of an hour in this refreshment.

Lucullus. Meanwhile, I will take refuge with some less elegant philosopher, whose society I shall quit again with less regret. (*Cæsar returning.*) It is useless, O Caius Julius, to inquire if there has been any negligence or any omission in the service of the bath; for these are secrets which you never impart to the most favored of your friends.

Cæsar. I have often enjoyed the luxury much longer, but never more highly. Pardon my impatience to see the remainder of your Apennine villa.

Lucullus. Here stand my two cows. Their milk is brought to me with its warmth and froth; for it loses its salubrity both by repose and by motion. Pardon me, Cæsar: I shall appear to you to have forgotten that I am not conducting Marcus Varro.

Cæsar. You would convert him into Cacus: he would drive them off. What beautiful beasts! how sleek and white and cleanly! I never saw any like them, excepting when we sacrifice to Jupiter the stately leader from the pastures of the Clitumnus.

Lucullus. Often do I make a visit to these quiet creatures, and with no less pleasure than in former days to my horses. Nor indeed can I much wonder that whole nations have been consentaneous in treating them as objects of devotion: the only thing wonderful is that gratitude seems to have acted as powerfully and extensively as fear; indeed more extensively, for no object of worship whatever has attracted so many worshippers. Where Jupiter has one, the cow has ten: she was venerated before he was born, and will be when even the carvers have forgotten him.

Cæsar. Unwillingly should I see it; for the character of our gods hath formed the character of our nation. Serapis and Isis have stolen in among them within our memory, and others will follow, until at last Saturn will not be the only one emasculated by his successor. What can be more august than our rites? The first dignitaries of the republic are emulous to administer them: nothing of low or venal has any place in them; nothing pusillanimous, nothing unsocial and austere. I speak of them as they were; before Superstition woke up again from her slumber, and caught to her bosom with maternal love the alluvial monsters of the Nile. Philosophy, never fit for the people, had entered the best houses, and the image of Epicurus had taken the place of the Lemures. But men cannot bear to be deprived long together of any thing they are used to, not even of their fears; and, by a reaction of the mind appertaining to our nature, new stimulants were looked for, not on the side of pleasure, where nothing new could be expected or imagined, but on the opposite. Irreligion is followed by fanaticism, and fanaticism by irreligion, alternately and perpetually.

Lucullus. The religion of our country, as you observe, is well adapted to its inhabitants. Our progenitor, Mars, hath Venus recumbent on his breast and looking up to him, teaching us that pleasure is to be sought in the bosom of valor and by the means of war. No great alteration, I think, will ever be made in our rites and ceremonies, — the best and most imposing that could be collected from all nations, and uniting them to us by our complacence in adopting them. The gods themselves may change names, to flatter new power: and, indeed, as we degenerate, Religion will accommodate herself to our propensities and desires. Our heaven is now popular: it will

become monarchal; not without a crowded court, as befits it, of apparitors and satellites and minions of both sexes, paid and caressed for carrying to their stern, dark-bearded master prayers and supplications. Altars must be strown with broken minds, and incense rise amid abject aspirations. Gods will be found unfit for their places; and it is not impossible that, in the ruin imminent from our contentions for power, and in the necessary extinction both of ancient families and of generous sentiments, our consular fasces may become the water-sprinklers of some upstart priesthood, and that my son may apply for lustration to the son of my groom. The interest of such men requires that the spirit of arms and of arts be extinguished. They will predicate peace, that the people may be tractable to them; but a religion altogether pacific is the fomenter of wars and the nurse of crimes, alluring Sloth from within and Violence from afar. If ever it should prevail among the Romans, it must prevail alone: for nations more vigorous and energetic will invade them, close upon them, trample them under foot; and the name of Roman, which is now the most glorious, will become the most opprobrious upon earth.

Cæsar. The time I hope may be distant; for next to my own name I hold my country's.

Lucullus. Mine, not coming from Troy or Ida, is lower in my estimation: I place my country's first.

You are surveying the little lake beside us. It contains no fish, birds never alight on it, the water is extremely pure and cold; the walk round is pleasant, not only because there is always a gentle breeze from it, but because the turf is fine, and the surface of the mountain on this summit is perfectly on a level to a great extent in length, — not a trifling advantage to me, who walk often and am weak. I have no alley, no garden, no inclosure; the park is in the vale below, where a brook supplies the ponds, and where my servants are lodged; for here I have only twelve in attendance.

Cæsar. What is that so white, toward the Adriatic?

Lucullus. The Adriatic itself. Turn round and you may descry the Tuscan Sea. Our situation is reported to be among the highest of the Apennines. — Marcipor has made the sign to me that dinner is ready. Pass this way.

Cæsar. What a library is here! Ah, Marcus Tullius! I

salute thy image. Why frownest thou upon me, — collecting the consular robe and uplifting the right arm, as when Rome stood firm again, and Catiline fled before thee?

Lucullus. Just so; such was the action the statuary chose, as adding a new endearment to the memory of my absent friend.

Cæsar. Sylla, who honored you above all men, is not here.

Lucullus. I have his *Commentaries:* he inscribed them, as you know, to me. Something even of our benefactors may be forgotten, and gratitude be unreproved.

Cæsar. The impression on that couch, and the two fresh honeysuckles in the leaves of those two books, would show, even to a stranger, that this room is peculiarly the master's. Are they sacred?

Lucullus. To me and Cæsar.

Cæsar. I would have asked permission —

Lucullus. Caius Julius, you have nothing to ask of Polybius and Thucydides; nor of Xenophon, the next to them on the table.

Cæsar. Thucydides! the most generous, the most unprejudiced, the most sagacious, of historians. Now, Lucullus, you whose judgment in style is more accurate than any other Roman's, do tell me whether a commander, desirous of writing his *Commentaries*, could take to himself a more perfect model than Thucydides?

Lucullus. Nothing is more perfect, nor ever will be: the scholar of Pericles, the master of Demosthenes, the equal of the one in military science, and of the other not the inferior in civil and forensic; the calm dispassionate judge of the general by whom he was defeated, his defender, his encomiast. To talk of such men is conducive not only to virtue but to health.

Cæsar. We have no writer who could keep up long together his severity and strength. I would follow him; but I shall be contented with my genius, if (Thucydides in sight) I come many paces behind, and attain by study and attention the graceful and secure mediocrity of Xenophon.

Lucullus. You will avoid, I think, Cæsar, one of his peculiarities, — his tendency to superstition.

Cæsar. I dare promise this; and even to write nothing so flat and idle as his introduction to the *Cyropædia.* The first

sentence that follows it, I perceive, repeats the same word, with its substantive, four times. This is a trifle; but great writers and great painters do miracles or mischief by a single touch. Our authors are so addicted of late to imitate the Grecian, that a bad introduction is more classical than a good one. Not to mention any friend of yours, Crispus Sallustius, who is mine, brought me one recently of this description; together with some detached pieces of a history, which nothing in our prose or poetry hath surpassed in animation.

Lucullus. We ought to talk of these things by ourselves, not before the vulgar; by which expression I mean the unlearned and irreverent, in Forum and in Senate. Our Cicero has indeed avoided such inelegance as that of Xenophon; one perhaps less pardonable may be found repeatedly in his works: I would say an inelegance not arising from neglect, or obtusity of ear, but coming forth in the absence of reflection. He often says, "*mirari soleo.*" Now surely a wise man soon ceases to wonder at any thing; and, instead of indulging in the habitude of wonder at one object, brings it closer to him, makes it familiar, discusses, and dismisses it. He told me in his last letter of an incredible love and affection for me. Pardon me, Cæsar! pardon me, Genius of Rome, and Mercury! I exclaimed, "*the clown!*" laughing heartily. He would not that I should really have thought his regard *incredible;* on the contrary, that I should believe in it and confide in it to its full extent, and that I should flatter myself it was not only possible but reasonable. In vain will any one remark to me, "*Such phrases are common.*" In our ordinary language there are many beauties, more or less visible according to their place and season, which a judicious writer and forcible orator will subject to his arbitration and service: there are also many things which, if used at all, must be used cautiously. I may be much at my ease without being in tatters, and without treading on the feet of those I come forward to salute. I arrogate to myself no superiority in detecting a peculiar and latent mark upon that exalted luminary: his own effulgence showed me it. From Cicero down to me the distance is as great, as between the prince of the Senate and the lowest voter. I influenced the friends of order: he fulminated and exterminated the enemies. I have served my country: he hath saved it.

This other is my dining-room. You expect the dishes.

Cæsar. I misunderstood, — I fancied —

Lucullus. Repose yourself, and touch with the ebony wand, beside you, the sphynx on either of those obelisks, right or left.

Cæsar. Let me look at them first.

Lucullus. The contrivance was intended for one person, or two at most, desirous of privacy and quiet. The blocks of jasper in my pair, and of porphyry in yours, easily yield in their grooves, each forming one partition. There are four, containing four platforms. The lower holds four dishes, such as sucking forest-boars, venison, hares, tunnies, sturgeons, which you will find within ; the upper three, eight each, but diminutive. The confectionery is brought separately, for the steam would spoil it, if any should escape. The melons are in the snow, thirty feet under us : they came early this morning from a place in the vicinity of Luni, so that I hope they may be crisp, independently of their coolness.

Cæsar. I wonder not at any thing of refined elegance in Lucullus ; but really here Antiochia and Alexandria seem to have cooked for us, and magicians to be our attendants.

Lucullus. The absence of slaves from our repast is the luxury, for Marcipor alone enters, and he only when I press a spring with my foot or wand. When you desire his appearance, touch that chalcedony just before you.

Cæsar. I eat quick and rather plentifully ; yet the valetudinarian (excuse my rusticity, for I rejoice at seeing it) appears to equal the traveller in appetite, and to be contented with one dish.

Lucullus. It is milk : such, with strawberries, which ripen on the Apennines many months in continuance, and some other berries of sharp and grateful flavor, has been my only diet since my first residence here. The state of my health requires it ; and the habitude of nearly three months renders this food not only more commodious to my studies and more conducive to my sleep, but also more agreeable to my palate than any other.

Cæsar. Returning to Rome or Baiæ, you must domesticate and tame them. The cherries you introduced from Pontus are now growing in Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul ; and the largest and best in the world, perhaps, are upon the more sterile side of Lake Larius.

Lucullus. There are some fruits, and some virtues, which require a harsh soil and bleak exposure for their perfection.

Cæsar. In such a profusion of viands, and so savory, I perceive no odor.

Lucullus. A flue conducts heat through the compartments of the obelisks ; and, if you look up, you may observe that those gilt roses, between the astragals in the cornice, are prominent from it half a span. Here is an aperture in the wall, between which and the outer is a perpetual current of air. We are now in the dog-days ; and I have never felt in the whole summer more heat than at Rome in many days of March.

Cæsar. Usually you are attended by troops of domestics and of dinner-friends, not to mention the learned and scientific, nor your own family, your attachment to which, from youth upward, is one of the higher graces in your character. Your brother was seldom absent from you.

Lucullus. Marcus was coming ; but the vehement heats along the Arno, in which valley he has a property he never saw before, inflamed his blood, and he now is resting for a few days at Fæsulæ, a little town destroyed by Sylla within our memory, who left it only air and water, the best in Tuscany. The health of Marcus, like mine, has been declining for several months : we are running our last race against each other, and never was I, in youth along the Tiber, so anxious of first reaching the goal. I would not outlive him : I should reflect too painfully on earlier days, and look forward too despondently on future. As for friends, lampreys and turbots beget them, and they spawn not amid the solitude of the Apennines. To dine in company with more than two is a Gaulish and German thing. I can hardly bring myself to believe that I have eaten in concert with twenty ; so barbarous and herdlike a practice does not now appear to me, — such an incentive to drink much and talk loosely ; not to add, such a necessity to speak loud, which is clownish and odious in the extreme. On this mountain-summit I hear no noises, no voices, not even of salutation ; we have no flies about us, and scarcely an insect or reptile.

Cæsar. Your amiable son is probably with his uncle : is he well ?

Lucullus. Perfectly. He was indeed with my brother in his intended visit to me ; but Marcus, unable to accompany

him hither, or superintend his studies in the present state of his health, sent him directly to his Uncle Cato at Tusculum, — a man fitter than either of us to direct his education, and preferable to any, excepting yourself and Marcus Tullius, in eloquence and urbanity.

Cæsar. Cato is so great, that whoever is greater must be the happiest and first of men.

Lucullus. That any such be still existing, O Julius, ought to excite no groan from the breast of a Roman citizen. But perhaps I wrong you; perhaps your mind was forced reluctantly back again, on your past animosities and contests in the Senate.

Cæsar. I revere him, but cannot love him.

Lucullus. Then, Caius Julius, you groaned with reason; and I would pity rather than reprove you.

On the ceiling at which you are looking, there is no gilding, and little painting, — a mere trellis of vines bearing grapes, and the heads, shoulders, and arms, rising from the cornice only, of boys and girls climbing up to steal them, and scrambling for them: nothing over-head; no giants tumbling down, no Jupiter thundering, no Mars and Venus caught at mid-day, no river-gods pouring out their urns upon us; for, as I think nothing so insipid as a flat ceiling, I think nothing so absurd as a storied one. Before I was aware, and without my participation, the painter had adorned that of my bedchamber with a golden shower, bursting from varied and irradiated clouds. On my expostulation, his excuse was that he knew the Danaë of Scopas, in a recumbent posture, was to occupy the centre of the room. The walls, behind the tapestry and pictures, are quite rough. In forty-three days the whole fabric was put together and habitable.

The wine has probably lost its freshness: will you try some other?

Cæsar. Its temperature is exact; its flavor exquisite. Latterly I have never sat long after dinner, and am curious to pass through the other apartments, if you will trust me.

Lucullus. I attend you.

Cæsar. Lucullus, who is here? What figure is that on the poop of the vessel? Can it be —

Lucullus. The subject was dictated by myself; you gave it.

Cæsar. Oh how beautifully is the water painted! How

vividly the sun strikes against the snows on Taurus! The gray temples and pier-head of Tarsus catch it differently, and the monumental mound on the left is half in shade. In the countenance of those pirates I did not observe such diversity, nor that any boy pulled his father back: I did not indeed mark them or notice them at all.

Lucullus. The painter in this fresco, the last work finished, had dissatisfied me in one particular. "That beautiful young face," said I, "appears not to threaten death."

"Lucius," he replied, "if one muscle were moved, it were not Cæsar's: beside, he said it jokingly, though resolved."

"I am contented with your apology, Antipho; but what are you doing now? for you never lay down or suspend your pencil, let who will talk and argue. The lines of that smaller face in the distance are the same."

"Not the same," replied he, "nor very different: it smiles, as surely the goddess must have done at the first heroic act of her descendant."

Cæsar. In her exultation and impatience to press forward, she seems to forget that she is standing at the extremity of the shell, which rises up behind out of the water; and she takes no notice of the terror on the countenance of this Cupid who would detain her, nor of this who is flying off and looking back. The reflection of the shell has given a warmer hue below the knee; a long streak of yellow light in the horizon is on the level of her bosom, some of her hair is almost lost in it; above her head on every side is the pure azure of the heavens.

Oh! and you would not have led me up to this? You, among whose primary studies is the most perfect satisfaction of your guests!

Lucullus. In the next apartment are seven or eight other pictures from our history.

There are no more: what do you look for?

Cæsar. I find not among the rest any descriptive of your own exploits. Ah, Lucullus! there is no surer way of making them remembered.

This, I presume by the harps in the two corners, is the music-room.

Lucullus. No, indeed; nor can I be said to have one here: for I love best the music of a single instrument, and listen to

it willingly at all times, but most willingly while I am reading. At such seasons, a voice or even a whisper disturbs me ; but music refreshes my brain when I have read long, and strengthens it from the beginning. I find also that if I write any thing in poetry (a youthful propensity still remaining), it gives rapidity and variety and brightness to my ideas. On ceasing, I command a fresh measure and instrument, or another voice ; which is to the mind like a change of posture, or of air to the body. My health is benefited by the gentle play thus opened to the most delicate of the fibres.

Cæsar. Let me augur that a disorder so tractable may be soon removed. What is it thought to be?

Lucullus. There are they who would surmise and signify, and my physician did not long attempt to persuade me of the contrary, that the ancient realms of Æætes have supplied me with some other plants than the cherry, and such as I should be sorry to see domesticated here in Italy.

Cæsar. The gods forbid! Anticipate better things! The reason of Lucullus is stronger than the medicaments of Mithridates ; but why not use them too? Let nothing be neglected. You may reasonably hope for many years of life: your mother still enjoys it.*

Lucullus. To stand upon one's guard against Death exasperates her malice and protracts our sufferings.

Cæsar. Rightly and gravely said: but your country at this time cannot do well without you.

Lucullus. The bowl of milk, which to-day is presented to me, will shortly be presented to my Manes.

Cæsar. Do you suspect the hand?

Lucullus. I will not suspect a Roman: let us converse no more about it.

Cæsar. It is the only subject on which I am resolved never to think, as relates to myself. Life may concern us, death not ; for in death we neither can act nor reason, we neither can persuade nor command ; and our statues are worth more than we are, let them be but wax. Lucius, I will not divine your thoughts ; I will not penetrate into your suspicions, nor suggest mine. I am lost in admiration of your magnanimity and forbearance, — that your only dissimulation

* Cicero relates that he went from his villa to attend her funeral a few years afterward.

should be upon the guilt of your assassin; that you should leave him power, and create him virtues.

Lucullus. Caius Julius, if I can assist you in any thing you meditate, needful or advantageous to our country, speak it unreservedly.

Cæsar. I really am ashamed of my association with Crassus and Pompeius: I would not have any thing in common with them, not even power itself. Unworthy and ignominious must it appear to you, as it does to me, to compromise with an auctioneer and a rope-dancer; for the meanness and venality of Crassus, the levity and tergiversation of Pompeius, leave them no better names. The bestiality of the one, the infidelity of the other, urge and inflame me with an inextinguishable desire of uniting my authority to yours for the salvation of the republic.

Lucullus. I foretold to Cicero, in the words of Lucretius on the dissolution of the world, —

Tria talia texta
Una dies dabit exitio.

Cæsar. Assist me in accomplishing your prophecy; or rather, accept my assistance: for I would more willingly hear a proposal from you than offer one. Reflections must strike you, Lucullus, no less forcibly than me, and perhaps more justly: you are calmer. Consider all the late actions of Cneius, and tell me who has ever committed any so indecorous with so grave a face? He abstained in great measure from the follies of youth, only to reserve them accumulated for maturer age. Human life, if I may venture to speak fancifully in your presence, hath its equinoxes. In the vernal, its flowers open under violent tempests; in the autumnal, it is more exempt from gusts and storms, more regular, serene, and temperate, looks complacently on the fruits it has gathered, on the harvests it has reaped, and is not averse to the graces of order, to the avocations of literature, to the genial warmth of honest conviviality, and to the mild necessity of repose. Thrown out from the course of Nature, this man stood aside and solitary, and found every thing around him unattractive. And now, in the decline of life, he has recourse to those associates, of whom the best that can be said is that they would have less disgraced its outset. Repulsing you

and Cicero and Cato, the leaders of his party and the propagators of his power, Pompeius the Great takes the arm of Clodius, and walks publicly with him in the Forum; who nevertheless the other day headed a chorus (I am informed) of the most profligate and opprobrious youths in Rome, and sang responsively worse than Fescennine songs to his dishonor. Where was he? Before them? — in court? — defending a client? He came indeed with that intention; but sat mortified, speechless, and despondent. The Senate connived at the indignity. Even Gabinius, his flatterer and dependant, shuns him. The other consul is alienated from him totally, and favors me through Calpurnia, who watches over my security and interests at home. Julia, my daughter, was given in marriage to Pompeius for this purpose only: she fails to accomplish it; politically then, and morally, the marriage loses its validity by losing its intent. I go into Gaul, commander for five years; Crassus is preparing for an expedition against the Parthians; the Senate and people bend before Pompeius, but reluctantly and indignantly. Every thing would be more tolerable to me, if I could permit him to boast that he had duped me; but my glory requires that, letting him choose his own encampment, square the declivities, clear the ground about the eminence, foss and pale it, I should storm and keep it. Whatever he may boast of his eloquence and military skill, I fear nothing from the orator who tells us what he would have spoken, nor from the general who sees what he should have done. My first proposal for accommodation and concord shall be submitted to you (if indeed you will not frame it for me), and, should you deem it unfair, shall be suppressed. No successive step shall be made by me without your concurrence; in short, I am inclined to take up any line of conduct, in conjunction with you, for the settling of the Commonwealth. Does the proposal seem to you so unimportant on the one hand, or so impracticable and unreasonable on the other, that you smile and shake your head?

Lucullus. Cæsar! Cæsar! you write upon language and analogy; no man better. Tell me then, whether mud is not said to be settled when it sinks to the bottom? and whether those who are about to sink a State do not in like manner talk of settling it?

Cæsar. I wish I had time to converse with you on lan-

guage, or skill to parry your reproofs with equal wit; for serious you cannot be. At present let us remove what is bad; which must always be done before good of any kind can spring up.

The designs of Cneius are suspected by many in the Senate, and his pride is obnoxious to all. Your party would prevail against him; for he has enriched fewer adherents than you have, and even his best friends are for the most part in a greater degree yours.

Lucullus. I have enriched no adherents, Caius Julius. Many of my officers, it is true, are easy in their circumstances; they however gained their wealth, not from the plunder of our confederates, not from those who should enjoy with security their municipal rights and paternal farms in Italy, but from the enemy's camps and cities.

Cæsar. We two might appease the public mind, preparing the leaders of the Senate for our labors, and intimidating the factious.

Lucullus. Hilarity never forsakes you, Cæsar! and you are the happiest man upon earth in the facility with which you communicate it. Hear me, and believe me. I am about to mount higher than triumviral tribunal, or than triumphal car. They who are under me will turn their faces from me; such are the rites: but not a voice of reproach or of petulance shall be heard, when the trumpets tell our city that the funereal flames are surmounting the mortal spoils of Lucullus.

Cæsar. Mildest and most equitable of men! I have been much wronged; would you also wrong me? Lucius, you have forced from me a tear before the time. I weep at magnanimity; which no man does who wants it.

Lucullus. Why cannot you enjoy the command of your province, and the glory of having quelled so many nations?

Cæsar. I cannot bear the superiority of another.

Lucullus. The weakest of women feel so; but even the weakest of them are ashamed to acknowledge it: who hath ever heard any one? Have *you*, who know them widely and well? Poetasters and mimes, laboring under such infirmity, put the mask on. You pursue glory: the pursuit is just and rational; but reflect that statuaries and painters have represented heroes calm and quiescent, not straining and panting like pugilists and gladiators.

From being for ever in action, for ever in contention, and from excelling in them all other mortals, what advantage derive we? I would not ask what satisfaction, what glory? The insects have more activity than ourselves, the beasts more strength, even inert matter more firmness and stability; the gods alone more goodness. To the exercise of this every country lies open; and neither I eastward nor you westward have found any exhausted by contests for it.

Must we give men blows because they will not look at us? or chain them to make them hold the balance evener?

Do not expect to be acknowledged for what you are, much less for what you would be; since no one can well measure a great man but upon the bier. There was a time when the most ardent friend to Alexander of Macedon would have embraced the partisan for his enthusiasm, who should have compared him with Alexander of Pheræ. It must have been at a splendid feast, and late at it, when Scipio should have been raised to an equality with Romulus, or Cato with Curius. It has been whispered in my ear, after a speech of Cicero, "If he goes on so, he will tread down the sandal of Marcus Antonius in the long run, and perhaps leave Hortensius behind." Officers of mine, speaking about you, have exclaimed with admiration, "He fights like Cinna." Think, Caius Julius (for you have been instructed to think both as a poet and as a philosopher), that among the hundred hands of Ambition, to whom we may attribute them more properly than to Briareus, there is not one which holds any thing firmly. In the precipitancy of her course, what appears great is small, and what appears small is great. Our estimate of men is apt to be as inaccurate and inexact as that of things, or more. Wishing to have all on our side, we often leave those we should keep by us, run after those we should avoid, and call importunately on others who sit quiet and will not come. We cannot at once catch the applause of the vulgar and expect the approbation of the wise. What are parties? Do men really great ever enter into them? Are they not ball-courts, where ragged adventurers strip and strive, and where dissolute youths abuse one another, and challenge and game and wager? If you and I cannot quite divest ourselves of infirmities and passions, let us think however that there is enough in us to be divided into two portions,

and let us keep the upper undisturbed and pure. A part of Olympus itself lies in dreariness and in clouds, variable and stormy; but it is not the highest: there the gods govern. Your soul is large enough to embrace your country: all other affection is for less objects, and less men are capable of it. Abandon, O Cæsar! such thoughts and wishes as now agitate and propel you: leave them to mere men of the marsh, to fat hearts and miry intellects. Fortunate may we call ourselves to have been born in an age so productive of eloquence, so rich in erudition. Neither of us would be excluded, or hooted at, on canvassing for these honors. He who can think dispassionately and deeply as I do, is great as I am; none other. But his opinions are at freedom to diverge from mine, as mine are from his; and indeed, on recollection, I never loved those most who thought with me, but those rather who deemed my sentiments worth discussion, and who corrected me with frankness and affability.

Cæsar. Lucullus, you perhaps have taken the wiser and better part, certainly the pleasanter. I cannot argue with you: I would gladly hear one who could, but you again more gladly. I should think unworthily of you if I thought you capable of yielding or receding. I do not even ask you to keep our conversation long a secret, so greatly does it preponderate in your favor; so much more of gentleness, of eloquence, and of argument. I came hither with one soldier, avoiding the cities, and sleeping at the villa of a confidential friend. To-night I sleep in yours, and, if your dinner does not disturb me, shall sleep soundly. You go early to rest I know.

Lucullus. Not, however, by daylight. Be assured, Caius Julius, that greatly as your discourse afflicts me, no part of it shall escape my lips. If you approach the city with arms, with arms I meet you; then your denouncer and enemy, at present your host and confidant.

Cæsar. I shall conquer you.

Lucullus. That smile would cease upon it: you sigh already.

Cæsar. Yes, Lucullus, if I am oppressed I shall overcome my oppressor: I know my army and myself. A sigh escaped me, and many more will follow; but one transport will rise amid them, when, vanquisher of my enemies and avenger of my dignity, I press again the hand of Lucullus, mindful of this day.

V. MARCUS TULLIUS AND QUINCTUS CICERO.

Marcus. The last calamities of our country, my brother Quinctus, have again united us; and something like the tenderness of earlier days appears to have returned, in the silence of ambition and in the subsidence of hope. It has frequently occurred to me how different we are from the moment when the parental roof bursts asunder, as it were, and the inmates are scattered abroad, and build up here and there new families. Many, who before lived in amity and concord, are then in the condition of those who, receiving intelligence of a shipwreck, collect at once for plunder, and quarrel on touching the first fragment.

Quinctus. We never disagreed on the division of any property, unless indeed the State and its honors may be considered as such; and although, in regard to Cæsar, our fortune drew us different ways latterly, and my gratitude made me, until your remonstrances and prayers prevailed, reluctant to abandon him, you will remember my anxiety to procure you the consulate and the triumph. You cannot and never could suppose me unmindful of the signal benefits and high distinctions I have received from Cæsar, or quite unreluctant to desert an army, for my services in which he often praised me to you, while I was in Britain and in Gaul. Such moreover was his generosity, he did not erase my name from his *Commentaries* for having abandoned and opposed his cause. My joy therefore ought not to be unmingled at his violent death, to whom I am indebted not only for confidence and command, not only for advancement and glory, but also for immortality. When you yourself had resolved on leaving Italy to follow Cneius Pompeius, you were sensible, as you told me, that my obligations to Cæsar should at least detain me in Italy. Our disputes, which among men who reason will be frequent, were always amicable; our political views have always been similar, and generally the same. You indeed were somewhat more aristocratical and senatorial; and this prejudice hath ruined both. As if the immortal gods took a pleasure in confounding us by the difficulty of our choice, they placed the best men at the head of the worst cause. Decimus Brutus and Porcius

Cato held up the train of Sylla; for the late civil wars were only a continuation of those which the old dictator seemed, for a time, to have extinguished in blood and ruins. His faction was in authority when you first appeared at Rome; and although, among your friends and sometimes in public, you have spoken as a Roman should speak of Caius Marius, a respect for Pompeius (the most insincere of mortals) made you silent on the merits of Sertorius, — than whom there never was a better man in private life, a magistrate more upright, a general more vigilant, a citizen more zealous for the prerogative of our republic. Caius Cæsar, the later champion of the same party, overcame difficulties almost equally great, and, having acted upon a more splendid theatre, may perhaps appear a still greater character.

Marcus. He will seem so to those only who place temperance and prudence, fidelity and patriotism, aside from the component parts of greatness. Cæsar, of all men, knew best when to trust Fortune: Sertorius never trusted her at all, nor ever marched a step along a path he had not patiently and well explored. The best of Romans slew the one, the worst the other. The death of Cæsar was that which the wise and virtuous would most deprecate for themselves and for their children; that of Sertorius what they would most desire. And since, Quinctus, we have seen the ruin of our country, and her enemies are intent on ours, let us be grateful that the last years of life have neither been useless nor inglorious, and that it is likely to close, not under the condemnation of such citizens as Cato and Brutus, but as Lepidus and Antonius. It is with more sorrow than asperity that I reflect on Caius Cæsar. Oh! had his heart been unambitious as his style, had he been as prompt to succor his country as to enslave her, how great, how incomparably great, were he! Then perhaps at this hour, O Quinctus, and in this villa, we should have enjoyed his humorous and erudite discourse; for no man ever tempered so seasonably and so justly the materials of conversation. How graceful was he! how unguarded! His whole character was uncovered; as we represent the bodies of heroes and of gods. Two years ago, at this very season, on the third of the Saturnalia, he came hither spontaneously and unexpectedly to dine with me; and although one of his attendants read to him, as he desired while he was bathing,

the verses on him and Mamurra, he retained his usual good-humor, and discoursed after dinner on many points of literature, with admirable ease and judgment. Him I shall see again; and, while he acknowledges my justice, I shall acknowledge his virtues, and contemplate them unclouded. I shall see again our father, and Mutius Scævola, and you, and our sons, and the ingenuous and faithful Tyro. He alone has power over my life, if any has; for to him I confide my writings. And our worthy Marcus Brutus will meet me, whom I would embrace among the first; for, if I have not done him an injury, I have caused him one. Had I never lived, or had I never excited his envy, he might perhaps have written as I have done; but for the sake of avoiding me he caught both cold and fever. Let us pardon him; let us love him. With a weakness that injured his eloquence, and with a softness of soul that sapped the constitution of our State, he is no unworthy branch of that family which will be remembered the longest among men.

Oh happy day, when I shall meet my equals, and when my inferiors shall trouble me no more!

Man thinks it miserable to be cut off in the midst of his projects: he should rather think it miserable to have formed them. For the one is his own action, the other is not; the one was subject from the beginning to disappointments and vexations, the other ends them. And what truly is that period of life in which we are not in the midst of our projects? They spring up only the more rank and wild, year after year, from their extinction or change of form, as herbage from the corruption and dying down of herbage.

I will not dissemble that I upheld the senatorial cause for no other reason than that my dignity was to depend on it. My first enthusiasm was excited by Marius; my first poem was written on him. We were proud of him as a fellow-citizen of Arpinum. Say no more of him. It is only the most generous nature that grows more generous by age: Marius, like Pompeius, grew more and more austere. I praised his exploits in the enthusiasm of youth and poetry, either of which is sufficient excuse for many errors; and both together may extort somewhat more than pardon, when valor in a fellow-townsman is the exciter of our praise. But, sitting now in calmer judgment, we see him stripped of his victorious arms

and sevenfold consulship; we see him in his native rudeness, selfishness, and ferocity; we see him the murderer of his colleague in the consulship, of his comrade in the camp. Scarcely can we admire even the severity of his morals, when its principal use was to enforce the discipline needful to the accomplishment of his designs.

Quinctus. Marius is an example that a liberal education is peculiarly necessary where power is almost unlimited. Quiet, social, philosophical intercourse can alone restrict that tendency to arrogance which war encourages, and alone can inculcate that abstinence from wrong and spoliation which we have lately seen exercised more intemperately than even by Marius or by Sylla, and carried into the farms and villas of ancient friends and close connections.

Marcus. Had the party of our townsman been triumphant, and the Senate (as it would have been) abolished, I should never have had a Catilinarian conspiracy to quell, and few of my best orations would have been delivered.

Quinctus. Do you believe that the Marian faction would have annulled your Order?

Marcus. I believe that their safety would have required its ruin, and that their vengeance, not to say their equity, would have accomplished it. The civil war was of the Senate against the Equestrian Order and the people, and was maintained by the wealth of the patricians, accumulated in the time of Sylla, from the proscription of all whom violence made, or avarice called, its adversaries. It would have been necessary to confiscate the whole property of the Order, and to banish its members from Italy. Any measures short of these would have been inadequate to compensate the people for their losses; nor would there have been a sufficient pledge for the maintenance of tranquillity. The exclusion of three hundred families from their estates, which they had acquired in great part by rapine, and their expulsion from a country which they had inundated with blood, would have prevented that partition-treaty, whereby are placed in the hands of three men the properties and lives of all.

There should in no government be a contrariety of interests. Checks are useful; but it is better to stand in no need of them. Bolts and bars are good things; but would you establish a college of thieves and robbers to try how good

they are? Misfortune has taught me many truths, which a few years ago I should have deemed suspicious and dangerous. The fall of Rome and of Carthage, the form of whose governments was almost the same, has been occasioned by the divisions of the ambitious in their Senates: for we Conscript Fathers call that ambition which the lower ranks call avarice. In fact, the only difference is that the one wears fine linen, the other coarse; one covets the government of Asia, the other a cask of vinegar. The people were indifferent which side prevailed, until their houses in that country were reduced to ashes; in this, were delivered to murderers and gamesters.

Quinctus. Painful is it to reflect, that the greatness of most men originates from what has been taken by fraud or violence out of the common stock. The greatness of States, on the contrary, depends on the subdivision of property, chiefly of the landed, in moderate portions; on the frugal pay of functionaries, chiefly of those who possess a property; and on unity of interests and designs. Where provinces are allotted, not for the public service, but for the enrichment of private families; where consuls wish one thing, and tribunes wish another, — how can there be prosperity or safety? If Carthage, whose government (as you observe) much resembled ours, had allowed the same rights generally to the inhabitants of Africa; had she been as zealous in civilizing as in coercing them, — she would have ruined our Commonwealth and ruled the world. Rome found the rest of Italy more cultivated than herself, but corrupted for the greater part by luxury, ignorant of military science, and more patient of slavery than of toil. She conquered; and in process of time infused into them somewhat of her spirit, and imparted to them somewhat of her institutions. Nothing was then wanting to her policy, but only to grant voluntarily what she might have foreseen they would unite to enforce, and to have constituted a social body in Italy. This would have rendered her invincible. Ambition would not permit our senators to divide with others the wealth and aggrandizement arising from authority: and hence our worst citizens are become our rulers. The same error was committed by Sertorius, from purer principles, when he created a Senate in Spain, but admitted no Spaniard. The practice of disinterestedness, the force of virtue, in despite of so grievous an affront, united to him

the bravest and most honorable of nations. If he had granted to them what was theirs by nature, and again due for benefits, he would have had nothing else to regret, than that they had so often broken our legions, and covered our commanders with shame.

What could be expected in our country, where the aristocracy possessed in the time of Sylla more than half the land, and disposed of all the revenues and offices arising from our conquests? It would be idle to remark that the armies were paid out of them, when those armies were but the household of the rich, and necessary to their safety. On such reasoning there is no clear profit, no property, no possession; we cannot eat without a cook, without a husbandman, without a butcher: these take a part of our money. The armies were no less the armies of the aristocracy than the money that paid and the provinces that supplied them; no less, in short, than their beds and bolsters.

Why could not we have done from policy and equity what has been and often will be done, under another name, by favor and injustice? On the agrarian law we never were unanimous; yet Tiberius Gracchus had among the upholders of his plan the most prudent, the most equitable, and the most dignified in the republic, — Lælius, the friend of Scipio, whose wisdom and moderation you have lately extolled in your dialogue; Crassus, then Pontifex Maximus; and Appius Claudius, who resolved by this virtuous and patriotic deed to wipe away the stain left for ages on his family, by its licentiousness, pride, and tyranny. To these names another must be added; a name which we have been taught from our youth upward to hold in reverence, — the greatest of our jurists, Mutius Scævola. The adversaries of the measure cannot deny the humanity and liberality of its provisions, by which those who might be punished for violating the laws should be indemnified for the loss of the possessions they held illegally, and these possessions should be distributed among the poorer families; not for the purpose of corrupting their votes, but that they should have no temptation to sell them.

You smile, Marcus!

Marcus. For this very thing the Conscript Fathers were inimical to Tiberius Gracchus, and accused him of an attempt to introduce visionary and impracticable changes into the

Commonwealth. Among the elder of his partisans some were called ambitious, some prejudiced; among the younger, some were madmen, the rest traitors, — just as they were protected or unprotected by the power of their families or the influence of their friends.

Quinctus. The most equitable and necessary law promulgated of latter times in our republic was that by Caius Gracchus, who, finding all our magistratures in the disposal of the Senate, and witnessing the acquittal of all criminals whose peculations and extortions had ruined our provinces and shaken our dominion, transferred the judicial power to the Equestrian Order. Cepio's law, five-and-twenty years afterward, was an infringement of this; and the oration of Lucius Crassus in its favor, bearing with it the force of genius and the stamp of authority, formed in great measure, as you acknowledge, both your politics and your eloquence. The intimacy of Crassus with Aculeo, the husband of our maternal aunt, inclined you perhaps to follow the more readily his opinions, and to set a higher value than you might otherwise have done on his celebrated oration.

Marcus. You must remember, my brother, that I neither was nor professed myself to be adverse to every agrarian law, though I opposed with all my energy and authority that agitated by Rullus. On which occasion I represented the two Gracchi as most excellent men, inflamed by the purest love of the Roman people, in their proposal to divide among the citizens what was unquestionably their due. I mentioned them as those on whose wisdom and institutions many of the solider parts in our government were erected; and I opposed the particular law at that time laid before the people, as leading to the tyranny of a decemvirate. The projects of Cæsar and Pompeius on this business were unjust and pernicious; those of Gracchus I now acknowledge to have been equitable to the citizens and salutary to the State. Unless I made you this concession, how could I defend my own conduct, a few months ago, in persuading the Senate to distribute among the soldiers of the fourth legion and the legion of Mars, for their services to the republic, those lands in Campania which Cæsar and Pompeius would have allotted in favor of their partisans in usurpation? Caius Gracchus on the contrary would look aside to no advantage or utility; and lost the

most powerful of his friends, adherents, and relatives, by his inflexible rectitude. Beside those letters of his which are published, I remember one in answer to his mother, which Scævola was fond of quoting, and of which he possessed the original.

Quinctus. Have we the transcript of it?

Marcus. The words of Cornelia, as well as I can recollect them, are these: —

"I have received the determination of Lælius and Scipio, in which they agree, as usual. He tells me that he never shall cease to be the advocate of so righteous a cause, if you will consent that the soldiers, who subdued for our republic the cities of Carthage and Numantia, shall partake in the public benefit; that Scipio is well aware how adverse the proposal would render the Senate to him, and at the same time how unpopular he shall be among his fellow-citizens at Rome, which may excite a suspicion in bad and thoughtless men that he would gratify the army in defiance of each authority. He requests you to consider that these soldiers are for the greater part somewhat elderly; and that granting them possessions, on which they may sit down and rest, cannot be the means an ambitious man would take for his aggrandizement. He wishes to render them inclined to peace, not alert for disturbances, and as good citizens as they have been good soldiers; and he entreats you, by the sanctity of your office, not to deprive them of what they should possess in common with others, for no better reason than because they defended by their valor the property of all. If you assent to this proposal, it will be unnecessary for him, he says, to undertake the settlement of the Commonwealth referred to him by the Senate, — not without danger, my dear Caius, though rather to his life than to his dignity. So desirable a measure, he adds, ought never to be carried into effect, nor supported too pertinaciously, by the general of an army."

Quinctus. I never knew of this letter. Scævola, I imagine, would not give it out of his hands for any one to read, in public or at home. Do you remember as much of the answer?

Marcus. I think I may do; for the language of the Gracchi was among my exercises, and I wonder that you have not heard me rehearse both pieces, in the practice of declamation. Caius answers his mother thus: —

"Mother, until you have exerted your own eloquence to persuade me, if indeed you participate in the opinions of Lælius, never shall I agree that the soldiers of Scipio have an allotment of land in Italy. When we withdraw our veterans from Spain and Africa, barbarian kings will tread upon our footsteps, efface the traces of our civilization, and obliterate the memorials of our glory. The countries will be useful to us: even if they never were to be, we must provide against their becoming injurious and pernicious, as they would be under any other power. Either we should not fight an enemy, or we should fight until we have overcome him. Afterward to throw away what we have taken is the pettishness of a child; to drop it is the imbecility of a suckling. Nothing of wantonness or frowardness is compatible with warfare, or congenial with the Roman character. To relinquish a conquest is an acknowledgment of injustice, or incapacity, or fear.

"Our soldiers under the command of Scipio have subdued two countries, of a soil more fertile than ours, and become by a series of battles, and by intestine discord, less populous: let them divide and enjoy it. The beaten should always pay the expenses of the war, and the instigators should be deprived of their possessions and their lives. Which, I pray you, is the more reasonable, — that the Roman people shall incur debts by having conquered, or that the weight of those debts shall fall totally on the vanquished? Either the war was unjust against *them*, or the conditions of peace against *us*. Our citizens are fined and imprisoned (since their debts begin with fine and end with imprisonment) for having hurt them. What! shall we strike and run away? Or shall our soldier, when he hath stripped the armor from his adversary, say, 'No, I will not take this: I will go to Rome, and suit myself with better'?

"Let the army be compensated for its toils and perils; let it enjoy the fruit of its triumph on the soil that bore them: for never will any new one keep the natives in such awe. Those who fight for slavery should at all events have it: they should be sold as bondmen. The calamities of Carthage and of Numantia strike the bosom even of the conqueror. How many brave, how many free, how many wise and virtuous, perished within their walls! But the petty princes and their satellites should be brought to market: not one of them should have a span of earth, or a vest, or a carcass of his

own. Spaniards and Africans, who prefer the domination of a tetrarch to the protection of the laws, ought to be sold for the benefit of our legionaries in Spain and Africa, whether by the gang or the dozen, whether for the mine or the arena. While any such are in existence, and while their country, of which they are unworthy, opens regions unexplored before us and teeming with fertility, I will not permit that the victorious army partake in the distribution of our home domains. Write this to Lælius; and write it for Scipio's information, imploring him so to act as that he never may enfeeble the popular voice, nor deaden the world's applause. Remind him, O mother, for we both love him, how little it would become a good citizen and brave soldier, to raise up any cause, why he should have to guard himself against the suspicions and stratagems of the Senate."

Quinctus. The attempt to restore the sounder of our institutions was insolently and falsely called innovation. For, from the building of our city, a part of the conquered lands was sold by auction *under the spear*, — an expression which hath since been used to designate the same transaction within the walls; another part was holden in common; a third was leased out at an easy rate to the poorer citizens. So that formerly the lower and intermediate class possessed by right the exclusive benefit of *two-thirds*, and an equal chance (wherever there was industry and frugality) of the other. Latterly, by various kinds of vexation and oppression, they had been deprived of nearly the whole.

Cornelia was not a woman of a heart so sickly tender as to awaken its sympathies at all hours, and to excite and pamper in it a false appetite. Like the rest of her family, she cared little or nothing for the applauses and opinions of the people: she loved justice; and it was on justice that she wished her children to lay the foundation of their glory. This ardor was inextinguished in her by the blood of her eldest son. She saw his name placed where she wished it; and she pointed it out to Caius. Scandalous words may be written on the wall under it, by dealers in votes and traffickers in loyalty; but little is the worth of a name that perishes by chalk or charcoal.

Marcus. The moral, like the physical body, hath not always the same wants in the same degree. We put off or on a greater or less quantity of clothes according to the season;

and it is to the season that we must accommodate ourselves in government, wherein there are only a few leading principles which are never to be disturbed. I now perceive that the laws of society in one thing resemble the laws of perspective: they require that what is below should rise gradually, and that what is above should descend in the same proportion, but not that they should touch. Still less do they inform us, what is echoed in our ears by new masters from camp and schoolroom, that the wisest and best should depend on the weakest and worst; and that when individuals, however ignorant of moral discipline and impatient of self-restraint, are deemed adequate to the management of their affairs at twenty years, a State should never be; that boys should come out of pupilage, that men should return to it; that people, in their actions and abilities so contemptible as the triumvirate, should become by their own appointment our tutors and guardians, and shake their scourges over Marcus Brutus, Marcus Varro, Marcus Tullius. The Romans are hastening back, I see, to the government of hereditary kings, whether by that name or another is immaterial, which no virtuous and dignified man, no philosopher of whatever sect, hath recommended, approved, or tolerated; and than which no moralist, no fabulist, no visionary, no poet, satirical or comic, no Fescennine jester, no dwarf or eunuch (the most privileged of privileged classes), no runner at the side of a triumphal car, in the uttermost extravagance of his licentiousness, has imagined any thing more absurd, more indecorous, or more insulting. What else indeed is the reason why a nation is called barbarous by the Greeks and us? This alone stamps the character upon it, standing for whatever is monstrous, for whatever is debased.

What a shocking sight should we consider an old father of a family led in chains along the public street, with boys and prostitutes shouting after him! — and should we not retire from it quickly and anxiously? A sight greatly more shocking now presents itself: an ancient nation is reduced to slavery, by those who vowed before the people and before the altars to defend her. And is it hard for us, O Quinctus, to turn away our eyes from this abomination? Or is it necessary for a Gaul or an Illyrian to command us that we close them on it?

Quinctus. No, Marcus, no! Let us think upon it as our forefathers always thought, and our friends lately.

Marcus. I am your host, my brother, and must recall you awhile to pleasanter ideas. How beautiful is this Formian coast! how airy this villa! Ah, whither have I beckoned your reflections! — it is the last of ours perhaps we may ever see. Do you remember the races of our children along the sands, and their consternation when Tyro cried "*The Læstrygons! the Læstrygons!*" He little thought he prophesied in his mirth, and all that poetry has feigned of these monsters should in so few years be accomplished. The other evening, an hour or two before sunset, I sailed quietly along the coast, for there was little wind, and the stillness on shore made my heart faint within me. I remembered how short a time ago I had conversed with Cato around the villa of Lucullus, whose son, such was the modesty of the youth, followed rather than accompanied us. O gods! how little then did I foresee or apprehend that the guardianship of this young man, and also of Cato's son, would within one year have devolved on me, by the deplorable death of their natural protector! A fading purple invested by degrees the whole promontory: I looked up at Misenus, and at those solitary and silent walks, enlivened so lately by friendship and philosophy. The last indeed of the thoughts we communicated were sorrowful and despondent; but, heavy as they were, they did not pain me like those which were now coming over me in my loneliness on the sea. For there only is the sense of solitude where every thing we behold is unlike us, and where we have been accustomed to meet our friends and equals.

Quinctus. There is something of softness, not unallied to sorrow, in these mild winter days and their humid sunshine.

Marcus. I know not, Quinctus, by what train or connection of ideas they lead me rather to the past than to the future; unless it be that, when the fibres of our bodies are relaxed, as they must be in such weather, the spirits fall back easily upon reflection, and are slowly incited to expectation. The memory of those great men who consolidated our republic by their wisdom, exalted it by their valor, and protected and defended it by their constancy, stands not alone nor idly; they draw us after them, they place us with them. O Quinctus! I wish I could impart to you my firm persuasion, that after death we shall enter into their society; and what matter if the place of our reunion be not the Capitol or the Forum, be

not Elysian meadows or Atlantic islands? Locality has nothing to do with mind once free. Carry this thought perpetually with you; and Death, whether you believe it terminates our whole existence or otherwise, will lose, I will not say its terrors, for the brave and wise have none, but its anxieties and inquietudes.

Quinctus. Brother, when I see that many dogmas in religion have been invented to keep the intellect in subjection, I may fairly doubt the rest.

Marcus. Yes, if any emolument be derived from them to the colleges of priests. But surely he deserves the dignity and the worship of a god, who first instructed men that by their own volition they may enjoy eternal happiness; that the road to it is most easy and most beautiful, such as any one would follow by preference, even if nothing desirable were at the end of it. Neither to give nor to take offence, are surely the two things most delightful in human life; and it is by these two things that eternal happiness may be attained. We shall enjoy a future state accordingly as we have employed our intellect and our affections. Perfect bliss can be expected by few; but fewer will be so miserable as they have been here.

Quinctus. A belief to the contrary, if we admit a future life, would place the gods beneath us in their best properties, — justice and beneficence.

Marcus. Belief in a future life is the appetite of reason: and I see not why we should not gratify it as unreluctantly as the baser. Religion does not call upon us to believe the fables of the vulgar, but on the contrary to correct them.

Quinctus. Otherwise, overrun as we are in Rome by foreigners of every nation, and ready to receive, as we have been, the buffooneries of Syrian and Egyptian priests, our citizens may within a few years become not only the dupes, but the tributaries, of these impostors. The Syrian may scourge us until we join him in his lamentation of Adonis; and the Egyptian may tell us that it is unholy to eat a chicken, and holy to eat an egg; while a sly rogue of Judæa whispers in our ear, "That is superstition; you go to heaven if you pay me a tenth of your harvests." This, I have heard Cneius Pompeius relate, is done in Judæa.

Marcus. True, but the tenth paid all the expenses both of

civil government and religious; for the magistracy was (if such an expression can be repeated with seriousness) *theocratical.* In time of peace, a decimation of property would be intolerable.* Pisistratus and Hiero did exact it; but they were usurpers, and the exercise of their power was no more legitimate than the assumption. Among us, likewise, the tribunes of the people have complained, in former times, that taxes levied on the commons went to abase and ruin them. Certainly the Senate did not contribute in the same proportion; but the commons were taxed out of the produce of what had been allotted to them in the partition of conquered lands; and it was only the stipend of the soldier for preserving by arms the property that his arms had won. The Jews have been always at war; natives of a sterile country and borderers of a fertile one, acute, meditative, melancholy, morose. I know not whether we ourselves have performed such actions as they have, or whether any nation has fought with such resolution and pertinacity. We laugh at their worship: they abominate ours. In this I think we are the wiser; for surely on speculative points it is better to laugh than to abominate. But whence have you brought your eggs and chickens? I have heard our Varro tell many stories about the Egyptian ordinances, but I do not remember this among them; nor indeed did his friend Turranius, who resided long in that country, and was intimately versed in its antiquities, nor his son Manius, a young man of much pleasantry, ever relate it in conversation when we met at Varro's.

Quinctus. Indeed the distinction seems a little too absurd, even for the worshippers of cats and crocodiles. Perhaps I may have wronged them; the nation I may indeed have forgotten, but I am certain of the fact: I place it in the archives of superstition, you may deposit it in its right cell. Among the Athenians, the priestess of Minerva was entitled to a measure of barley, a measure of wheat, and an obol, on every birth and death.† Some eastern nations are so totally subjected to the priesthood, that a member of it is requisite at

* The Spaniards had been a refractory and rebellious people, and therefore were treated, we may presume, with little lenity; yet T. Livius tells us that a part of Spain paid a *tenth*, another part a *twentieth*. Lib. xliii. See also Tacitus on the subject of taxation, *Ann.* xiii.; and Burmann *De Vectigali.*

† Aristot. *Œconom.* i. 2.

birth, at death, and, by Thalassius! at marriage itself. He can even inflict pains and penalties; he can oblige you to tell him all the secrets of the heart; he can call your wife to him, your daughter to him, your blooming and innocent son; he can absolve from sin; he can exclude from pardon.

Marcus. Now, Quinctus, egg and chicken, cat and crocodile, disappear and vanish: you repeat impossibilities; mankind, in its lowest degradation, has never been depressed so low. The savage would strangle the impostor that attempted it; the civilized man would scourge him and hiss him from society. Come, come, brother! we may expect such a state of things, whenever we find united the genius of the Cimmerian and the courage of the Troglodyte. Religions wear out, cover them with gold or case them with iron as you will. Jupiter is now less powerful in Crete than when he was in his cradle there, and spreads fewer terrors at Dodona than a shepherd's cur. Proconsuls have removed from Greece, from Asia, from Sicily, the most celebrated statues; and it is doubted at last whether those deities are in heaven, whom a cart and a yoke of oxen have carried away on earth. When the civil wars are over, and the minds of men become indolent and inactive, as is always the case after great excitement, it is not improbable that some novelties may be attempted in religion; but, as my prophecies in the whole course of the late events have been accomplished, so you may believe me when I prognosticate that our religion, although it should be disfigured and deteriorated, will continue in many of its features, in many of its pomps and ceremonies, the same. Sibylline books will never be wanting while fear and curiosity are inherent in the composition of man. And there is something consolatory in this idea of duration and identity; for whatever be your philosophy, you must acknowledge that it is pleasant to think, although you know not wherefore, that, when we go away, things visible, like things intellectual, will remain in great measure as we left them. A slight displeasure would be felt by us, if we were certain that after our death our houses would be taken down, though not only no longer inhabited by us, but probably not destined to remain in the possession of our children; and that even these vineyards, fields, and gardens, were about to assume another aspect.

Quinctus. The sea and the barren rocks will remain for

ever as they are; whatever is lovely changes. Misrule and slavery may convert our fertile plains into pestilential marshes; and whoever shall exclaim against the authors and causes of such devastation may be proscribed, slain, or exiled. Enlightened and virtuous men (painfullest of thoughts!) may condemn him; for a love of security accompanies a love of study, and that by degrees is adulation which was acquiescence. Cruel men have always at their elbow the supporters of arbitrary power; and although the cruel are seldom solicitous in what manner they may be represented to posterity, yet, if any one among them be rather more so than is customary, some projector will whisper in his ear an advice like this: "Oppress, fine, imprison, and torture those who (you have reason to suspect) are or may be philosophers or historians; so that, if they mention you at all, they will mention you with indignation and abhorrence. Your object is attained: few will implicitly believe them; almost every one will acknowledge that their faith should be suspected, as there are proofs that they wrote in irritation. This is better than if they spoke of you slightingly, or cursorily, or evasively. By employing a hangman extraordinary, you purchase in perpetuity the title of a clement prince."

Marcus. Quinctus, you make me smile, by bringing to my recollection that, among the marauders of Pindenissus, was a fellow called by the Romans Fœdirupa, from a certain resemblance no less to his name than to his character. He commanded in a desert and sandy district, which his father and grandfather had enlarged by violence; for the family were, from time immemorial, robbers and assassins. Several schools had once been established in those parts, remote from luxury and seduction; and several good and learned men taught in them, having fled from Mithridates. Fœdirupa assumed on a sudden the air and demeanor of a patriot, and hired one Gentius to compose his rhapsodies on the love of our country, with liberty to promise what he pleased. Gentius put two hundred pieces of silver on his mule, rode to the schools, exhibited his money, and promised the same gratuity to every scholar who would arm and march forth against the enemy. The teachers breathed a free and pure spirit, and, although they well knew the knavery of Gentius, seconded him in his mission. Gentius, as was ordered, wrote down

the names of those who repeated the most frequently that of country, and the least so that of Fœdirupa. Even rogues are restless for celebrity. The scholars performed great services against the enemy. On their return they were disarmed; the promises of Fœdirupa were disavowed; the teachers were thrown into prison, accused of violating the ancient laws, of perverting the moral and religious principles, and finally of abusing the simplicity of youth by illusory and empty promises. Gentius drew up against them the bills of indictment, and offered to take care of their libraries and cellars while they remained in prison. Fœdirupa cast them into dungeons; but, drawing a line of distinction much finer than the most subtle of them had ever done, "I will not kill them," said he; "I will only frighten them to death." He became at last somewhat less cruel, and starved them. Only one was sentenced to lose his head. Gentius comforted him upon the scaffold, by reminding him how much worse he would have fared under Mithridates, who would not only have commanded his head to be cut off, but also to be fixed on a pike; and by assuring him that, instead of such wanton barbarity, he himself would carry it to the widow and her children, within an hour after their conference. The former words moved him little; he hardly heard them: but his heart and his brain throbbed in agony at the sound of children, of widow. He threw his head back; tears rolled over his temples, and dripped from his gray hair. "Ah, my dear friend," said Gentius, "have I unwittingly touched a tender part? Be manful; dry your eyes; the children are yours no longer; why be concerned for what you can never see again? My good old friend," added he, "how many kind letters to me has this ring of yours sealed formerly!" Then, lifting up the hand, he drew it slowly off, overcome by excess of grief. It fell into his bosom, and to moderate his grief he was forced to run away, looking through the corner of his eye at the executioner. The rogue was stoned to death by those he had betrayed, not long before my arrival in the province; and an arrow from an unseen hand did justice on Fœdirupa.

Quinctus. I have seen in my life-time several rogues upon their crosses, although few, if any, so deserving of the punishment as Gentius and his colleague. Spectacles of higher interest are nearer and more attractive. It would please me

greatly, if either the decline of evening or the windings of the coast would allow me a view of Misenus; and I envy you, Marcus, the hour or two before sunset, which enabled you to contemplate it from the unruffled sea at your leisure. Has no violence been offered to the retirement of Cornelia? Are there any traces of her residence left amid our devastations, as there surely ought to be, so few years after her decease?

Marcus. On that promontory her mansion is yet standing; the same which Marius bought afterward, and which our friend Lucullus last inhabited; and, whether from reverence of her virtues and exalted name, or that the gods preserve it as a monument of womanhood, its exterior is unchanged. Here she resided many years, and never would be induced to revisit Rome after the murder of her younger son. She cultivated a variety of flowers, naturalized exotic plants, and brought together trees from vale and mountain: trees unproductive of fruit, but affording her, in their superintendence and management, a tranquil expectant pleasure. "There is no amusement," said she, "so lasting and varied, so healthy and peaceful, as horticulture." We read that the Babylonians and Persians were formerly much addicted to similar places of recreation. I have scarcely any knowledge in these matters;* and the first time I went thither I asked many questions of the gardener's boy, a child about nine years old. He thought me even more ignorant than I was, and said, among other such remarks, "I do not know what they call this plant at Rome, or whether they have it there; but it is among the commonest here, beautiful as it is, and we call it cytisus." "Thank you, child!" said I, smiling; "and," pointing toward two cypresses, "pray what do you call those high and gloomy trees at the extremity of the avenue, just above the precipice?" "Others like them," replied he, "are called cypresses; but these, I know not why, have always been called Tiberius and Caius."

Quinctus. Of all studies, the most delightful and the most useful is biography. The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. No history was

* "De hortis quod me admones, nec fui unquam valde cupidus, et nunc domus suppeditat mihi hortorum amœnitatem." Ad Q. Fratr. 1. 3. ep. 4.

ever true: lives I have read which, if they were not, had the appearance, the interest, and the utility of truth.

Marcus. I have collected facts about Cornelia, worth recording; and I would commemorate them the rather, as, while the Greeks have had among them no few women of abilities, we can hardly mention two.

Quinctus. Yet ours have advantages which theirs had not. Did Cornelia die unrepining and contented?

Marcus. She was firmly convinced to the last that an agrarian law would have been just and beneficial, and was consoled that her illustrious sons had discharged at once the debt of nature and of patriotism. Glory is a light that shines from us on others, and not from others on us. Assured that future ages would render justice to the memory of her children, Cornelia thought they had already received the highest approbation, when they had received their own.

Quinctus. If any thing was wanting, their mother gave it.

Marcus. No stranger of distinction left Italy without a visit to her. You would imagine that they, and that she particularly, would avoid the mention of her sons: it was however the subject on which she most delighted to converse, and which she never failed to introduce on finding a worthy auditor. I have heard from our father and from Scævola, both of whom in their adolescence had been present on such occasions, that she mentioned her children, no longer indeed with the calm complacency and full content with which she showed them to the lady of Campania as her gems and ornaments, but with such an exultation of delight at their glory, as she would the heroes of antiquity. So little of what is painful in emotion did she exhibit at the recital, those who could not comprehend her magnanimity at first believed her maddened by her misfortunes; but so many signs of wisdom soon displayed themselves, such staidness and sedateness of demeanor, such serene majestic suavity, they felt as if some deity were present; and when wonder and admiration and awe permitted them to lift up their eyes again toward her, they discovered from hers that the fondest of mothers had been speaking, — the mother of the Gracchi.

Quinctus. I wish you would write her life.

Marcus. Titus Pomponius may undertake it; and Titus may live to accomplish it. All times are quiet times with

him ; the antagonist, the competitor of none, — the true philosopher ! He knows the worth of men and the weight of factions, and how little they merit the disturbance of our repose. Ah, Quinctus ! that I never looked back until I came upon the very brink of the whirlpool ! that, drawing all my glory from my lungs, I find all my peace in exhaustion ! Our Atticus never did thus ; and he therefore may live to do what you propose for me, not indeed too late in the day, but with broken rest, and with zeal (I must acknowledge it) abated. Your remark on biography is just ; yet how far below the truth is even the best representation of those whose minds the gods have illuminated ! How much greater would the greatest man appear, if any one about him could perceive those innumerable filaments of thought which break as they arise from the brain, and the slenderest of which is worth all the wisdom of many at whose discretion lies the felicity of nations ! This in itself is impossible ; but there are fewer who mark what appears on a sudden and disappears again (such is the conversation of the wise), than there are who calculate those stars that are now coming forth above us : scarcely one in several millions can apportion, to what is exalted in mind, its magnitude, place, and distance. We must be contented to be judged by that which people can discern and handle : that which they can have among them, most at leisure, is most likely to be well examined and duly estimated. Whence I am led to believe that my writings, and those principally which instruct men in their rights and duties, will obtain me a solider and more extensive reputation than I could have acquired in public life, by busier, harder, and more anxious labors. Public men appear to me to live in that delusion which Socrates, in the *Phædo*, would persuade us is common to all our species. "We live in holes," says he, "and fancy that we are living in the highest parts of the earth." What he says physically I would say morally. Judge whether my observation is not at least as reasonable as his hypothesis ; and indeed, to speak ingenuously, whether I have not converted what is physically false and absurd into what is morally true and important.

Quinctus. True, beyond a question, and important as those whom it concerns will let it be. They who stand in high stations wish for higher ; but they who have occupied the

highest of all often think with regret of some one pleasanter they left below. The most wonderful thing in human nature is the variance of knowledge and will, where no passion is the stimulant: whence that system of life is often chosen and persevered in, which a man is well convinced is neither the best for him nor the easiest. Few can see clearly where their happiness lies; and, in those who see it, you will scarcely find one who has the courage to pursue it. Every action must have its motive; but weak motives are sufficient for weak minds; and whenever we see one, which we believed to be a stronger, moved habitually by what appears inadequate, we may be certain that there is (to bring a metaphor from the forest) more top than root. Servius Tullius, a prudent man, dedicated to Fortune what we call the narrow temple, with a statue in proportion, expressing his idea that Fortune in the condition of mediocrity is more reasonably than in any other the object of our vows. He could have given her as magnificent a name, and as magnificent a residence, as any she possesses; and you know she has many of both; but he wished perhaps to try whether for once she would be as favorable to wisdom as to enterprise.*

Marcus. If life allows us time for the experiment, let us also try it.†

Sleep, which the Epicureans and others have represented as the image of death, is, we know, the repairer of activity and strength. If they spoke reasonably and consistently, they might argue from their own principles, or at least take the illustration from their own fancy, that death like sleep

* Plutarch, in his *Problems*, offers several reasons, each different from this.

† That Cicero began to think a private life preferable to a public, and that his philosophical no less than his political opinions were unstable, is shown nowhere so evidently as in the eighth book of his *Epistles*. "Nam omnem nostram de republicâ curam, cogitationem, de dicendâ in senatu sententiâ, &c., abjecimus, et in Epicuri nos, adversarii nostri, castra conjecimus." Several years before the date of this, he writes to Atticus, "Malo in illâ tuâ sediculâ quam habes sub imagine Aristotelis sedere, quam in istorum sellâ curuli, tecumque apud te ambulari quam cum eo quocum video esse ambulandum: sed de ista ambulatione sors viderit, aut siquis est qui curet deus." L. iv. E. ix.

Demosthenes, in his later days, entertained the opinion that if there were two roads, the one leading to government, the other to death, a prudent man would choose the latter.

may also restore our powers, and in proportion to its universality and absoluteness. Pursuers as they are of pleasure, their unsettled and restless imagination loves rather to brood over an abyss, than to expatiate on places of amenity and composure. Just as sleep is the renovator of corporeal vigor, so, with their permission, I would believe death to be of the mind's; that the body, to which it is attached rather from habitude than from reason, is little else than a disease to our immortal spirit; and that, like the remora, of which mariners tell marvels, it counteracts, as it were, both oar and sail, in the most strenuous advances we can make toward felicity. Shall we lament to feel this reptile drop off? Or shall we not, on the contrary, leap with alacrity on shore, and offer up in gratitude to the gods whatever is left about us uncorroded and unshattered? A broken and abject mind is the thing least worthy of their acceptance.

Quinctus. Brother, you talk as if there were a plurality of gods.

Marcus. I know not and care not how many there may be of them. Philosophy points to unity; but while we are here, we speak as those do who are around us, and employ in these matters the language of our country. Italy is not so fertile in hemlock as Greece; yet a wise man will dissemble half his wisdom on such a topic; and I, as you remember, adopting the means of dialogue, have often delivered my opinions in the voice of others, and speak now as custom not as reason leads me.

Quinctus. Marcus, I still observe in you somewhat of aversion to Epicurus, a few of whose least important positions you have controverted in your dialogues; and I wish that, even there, you had been less irrisory, less of a pleader; that you had been, in dispassionate urbanity, his follower. Such was also the opinion of two men the most opposite in other things, Brutus and Cæsar. Religions may fight in the street, or over the grave: Philosophy never should. We ought to forego the manners of the Forum in our disquisitions, which, if they continue to be agitated as they have been, will be designated at last not only by foul epithets drawn from that unsober tub, but, as violence is apt to increase in fury until it falls from exhaustion, by those derived from war and bloodshed. I should not be surprised, if they who write and reason on our

calm domestic duties, on our best and highest interests, should hereafter be designated by some such terms as *polemical* and *sarcastic*. As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees, by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men, who were far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life, if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage, their earlier animosities. Were it possible for you to have spent an hour with Epicurus, you would have been delighted with him; for his nature was like the better part of yours. Zeno set out from an opposite direction, yet they meet at last and shake hands. He who shows us how Fear may be reasoned with and pacified, how Death may be disarmed of terrors, how Pleasure may be united with Innocence and with Constancy; he who persuades us that Vice is painful and vindictive, and that Ambition, deemed the most manly of our desires, is the most childish and illusory, — deserves our gratitude. Children would fall asleep before they had trifled so long as grave men do. If you must quarrel with Epicurus on the principal good, take my idea. The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure not only is not possession, but is often to be lost and always to be endangered by it. In life, as in those prospects which if the sun were above the horizon we should see from hence, the objects covered with the softest light, and offering the most beautiful forms in the distance, are wearisome to attain and barren.

In one of your last letters, you told me that you had come over into the camp of your old adversary.

Marcus. I could not rest with him. As we pardon those reluctantly who destroy our family tombs, is it likely or reasonable that he should be forgiven who levels to the ground the fabric to which they lead, and to which they are only a rude and temporary vestibule?

Quinctus. Socrates was heard with more attention, Pythagoras had more authority in his lifetime; but no philoso-

pher hath excited so much enthusiasm in those who never frequented, never heard nor saw him; and yet his doctrines are not such in themselves as would excite it. How then can it be, otherwise than partly from the innocence of his life, and partly from the relief his followers experienced in abstraction from unquiet and insatiable desires? Many, it is true, have spoken of him with hatred; but among his haters are none who knew him: which is remarkable, singular, wonderful; for hatred seems as natural to men as hunger is, and excited like hunger by the presence of its food; and the more exquisite the food, the more excitable is the hunger.

Marcus. I do not remember to have met anywhere before with the thought you have just expressed. Certain it is, however, that men in general have a propensity to hatred, profitless as it is and painful. We say proverbially, after Ennius or some other old poet, the descent to Avernus is easy: not less easily are we carried down to the more pestiferous pool whereinto we would drag our superiors and submerge them. It is the destiny of the obscure to be despised; it is the privilege of the illustrious to be hated. Whoever hates me proves and feels himself to be less than I am. If in argument we can make a man angry with us, we have drawn him from his vantage-ground and overcome him. For he, who in order to attack a little man (and every one calls his adversary so) ceases to defend the truth, shows that truth is less his object than the little man. I profess the tenets of the New Academy, because it teaches us modesty in the midst of wisdom, and leads through doubt to inquiry. Hence it appears to me that it must render us quieter and more studious, without doing what Epicurus would do; that is, without singing us to sleep in groves and meadows, while our country is calling on us loudly to defend her. Nevertheless, I have lived in the most familiar way with Epicureans, as you know, and have loved them affectionately. There is no more certain sign of a narrow mind, of stupidity, and of arrogance, than to stand aloof from those who think differently from ourselves. If they have weighed the matter in dispute as carefully, it is equitable to suppose that they have the same chance as we have of being in the right; if they have not, we may as reasonably be out of humor with our footman or chairman: he is more ignorant and more careless of it still.

I have seen reason to change the greater part of my opinions. Let me confess to you, Quinctus, we oftener say things because we can say them well, than because they are sound and reasonable. One would imagine that every man in society knows the nature of friendship. Similarity in the disposition, identity in the objects liked and disliked, have been stated (and stated by myself) as the essence of it; nothing is untruer. Titus Pomponius and I are different in our sentiments, our manners, our habits of life, our ideas of men and things, our topics of study, our sects of philosophy; added to which our country and companions have these many years been wide apart: yet we are friends, and always were, and, if man can promise any thing beyond the morrow, always shall be.

Quinctus. Your "*idem velle atque idem nolle*," of which you now perceive the futility, has never been suspected; not even by those who have seen Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompeius, at variance and at war, for no other reason than because they sought and shunned the same thing, — shunning privacy and seeking supremacy. Young men quote the sentence daily; those very young men perhaps who court the same mistress, and whose friendship not only has not been corroborated, but has been shattered and torn up by it. Few authors have examined any one thing well, scarcely one many things. Your Dialogues are wiser, I think, than those of the Greeks; certainly more animated and more diversified; but I doubt whether you have bestowed so much time and labor on any question of general interest to mankind, as on pursuing a thief like Verres, or scourging a drunkard like Piso, or drawing the nets of Vulcan over the couch of Clodius. For which reason I should not wonder if your Orations were valued by posterity more highly than your Dialogues; although the best oration can only show the clever man, while Philosophy shows the great one.

Marcus. I approve of the Dialogue for the reason you have given me just now: the fewness of settled truths, and the facility of turning the cycle of our thoughts to what aspect we wish, as geometers and astronomers the globe. A book was lately on the point of publication, I hear, to demonstrate the childishness of the Dialogue; and the man upon the bench a little way below the Middle Janus, who had already

paid the writer thirty denars for it, gave it back to him on reading the word *childish*. For Menander or Sophocles or Euripides had caught his eye, all of whom, he heard, wrote in dialogue, as did Homer in the better parts of his two poems; and he doubted whether a young man ignorant of these authors could ever have known that the same method had been employed by Plato on all occasions, and by Xenophon in much of his *Recollections*, and that the conversations of Socrates would have lost their form and force, delivered in any other manner. He might perhaps have set up himself against the others; but his modesty would not let him stand before the world opposed to Socrates under the Shield of Apollo. Morus, the man below the Middle Janus,* is very liberal, and left him in possession of the thirty denars, on condition that he should write as acrimoniously against as eloquent and judicious an author, whenever called upon.

Quinctus. Speaking of Plato in the earlier series of your philosophical disquisitions, you more highly praised his language than you appear to have done lately.

Marcus. There is indeed much to admire in it; but even his language has fewer charms for me now than it had in youth. Plato will always be an object of admiration and reverence to men who would rather see vast images of uncertain objects reflected from illuminated clouds, than representations of things in their just proportions, measurable, tangible, and convertible to household use. Therefore, in speaking on the levity of the Greeks, I turned my eyes toward him; that none, whatever commendations I bestowed upon his diction, might mistake me in describing the qualities of his mind. Politics will gain nothing of the practical from him, Philosophy nothing of what is applicable to morals, to science, to the arts, or the conduct of life. Unswathe his Egyptian mummy; and from the folds of fine linen, bestrewn and impregnated with aromatics, you disclose the grave features and gracile bones of a goodly and venerable cat. Little then can you wonder if I have taken him as one of small authority, when I composed my works on *Government*, on the *Social Duties*, or on the *Nature of the Gods*.

* The *Middle Janus* is mentioned by Horace. It has usually been considered as a temple, and the remains of it are pointed out as such; but in fact it was only the *central arch* of a market-place.

Quinctus. You have forborne to imitate his style, although you cite the words of a Greek enthusiast, who says that if Jupiter had spoken in Greek he would have spoken in the language of Plato.

Marcus. Jupiter had no occasion for Philosophy ; we have.

Quinctus. I prefer your method of conducting the Dialogue, although I wish you had given us a greater variety both of topics and of characters.

Marcus. If time and health are granted me, perhaps I may do somewhat more than I or others have accomplished in this department.

Quinctus. Why do you smile? — at your confidence of succeeding?

Marcus. No, indeed ; but because all strong and generous wine must deposit its crust before it gratifies the palate ; and are not all such writings in the same predicament?

Quinctus. Various pieces of such criticism have been brought to me. One writer says of you, "He would pretend to an equality in style and wisdom with Theophrastus." Another, "We remember his late invectives, which he had the assurance to call Philippics, fancying himself another Demosthenes!" A third, "He knows so little of the Dialogue, that many of his speakers talk for a quarter of an hour uninterruptedly ; in fact, until they can talk no longer, and have nothing more to say upon the subject."

Marcus. Rare objection! As if the dialogue of statesmen and philosophers, which appertains by its nature to dissertation, should resemble the dialogue of comedians, and Lælius and Scævola be turned into Davus and Syrus! Although I have derived my ideas of excellence from Greece, out of which there is nothing elegant, nothing chaste and temperate, nothing not barbarous, nevertheless I have a mind of my own equal in capacity and in order to any there, indebted as I acknowledge it to be to Grecian exercises and Grecian institutions. Neither my time of life nor my rank in it, nor indeed my temper and disposition, would allow me to twitch the sleeves of sophists, and to banter them on the idleness of their disputations with trivial and tiny and petulant interrogatories. I introduce grave men, and they talk gravely ; important subjects, and I treat them worthily. Lighter, if my spirits had the elasticity to give them play, I should touch more delicately

and finely, letting them fly off in more fantastic forms and more vapory particles. But who indeed can hope to excel in two manners so widely different? Who hath ever done it, Greek or Roman? If wiser men than those who appear at present to have spoken against my dialogues should undertake the same business, I would inform them that the most severe way of judging these works, with any plea or appearance of fairness, is to select the best passages from the best writers I may have introduced, and to place my pages in opposition to theirs in equal quantities. Suppose me introducing Solon or Phocion, Æschines or Demosthenes; that is, whatever is most wise, whatever is most eloquent; should it appear that I have equalled them where so little space is allowed me, I have done greatly more than has ever been done hitherto. Style I consider as nothing, if what it covers be unsound: wisdom in union with harmony is oracular. On this idea, the wiser of ancient days venerated in the same person the deity of oracles and of music: and it must have been the most malicious and the most ingenious of satirists, who transferred the gift of eloquence to the god of thieves.

Quinctus. I am not certain that you have claimed for yourself the fair trial you would have demanded for a client. One of the interlocutors may sustain a small portion of a thesis.

Marcus. In that case, take the whole Conversation; examine the quality, the quantity, the variety, the intensity, of mental power exerted. I myself would arm my adversaries, and teach them how to fight me; and I promise you, the first blow I receive from one of them I will cheer him heartily: it will augur well for our country. At present I can do nothing more liberal than in sending thirty other denars to the mortified bondman of Morus.

I have performed one action; I have composed some few things, which posterity, I would fain believe, will not suffer to be quite forgotten. Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any: without fame there is none for the best. And yet, who knows whether all our labors and vigils may not at last be involved in oblivion? What treasures of learning must have perished, which existed long before the time of Homer! For it is utterly out of the nature of things, that the first attempt in any art or science should be the most perfect. Such is the Iliad: I look upon it as the sole

fragment of a lost world. Grieved indeed I should be to think, as you have heard me say before, that an enemy may possess our city five thousand years hence: yet when I consider that soldiers of all nations are in the armies of the triumvirate, and that all are more zealous for her ruin than our citizens are for her defence, this event is not unlikely the very next. The worst of barbarism is that which emanates, not from the absence of laws, but from their corruption. So long as virtue stands merely on the same level with vice, nothing is desperate, nothing is irreparable; few governments in their easy decrepitude care for more. But when rectitude is dangerous and depravity secure, then eloquence and courage, the natural pride and safeguard of States, become the strongest and most active instruments in their overthrow.

Quinctus. I see the servants have lighted the lamps in the house earlier than usual, hoping, I suppose, we shall retire to rest in good time, that to-morrow they may prepare the festivities for your birthday.

Marcus. They are bringing out of the dining-room, I apprehend, the busts our Atticus lately sent me. Let us hasten to prevent it, or they may place Homer and Solon with the others, instead of inserting them in the niches opposite my bed, where I wish to contemplate them by the first light of morning, the first objects opening on my eyes. For, without the one, not only poetry but eloquence too, and every high species of literary composition, might have remained until this day, in all quarters of the globe, incondite and indigested; and without the other even Athens herself might have explored her way in darkness, and never have exhibited to us Romans the prototype of those laws on which our glory hath arisen, and the loss of which we are destined to lament as our last and greatest.

Quinctus. Within how few minutes has the night closed in upon us! Nothing is left discernible of the promontories, or the long irregular breakers under them. We have before us only a faint glimmering from the shells in our path, and from the blossoms of the arbutus.

Marcus. The little solitary Circean hill, and even the nearer, loftier, and whiter rocks of Anxur, are become indistinguishable. We leave our Cato and our Lucullus; we leave Cornelia and her children, the scenes of friendship and the

recollections of greatness, for Lepidus and Octavius and Antonius: and who knows whether this birthday, between which and us so few days intervene, may not be, as it certainly will be the least pleasurable, the last!

Quinctus. Do not despond, my brother!

Marcus. I am as far from despondency and dejection as from joy and cheerfulness. Death has two aspects: dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost genial to those of adverse, fortune. Her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged: to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific; the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest. To us, my Quinctus, advanced as we are on our way, weary from its perplexities and dizzy from its precipices, she gives a calm welcome: let her receive a cordial one.

If life is a present which any one foreknowing its contents would have willingly declined, does it not follow that any one would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are? I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous; not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding. Were it certain that the longer we live the wiser we become and the happier, then indeed a long life would be desirable; but since on the contrary our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, if any wish is rational, it is surely the wish that we should go away unshaken by years, undepressed by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties. Life and death appear more certainly ours than whatsoever else: and yet hardly can that be called ours, which comes without our knowledge, and goes without it; or that which we cannot put aside if we would, and indeed can anticipate but little. There are few who can regulate life to any extent; none who can order the things it shall receive or exclude. What value then should be placed upon it by the prudent man, when duty or necessity calls him away? Or what reluctance should he feel on passing into a state where at least he must be conscious of fewer checks and inabilities? Such, my brother, as the brave commander, when from the secret and dark passages of some fortress wherein implacable enemies besieged him, having performed all his duties and

exhausted all his munition, he issues at a distance into open day.

Every thing has its use: life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life. Glory, which among all things between stands eminently the principal, although it has been considered by some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the Commonwealth. Glory can be safely despised by those only who have fairly won it: a low, ignorant, or vicious man should dispute on other topics. The philosopher who contemns it has every rogue in his sect, and may reckon that it will outlive all others. Occasion may have been wanting to some; I grant it. They may have remained their whole lifetime like dials in the shade, always fit for use and always useless; but this must occur either in monarchal governments, or where persons occupy the first station who ought hardly to have been admitted to the secondary, and whom jealousy has guided more frequently than justice.

It is true there is much inequality, much inconsiderateness, in the distribution of fame; and the principles according to which honor ought to be conferred are not only violated, but often inverted. Whoever wishes to be thought great among men must do them some great mischief; and the longer he continues in doing things of this sort, the more he will be admired. The features of Fortune are so like those of Genius as to be mistaken by almost all the world. We whose names and works are honorable to our country, and destined to survive her, are less esteemed than those who have accelerated her decay; yet even here the sense of injury rises from and is accompanied by a sense of merit, the tone of which is deeper and predominant.

When we have spoken of life, death, and glory, we have spoken of all important things, except friendship; for eloquence and philosophy, and other inferior attainments, are either means conducible to life and glory, or antidotes against the bitterness of death. We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could. I have observed your impatience: you were about to appeal in behalf of virtue. But virtue is presupposed in friendship, as I have mentioned in my *Lælius;*

nor have I ever separated it from philosophy or from glory. I discussed the subject most at large and most methodically in my treatise on our *Duties*, and I find no reason to alter my definition or deductions. On friendship, in the present condition of our affairs, I would say but little. Could I begin my existence again, and, what is equally impossible, could I see before me all I have seen, I would choose few acquaintances, fewer friendships, no familiarities. This rubbish, for such it generally is, collecting at the base of an elevated mind, lessens its height and impairs its character. What requires to be sustained, if it is greater, falls; if it is smaller, is lost to view by the intervention of its supporters.*

In literature, great men suffer more from their little friends than from their potent enemies. It is not by our adversaries that our early shoots of glory are nipped and broken off, or our later pestilentially blighted; it is by those who lie at our feet, and look up to us with a solicitous and fixed regard until our shadow grows thicker and makes them colder. Then

* These are the ideas of a man deceived and betrayed by almost every one he trusted. But if Cicero had considered that there never was an elevated soul or warm heart which has not been ungenerously and unjustly dealt with, and that ingratitude has usually been in proportion to desert, his vanity if not his philosophy would have buoyed up and supported him. He himself is redundant in such instances. To set Pompeius aside, as a man ungrateful to all, he had spared Julius Cæsar in his consulate when he was implicated in the conspiracy of Cataline. Clodius, Lepidus, and Antonius had been admitted to his friendship and confidence; Octavius owed to him his popularity and estimation; Philologus,† whom he had fed and instructed, pointed out to his pursuers the secret path he had taken to avoid them; and Popilius, their leader, had by his eloquence been saved from the punishment of one parricide that he might commit another.

It were well if Cicero had been so sincere in his friendship as perhaps he thought he was. The worst action of his life may be narrated in his own words: "Qualis futura sit Cæsaris Vituperatio contra Laudationem meam perspexi ex eo libro quem Hirtius ad me misit, in quo colligit vitia Catonis, sed cum maximis laudibus meis: itaque misi librum ad Muscam, ut tuis librariis daret, *volo enim eum divulgari*." Ad Attic. xii. 40. An honest man would be little gratified by the divulgation of his praises accompanied by calumnies on his friend, or even by the exposure of his faults and weaknesses.

† So his name is written by Plutarch, who calls him ἀπελεύθερος Κοίντου. We may doubt whether it should not be Philogonus, for a freed-man of Quinctus with that name is mentioned in the *Epistles* (ad Q. F. i. 3).

they begin to praise us as worthy men indeed, and good citizens, but rather vain, and what (to speak the truth) in others they should call presumptuous. They entertain no doubt of our merit in literature; yet justice forces them to declare that several have risen up lately who promise to surpass us. Should it be asked of them who these are, they look modest, and tell you softly and submissively it would ill become them to repeat the eulogies of their acquaintance, and that no man pronounces his own name so distinctly as another's. I had something of oratory once about me, and was borne on high by the spirit of the better Greeks. Thus they thought of me; and they thought of me, Quinctus, no more than thus. They had reached the straits, and saw before them the boundary, the impassable Atlantic, of the intellectual world. But now I am a bad citizen and a worse writer: I want the exercise and effusion of my own breath to warm me; I must be chafed by an adversary; I must be supported by a crowd; I require the Forum, the Rostra, the Senate: in my individuality I am nothing.

Quinctus. I remember the time when, instead of smiling, you would have been offended and angry at such levity and impudence.

Marcus. The misfortunes of our country cover ours, and I am imperceptible to myself in the dark gulf that is absorbing her. Should I be angry? Anger, always irrational, is most so here. These men see those above them as they see the stars: one is almost as large as another, almost as bright; small distance between them. They cannot quite touch us with the forefinger; but they can almost. And what matters it? They can utter as many things against us, and as fiercely, as Polyphemus did against the heavens. Since my Dialogues are certainly the last things I shall compose, and since we, my brother, shall perhaps, for the little time that is remaining of our lives, be soon divided, we may talk about these matters as among the wisest and most interesting: and the rather, if there is any thing in them displaying the character of our country and the phasis of our times.

Aquilius Cimber, who lives somewhere under the Alps, was patronized by Caius Cæsar for his assiduities, and by Antonius for his admirable talent in telling a story and sitting up late. He bears on his shoulders the whole tablet of his

nation, reconciling its incongruities. Apparently very frank, but intrinsically very insincere; a warm friend while drinking; cold, vapid, limber, on the morrow, as the festal coronet he had worn the night before.

Quinctus. Such a person, I can well suppose, may nevertheless have acquired the friendship of Antonius.

Marcus. His popularity in those parts rendered him also an object of attention to Octavius, who told me he was prodigiously charmed with his stories of departed spirits, which Aquilius firmly believes are not altogether departed from his country. He hath several old books relating to the history, true and fabulous, of the earlier Cimbri. Such is the impression they made upon him in his youth, he soon composed others on the same model, and better (I have heard) than the originals. His opinion is now much regarded in his province on matters of literature in general; although you would as soon think of sending for a smith to select an ostrich feather at the milliner's. He neglects no means of money-getting, and has entered into an association for this purpose with the booksellers of the principal Transpadane cities. On the first appearance of my Dialogues, he, not having read them, nor having heard of their tendency, praised them; moderately indeed and reservedly; but finding the people in power ready to persecute and oppress me, he sent his excuse to Antonius, that he was drunk when he did it; and to Octavius, that the fiercest of the Lemures held him by the throat until he had written what his heart revolted at. And he ordered his friends and relatives to excuse him by one or other of these apologies, according to the temper and credulity of the person they addressed.

Quinctus. I never heard the story of Aquilius, no less amusing than the well-known one of him, that he went several miles out of his road to visit the tomb of the Scipios, only to lift up his tunic against it in contempt. He boasted of the feat and of the motive.

Marcus. Until the worthies of our times shone forth, he venerated no Roman since the exiled kings, in which his favorite is the son of the last; and there are certain men in high authority who assure him they know how to appreciate and compensate so heroic and sublime an affection. The Catos and Brutuses are wretches with him, and particularly

since Cato pardoned him for having hired a fellow (as was proved) to turn some swine into his turnip-field at Tusculum. Looking at him or hearing of him, unless from those who know his real character, you would imagine him generous, self-dependent, self-devoted; but this upright and staunch thistle bears a yielding and palpable down for adulation.

Quinctus. Better *that* than malice. Whatever he may think or say of you, I hope he never speaks maliciously of those whose livelihood, like his own, depends upon their writings, — the studious, the enthusiastic, the unhardened in politics, the uncrossed in literature.

Marcus. I wish I could confirm or encourage you in your hopes; report, as it reaches me, by no means favors them.

Quinctus. This hurts me; for Aquilius, although the Graces in none of their attributions are benignant to him, is a man of industry and genius.

Marcus. Alas, Quinctus! to pass Aquilius by, as not concerned in the reflection, the noblest elevations of the human mind have in appurtenance their sands and swamps: hardness at top, putridity at bottom. Friends themselves — and not only the little ones you have spoken of, not only the thoughtless and injudicious, but graver and more constant — will occasionally gratify a superficial feeling, which soon grows deeper, by irritating an orator or writer. You remember the apologue of Critobulus?

Quinctus. No, I do not.

Marcus. It was sent to me by Pomponius Atticus soon after my marriage: I must surely have shown it to you.

Quinctus. Not you, indeed; and I should wonder that so valuable a present, so rare an accession to Rome as a new Greek volume, could have come into your hands and not out of them into mine, if you had not mentioned that it was about the time of your nuptials. Let me hear the story.

Marcus. "I was wandering," says Critobulus, "in the midst of a forest, and came suddenly to a small round fountain or pool, with several white flowers (I remember) and broad leaves in the centre of it, but clear of them at the sides, and of a water the most pellucid. Suddenly a very beautiful figure came from behind me, and stood between me and the fountain. I was amazed. I could not distinguish the sex, the form being youthful and the face toward the water,

on which it was gazing and bending over its reflection, like another Hylas or Narcissus. It then stooped and adorned itself with a few of the simplest flowers, and seemed the fonder and tenderer of those which had borne the impression of its graceful feet; and, having done so, it turned round and looked upon me with an air of indifference and unconcern. The longer I fixed my eyes on her — for I now discovered it was a female — the more ardent I became and the more embarrassed. She perceived it, and smiled. Her eyes were large and serene; not very thoughtful as if perplexed, not very playful as if easily to be won; and her countenance was tinged with so delightful a color, that it appeared an effluence from an irradiated cloud passing over it in the heavens. She gave me the idea, from her graceful attitude, that, although adapted to the perfection of activity, she felt rather an inclination for repose. I would have taken her hand: 'You shall presently,' said she; and never fell on mortal a diviner glance than on me. I told her so. She replied, 'You speak well.' I then fancied she was simple and weak, and fond of flattery, and began to flatter her. She turned her face away from me, and answered nothing. I declared my excessive love: she went some paces off. I swore it was impossible for one who had ever seen her to live without her: she went several paces farther. 'By the immortal gods!' I cried, 'you shall not leave me!' She turned round and looked benignly; but shook her head. 'You are another's then! Say it! say it! utter the word once from your lips — and let me die!' She smiled, more melancholy than before, and replied, 'O Critobulus! I am indeed another's: I am a god's.' The air of the interior heavens seemed to pierce me as she spoke; and I trembled as impassioned men may tremble once. After a pause, 'I might have thought it!' cried I: 'why then come before me and torment me?' She began to play and trifle with me, as became her age (I fancied) rather than her engagement, and she placed my hand upon the flowers in her lap without a blush. The whole fountain would not at that moment have assuaged my thirst. The sound of the breezes and of the birds around us, even the sound of her own voice, were all confounded in my ear, as colors are in the fulness and intensity of light. She said many pleasing things to me, to the earlier and greater part of which I was insensible; but in the midst

of those which I could hear and was listening to attentively, she began to pluck out the gray hairs from my head, and to tell me that the others too were of a hue not very agreeable. My heart sank within me. Presently there was hardly a limb or feature without its imperfection. 'Oh!' cried I in despair, 'you have been used to the gods; you must think so: but among men I do not believe I am considered as ill-made or unseemly.' She paid little attention to my words or my vexation; and when she had gone on with my defects for some time longer, in the same calm tone and with the same sweet countenance, she began to declare that she had much affection for me, and was desirous of inspiring it in return. I was about to answer her with rapture, when on a sudden, in her girlish humor, she stuck a thorn, wherewith she had been playing, into that part of the body which supports us when we sit. I know not whether it went deeper than she intended, but, catching at it, I leaped up in shame and anger, and at the same moment felt something upon my shoulder. It was an armlet inscribed with letters of bossy adamant, 'Jove to his daughter Truth.'

"She stood again before me at a distance, and said gracefully, 'Critobulus! I am too young and simple for you; but you will love me still, and not be made unhappy by it in the end. Farewell.'"

Quinctus. Why did you not insert this allegory in some part of your works, as you have often many pages from the Greek?

Marcus. I might have done it, but I know not whether the state of our literature is any longer fit for its reception.

Quinctus. Confess, if it is not, that the fault is in some sort yours, who might have directed the higher minds, and have carried the lower with them.

Marcus. I regard with satisfaction the efforts I have made to serve my country; but the same eloquence, the merit of which not even the most barbarous of my adversaries can detract from me, would have enabled me to elucidate large fields of philosophy, hitherto untrodden by our countrymen, and in which the Greeks have wandered widely or worked unprofitably.

Quinctus. Excuse my interruption. I heard a few days ago a pleasant thing reported of Asinius Pollio: he said, at supper, your language is that of an Allobrox.

Marcus. After supper, I should rather think, and with Antonius. Asinius, urged by the strength of instinct, picks from amid the freshest herbage the dead dry stalk, and dozes and dreams about it where he cannot find it. Acquired, it is true, I have a certain portion of my knowledge, and consequently of my language, from the Allobroges: I cannot well point out the place, — the walls of Romulus, the habitations of Janus and of Saturn, and the temple of Capitoline Jove, which the confessions I extorted from their ambassadors gave me in my consulate the means of saving, stand at too great a distance from this terrace.

Quinctus. Certainly you have much to look back upon, of what is most proper and efficacious to console you. Consciousness of desert protects the mind against obloquy, exalts it above calamity, and scatters into utter invisibility the shadowy fears of death. Nevertheless, O Marcus! to leave behind us our children, if indeed it will be permitted them to stay behind, is painful.

Marcus. Among the contingencies of life, it is that for which we ought to be best prepared, as the most regular and ordinary in the course of Nature. In dying, and leaving our friends, and saying, "I shall see you no more," which is thought by the generous man the painfullest thing in the change he undergoes, we speak as if we shall continue to feel the same desire and want of seeing them, — an inconsistency so common as never to have been noticed: and my remark, which you would think too trivial, startles by its novelty before it conciliates by its truth. We bequeath to our children a field illuminated by our glory and enriched by our example: a noble patrimony, and beyond the jurisdiction of prætor or proscriber. Nor indeed is our fall itself without its fruit to them: for violence is the cause why that is often called a calamity which is not, and repairs in some measure its injuries by exciting to commiseration and tenderness. The pleasure a man receives from his children resembles that which, with more propriety than any other, we may attribute to the Divinity: for to suppose that his chief satisfaction and delight should arise from the contemplation of what he has done or can do, is to place him on a level with a runner or a wrestler. The formation of a world, or of a thousand worlds, is as easy to him as the formation of an atom. Virtue and

intellect are equally his production; yet he subjects them in no slight degree to our volition. His benevolence is gratified at seeing us conquer our wills and rise superior to our infirmities, and at tracing day after day a nearer resemblance in our moral features to his. We can derive no pleasure but from exertion; he can derive none from it: since exertion, as we understand the word, is incompatible with omnipotence.

Quinctus. Proceed, my brother! for in every depression of mind, in every excitement of feeling, my spirits are equalized by your discourse; and that which you said with too much brevity of our children soothes me greatly.

Marcus. I am persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken; and yet — ah, Quinctus! there is a tear that Philosophy cannot dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the gods.

Two things tend beyond all others, after philosophy, to inhibit and check our ruder passions as they grow and swell in us, and to keep our gentler in their proper play: and these two things are seasonable sorrow and inoffensive pleasure, each moderately indulged. Nay, there is also a pleasure — humble, it is true, but graceful and insinuating — which follows close upon our very sorrows, reconciles us to them gradually, and sometimes renders us at last undesirous altogether of abandoning them. If ever you have remembered the anniversary of some day whereon a dear friend was lost to you, tell me whether that anniversary was not purer and even calmer than the day before. The sorrow, if there should be any left, is soon absorbed, and full satisfaction takes place of it, while you perform a pious office to Friendship, required and appointed by the ordinances of Nature. When my Tulliola was torn away from me, a thousand plans were in readiness for immortalizing her memory, and raising a monument up to the magnitude of my grief. The grief itself has done it: the tears I then shed over her assuaged it in me, and did every thing that could be done for her, or hoped, or wished. I called upon Tulliola: Rome and the whole world heard me; her glory was a part of mine, and mine of hers; and when Eternity had received her at my hands, I wept no longer. The tenderness wherewith I mentioned and now mention her, though it suspends my voice, brings what consoles and comforts me: it is the milk and honey left at the sepulchre, and equally sweet (I hope) to the departed.

The gods who have given us our affections permit us surely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like every thing else immoderate, is useless and pernicious; but if we did not tolerate and endure it, if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it, if we did not even cherish it in its season, — much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much also of our genius, would be stifled and extinguished.

When I hear any one call upon another to be manly and to restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and kind affections, I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. Were he humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathize than to lecture and reprove; and were he wise, he would consider that tears are given us by Nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion that philosophy, quite pure and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish. I have never had leisure to write all I could have written on the subjects I began to meditate and discuss too late. And where, O Quinctus! where are those men gone, whose approbation would have stimulated and cheered me in the course of them? Little is entirely my own in the *Tusculan Disputations;* for I went rather in search of what is useful than of what is specious, and sat down oftener to consult the wise than to argue with the ingenious. In order to determine what is fairly due to me, you will see, which you may easily, how large is the proportion of the impracticable, the visionary, the baseless, in the philosophers who have gone before me; and how much of application and judgment, to say nothing of temper and patience, was requisite in making the selection. Aristoteles is the only one of the philosophers I am intimate with (except you extort from me to concede you Epicurus) who never is a dreamer or a trifler, and almost the only one whose language, varying with its theme, is yet always grave and concise, authoritative and stately, neither running into wild dithy-

rambics, nor stagnating in vapid luxuriance. I have not hesitated, on many occasions, to borrow largely from one who, in so many provinces, hath so much to lend. The whole of what I collected, and the whole of what I laid out from my own, is applicable to the purposes of our political, civil, and domestic state. And my eloquence, whatever (with Pollio's leave) it may be, would at least have sufficed me to elucidate and explore those ulterior tracts, which the Greeks have coasted negligently and left unsettled. Although I think I have done somewhat more than they, I am often dissatisfied with the scantiness of my store and the limit of my excursion. Every question has given me the subject of a new one, which has always been better treated than the preceding; and, like Archimedes, whose tomb appears now before me as when I first discovered it at Syracuse, I could almost ask of my enemy time to solve my problem.

Quinctus! Quinctus! let us exult with joy: there is no enemy to be appeased or avoided. We are moving forward and without exertion, thither where we shall know all we wish to know; and how greatly more than, whether in Tusculum or in Formiæ, in Rome or in Athens, we could ever hope to learn!

VI. TIBULLUS AND MESSALA.

Tibullus. Messala? this is indeed a delight to me. A visit in Rome would have been little better than an honor.

Messala. My dear Tibullus! didst thou not promise me a great reward if I would come to thy villa in the autumn? Confident that no urbanity can escape thy memory or thy performance, here I am.

Tibullus. Little, too little, is whatever I could have promised.

Messala. Little? didst thou not promise me in presence of all the Muses, that Delia should cull the ripest apples for me? — and thou well knowest how fond I always was of them.

Tibullus. On the Garumna and on the Liger, after a tedious march, we often found them refreshing.

Messala. What then must they be, gathered by the hand of Delia, the beloved of my brave Tibullus?

Tibullus. She shall gather them instantly.

Come, Delia! come from behind that curtain. Here is Messala. Do not let his eloquence win thy heart away from me, and forget for a moment all thou hast ever heard about his military actions and his high nobility.

Delia. Albius! Albius! for shame! how dare you take such a liberty with so great a man, as to put my hand into his?

Tibullus. Because he is what thou callest him: I take no liberty with any other.

Messala. Albius Tibullus! I never thought thee such a flatterer before. Were I in power, or in favor with the powerful, thou wouldst be more discreet and silent. Neither the heir of Julius, nor his bosom friend the patron of poets, has ever won a verse or a visit from thee.

Tibullus. And never shall, though each of them I believe hath his merit. Was it to either I owe the preservation of half my patrimony? — of this villa? — of the apple that is growing on the tree for thee? Friends who watch over us are to be thanked; not robbers who leave us bruised on the road, throwing back into our faces a few particles of the booty.

Messala. Come along, come along! let us gather the apple.

Tibullus (*to Delia*). He will not hear me; thanks pain him, much as he loves the grateful. Go on, my Delia.

Delia. Say more about him before we reach the orchard.

Tibullus. His intervention, his authority, his name, saved for us all we have. But come, we must overtake him; he walks swiftly on.

Messala! you were always first in the field of battle: I will be up with you in this.

Messala. Oh the active girl! she has caught thee by the tunic in ten paces.

Delia. Sir! sir! what are you doing?

Messala. My pretty one, I am lifting thee up to gather me two or three of those red and yellow apples: they are better than such as are nearer the bottom of the tree.

Well done! What! another, and another, and another? Throw the next down into the bosom of Albius, who is making a sack of his vest for its reception: and now put one, only one, into thy own.

Behold! thou art now safe down again. Give me the apple out of its hiding-place.

How she blushes! Ha! she runs away.

Albius! that little girl is the delight of thy youthful years, and will be, I augur, the solace of thy decline.

Tibullus. She stands listening behind the statue, pretending to admire it, or to see somewhat in its features she never saw before.

Didst thou hear him, my Delia? Light of my life! art thou sorrowful?

Delia. I did hear; I own it. Sorrowful? No, no!

But how can I hope, sir, to be always a delight to him? What on earth, as my mother used to say, is always? I was fifteen years old, and two more are nearly gone, since —

Messala. Since Albius was made happy and Delia was made immortal. Is it so?

Delia. I must grow old at last!

Tibullus. And so must I.

Delia. Oh! no, no, no! that can never be.

Messala. Lady, it is well to think so: Aurora thought it of Tithonus. Your ages united are somewhat under mine. Never take such notice of my scanty and gray hairs; frightful as they are, they are truthful.

Delia. If they seem gray, it is only because you are in the sunlight.

Messala. Ah, Delia! I am much nearer the starlight than the sunlight. Day is fast closing with me. But my life has not been unserviceable to my friends or to my country. Yet what, after all, am I?

Ye glories of the world! how rapidly, how irrevocably, ye depart! Men who have shaken the Forum and the Senate-house with their eloquence are soon deserted, soon forgotten. The stoutest are in need of support; and their props are often of the most carious materials. Brief is the glimmer of the sword. The timber of the chariot, which hath borne up the conqueror to the Capitol, outlasts him; and the cicada, who lives her three days, lives all her three more merrily than he his proudest.

Tibullus. Light are our ashes; our wishes, our hopes, our lives, are lighter. Who then upon earth is great and powerful?

Messala. The poet. The poet is the assessor of the gods:

he receives from them, and imparts to whomsoever he chooses, the gift of immortality. It is several years, fair Delia, since Albius wrote a panegyric on me, and you were beginning to try what you could do toward the framework of another.

Tibullus. I do not repent that I wrote it, O Messala, though I never wrote any thing so badly since. I was almost a boy, and the weight of the matter bore me down.

Messala. Certainly it is less excellent, and it ought to be, than what Delia hath since inspired. Tell me Delia, now we are in confidence and at home all three, do not you think our Albius a fine, handsome creature? Come, I will allow you to blush a little, it is so becoming, but not allow you to be silent any longer.

Delia. Make him answer first, whether he really thinks me so; for he would never tell a story to you.

Messala. Shame upon him! it appears that he has already told you one so incredible.

Delia. Morning, noon, and —

Messala. Go on, go on.

Delia. I have spoken.

Messala. And you believed him?

Delia. Rather more at first than now; but never quite. O sir! make him tell the real truth; pray do.

Messala. I will answer for Albius that he always proves his word, sooner or later.

Delia. I do not desire it just at present; I can wait.

Fie, Albius! Albius! do men ever snatch up our hands and kiss them in presence of the great?

Messala. Let me intercede and answer for him. In the presence of the happy they do, whether of mortals or gods.

Delia. You too are a little in fault, if I may dare to say it. I have not forgotten the apple-tree, sir!

Messala. What a memory! Are you certain there may not be something of the fabulous in so remote an occurrence?

Tibullus. To-morrow we will retrace our steps, and learn over again this dubious and half-obliterated page of history; what say you, Delia?

Delia. Ask what says our noble guest. But it will be your turn to-morrow, my Albius, to throw down the apples. It made me tremble all over. There is no reason why we should not go into the orchard at some early hour of the

morning, were it only to see whether any thieves have broken in ; for they do not heed the dogs, although loose.

Audacious ! audacious ! and you smile, do you? Ah ! you may well look down. Certain men have methods of making dogs lie quiet, when they resolve on committing a robbery in the dark. I have half a mind to tell Messala of somebody I know, very sly and treacherous, who, within my recollection, made even Molossians lie quiet and forget their duty. You blush ; that is proper. Well, perhaps I may let you off this once, and say nothing about it now you are penitent. Beside, it was a good while ago, and not here. Mother thought it was witchcraft, and she lustrated the house with eggs and sulphur.

Messala. If any task is to be imposed on him, order him to write another elegy, complaining of your severity and atoning for his offence. Apollo will punish him for extolling me above my merits by making him inadequate to yours.

Tibullus ! it occurs to me that he, whom I have heard you mention as the best poet of the present day, wrote two poems in his youth such as I wonder he should acknowledge and republish, — the *Culex* and the *Ceiris*.

Tibullus. He compensated for them soon after, by verses more harmonious than ever had been heard before in our tongue. How beautiful are those at the commencement of the first eclogue, and those of the goatherd at the close of it ; and those to Lycoris traversing the Alps, in the last !

Messala. You have cited the few verses worth remembrance. He says somewhere that Apollo pulled his ear and admonished him. The god should have pulled it again, and harder, for neglecting his admonition when he composed his *Pollio.* He did indeed take away from him on that one occasion the gift of harmony.

Tibullus. Restored soon. How admirable are some passages in that poem on husbandry, which he has given us lately !

Messala. Admirable in parts, but disproportionate. In the exordium, he has amplified Varro's Portico, which already was too spacious for the edifice.

Tibullus. Indeed, there was exordium quite sufficient at

Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis ;

which would be followed appropriately by the distant line —

Da facilem cursum.

Messala. What think you of the Scorpion drawing his arms in, that Octavius may have room enough? — or the despair of Tartarus at missing such a treasure? — or the backwardness of Proserpine to follow her mother? Here are together eight such verses as I would give eighty bushels of wheat to eradicate from the poetry of a friend. The Greeks by the facility of their versification are often verbose and languid, but they never exhaust so much breath before they start. A husbandman does his work badly with a buskin fastened round the ankle, and an ampulla swinging at the girdle.

Our Mantuan's *Winter* is unworthy of even a secondary poet: no selection of topics, no arrangement, no continuity; instead of which, there is a dreary conglomeration, where little things and great are confounded. Was ever bathos so profound as in —

> Æraque dissiliunt vulgo *vestesque rigescunt*, —

unless two lines lower, where —

> Solidam in glaciem vertêre lacunæ,
> *Stiriaque impexis induruit horrida barbis.*

Tibullus. Let us climb over the ice and snow, leap across the *lacunæ*, and wipe away the *stiria*. His summer storm is such as Jupiter might have sent down to show his power, and Apollo might have hymned to his Father's glory.

Messala. Very soon you will take Proteus under your patronage. There are some, I am told, who really find in the story of Eurydice a noble effort of poetry.

Tibullus. It grieved me to see that excrescence.

Messala. Proteus had no pity for Cyrene whom he must have known from his infancy, but abundance of it for a dead man's head which he never could have heard of while it was on the shoulders; which head moreover was carried down a river a thousand miles distant from his haunts, and sang all the way. Frigid was indeed the tongue that sang there, and almost as frigid the tongue that sang about it. Such puerility is scarcely for the schoolroom, but rather for the nursery, and comes very nigh the cradle. We have talked about this before, by ourselves, and without any intention of gratifying the malignity of minor songmen.

Tibullus. Propertius tells me that he has lately seen the

commencement of an epic by him, and that, if the remainder is equal to the two first books, it will rival the Iliad.

Messala. May we live to read it! At all events may he to complete it!

Tibullus. Pleasant will it be to me to feel the slight shudder of Delia on my bosom, when I read to her the battles.

Messala. Where is she? she has slipped out.

Tibullus. Perhaps she is gone to crown the Penates, for she is pious and grateful.

Messala. Two qualities not always found together. Frequently have I remarked, in the most devout, the most arrogant, quarelsome, and unjust.

Have you room in your chapel for Caius Julius, our latest god?

Tibullus. Highly as I esteem him, I have not procured his statue. Gods are great by necessity, mortals by exertion: and what exertions were ever so animated or so unremitted as his?

Messala. All of them tended to the glory of his country, out of which parent soil his own shot up exuberantly, and at last (it seems) reached the heavens.

Tibullus. In my humble opinion, and I hope I am falling into no impiety when I say it, we have gods enow already. Those of Egypt we have in our kitchens, and those of Gaul are not worth conveyance from their woods. We require no importations.

Messala. Formerly, gods made men; at present, men make gods. Where will this fashion have an end? Perhaps you may live to enlarge your sacristy.

Tibullus. I find an object of worship in every field. Wherever there is a stake or a stone crowned with flowers,* I bend before it, and thank the gods for inspiring the hearts of men with gratitude. I feel confident they are well-pleased at these oblations, however poor their worshipper, and however he mispronounce their names.

Messala. While the gods came from the potter, men were virtuous and happy; when they came from the goldsmith, they retained the heat of the furnace, and dazzled and deluded.

* Nam veneror seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florida serta lapis.

Priests assumed their similitude, and encrusted one another with the same metal.

Tibullus. Barbarous nations have beheld these prodigies; may Rome never see within her walls a worse Pontifex than Caius Julius.

Messala. Nevertheless, by his oration in the Senate, as Crispus Sallustius hath recorded it, he seems to have verged on atheism. I do not mean hereby to question his aptitude for the office, which others at Rome, after him, have equally well discharged with no firmer belief in the deity, and less resemblance.

Tibullus. If you enter our little sanctuary, you will see the Lares not crowned as usual with rosemary and myrtle, but with myrtle only. The reason is: Delia had gathered both from under the villa-wall, to decorate the little deities, inobservant that a bee was inside the blossom of a rosemary; and, beginning to press it round one of the images, she was stung. The sting was forgotten in the omen.

Messala. What omen is there in so ordinary an occurrence?

Tibullus. "O Albius!" cried she, "something sad will happen; my piety is rejected, and my love, my love" — Sobs interrupted her; and she would never tell me afterward what she was then about to say.

Messala. Simpleton! But at present there are no signs either of sting or omen. Propertius, whom you just now mentioned, is an imitator of yours, at a distance. His elegies are apparently tasks undertaken by order of a schoolmaster. He is uneasy at the loss of a little farm under Perusia, which the triumvirate allotted to the legions. Civil wars bring down these curses; and not always the most heavily on those who took a prominent part in them. Probably he is more poet than philosopher; and he may never have reflected that many things occur, in the course of every man's life, which he deems unfortunate, and which his friends deem so too, and upon which they not only condole with him at the time, but commemorate and discourse upon long after. Little are they aware that, unless these very things had happened, the pleasure they are enjoying at that moment, in social intercourse with him, might not exist. Fortune, who appears to have frowned on him with her worst malignity, in debarring him from that which he groaned for, and was within a step of at-

taining, may there have been his very best friend. If the farm of Propertius had been larger, it might have cost him his life. Such prices, we know, have been paid occasionally. When, in the heat of midsummer, I went to visit a neglected property of mine among the hills near Sulmo, I was visited by his friend, Ovidius Naso,* with whose *Epistles of Heroes and Heroines*, on their appearance last winter, you were, I remember, much delighted. He, like the generality of young poets, meditates a grand work : and, unlike the generality, is capable of executing it. Practice itself can hardly add to his facility; and love itself is hardly more ingenious and inventive. He excels in sentences, never dogmatical, never prolix, never inopportune. In every department of eloquence, and particularly in poetry, we look for depth and clearness ; a clearness that shows the depth : here we find it.

Before I left Ovidius when I returned his visit, he read to me the commencement of some amatory pieces, at which, if I smiled, it was in courtesy, not in approbation. From the mysteries of religion the veil is seldom to be drawn, from the mysteries of love never. For this offence, the gods take away from us our freshness of heart and our susceptibility of pure delight. The well loses the spring that fed it, and what is exposed in the shallow basin soon evaporates. I wish well to Ovidius, for he speaks well of everybody. Poets are enrolled in the Cadmean legion : each one cuts down his comrade ; but Ovidius stands apart, gentle and generous, uniting the moral to the sensual voluptuary. He is kinder to Propertius than Horatius Flaccus is, who turns him into ridicule under the name of Callimachus. Our pleasant lyrist is disposed to praise nobody at a distance from the Palatine.

Tibullus. Judicious in his choice, he praises Virgilius and Valgius and Varius and Tucca. In his Satires he is equally discreet, equally refined. Satire ought to strike at the face, as Cæsar ordered the soldier to do on the field of Pharsalia ;

* Tibullus and Propertius, with few more, enjoy the good fortune to escape from mutilation in the extremities of the name. Following the French, but neither the Italians nor Germans, we treat Ovid and Virgil and Horace less ceremoniously ; and appear to be more familiar with them than their contemporaries were. It would be affectation in common discourse to say *Virgilius*, or *Ovidius*, or *Horatius :* it would be worse than affectation to represent a Roman saying *Horace*, or *Virgil*, or *Ovid*.

far from mortal, the stroke should never be outrageous or repeated. Coarseness and harshness are no proof of strength, as some would fain inculcate. On the contrary, there is no true satire which departs from graceful pleasantry, and which either runs into philosophical sententiousness or acrimonious declamation. Satire draws neither blood nor tears: laughter and blushes are the boundaries of her dominion.

Messala. Perfectly just remarks; and Horatius is no violator of them. Many of his Odes are so light, so playful, so graceful, that nothing is comparable to them in the literature of Greece. Seldom is he energetic or impressive; seldomer, even when he attempts it, pathetic. He who tickles the bosom is the least likely to touch the heart. I could pardon him a few of his deficiencies, if he were less parsimonious of praise toward men like you, and if his nymphs poured less of cold water into the cup containing it.

Tibullus. Conscious of his own merits, as every man who possesses any must be, however he may dissemble it, Horatius can ill endure that Catullus and Calvus should be preferred to him, as they are by many.

Messala. I think I have allowed him all his due.

Tibullus. Not quite: add also his great variety. Recent or ancient, surely none is comparable to him in this.

Messala. In the stock of his Gynæcæum, none. Seriously, it is a pity that he who, on his Tiburtine and Sabine farm, is master of so many true and solid, should in worse wantonness have devised so many fabulous, mistresses. It takes away from us all illusion, all sympathy: we laugh at an Ixion raising a cloud to embrace it. But is there any man, Albius, who can read without tenderness your *Te spectem?* Believe me, you are the only elegiac poet, Greek or Roman, whom posterity will cherish. Imperishable are those things only which have been created in the heart.

Tibullus. Forget not then your favorite Catullus, the creator there.

Messala. Earnest and impressive, no poet rests so perfectly on the memory. He is the only one whose verses I could remember after the first reading: I mean his Hendecasyllables and Scazons.

Tibullus. Painful, very painful is it, that the lover of Lesbia should revile her so coarsely as he did before he left her;

if indeed he ever left her at all, or ever possessed her. For it appears to me quite impossible that a tender heart, however rancorous it may have become under infidelities and indignities, should ever lose its fineness of fibre, should ever sink into deep corruption. Willingly then would I believe that many of his poems, as you suppose of Horatius's, are merely exercises of ingenuity.

Messala. In the elegiac measure, excepting the verses on his brother's funeral, he was less successful. Ovidius hath utterly ruined it. Of all metres, the pentameter is the least harmonious, and the least adapted to the expression of sorrow; to which Mimnermous and Tyrtæus and Solon never applied it. Frisky as it is, it is not frisky enough for Ovidius. With better judgment, you correct the gambols of the first hemistich by the gravity of the spondee: he, wherever he can, renders it dactylic. Often have I defended him against the charge of affectation, but there is no defence for it in terminating every pentameter with a dissyllable. This is a trick unworthy of a school-boy. Catullus and you have scorned it; Propertius hath followed your example; the Genius of our language cries out against the entanglement, and snaps the chain.

Tibullus. That bust in the corner of the room is the bust of Lucretius; and I know not whether there is any other of him: I bought it at the decease of his widow.

Messala. How different from the opposite! poor Cicero's. He always carried anxiety and hurry in his countenance: that little head of his appears as if it never could lie down to rest.

Tibullus. I saw him but once, and it was shortly before his departure. Lucretius I never saw at all.

Messala. I wish he had abstained from his *induperator* and *endogredi*. Language is as much corrupted by throwing decayed words into it as by the rank and vapid succulence of yesterday's sudden growth. If part is ancient, let all be ancient. When Lucretius complains of our poverty in language, he means only in terms of art and science. Let us stand up for its dignity, and appeal to Plautus for its responsibility. Cicero and Cæsar have brought it to perfection; there are already signs of its decline. Many of those who were educated at Athens have introduced lately a variety of Hellenisms; the young poets are too fond of them: among

your merits is abstinence from this (not very unpardonable) intoxication.

Plautus and Terentius, who drew largely from Greek originals, are less Greek in their phraseology than many who write now. Lucretius I see is lying on the table. Ovidius, who admires even his contemporaries, is a warm admirer of him, and declares that his work on Nature will perish only with Nature herself. Nothing is so animated and so august as his invocation. His friend Memmius outlived him; but not long enough to see the termination of those discords which he prayed Mars, at the intercession of Venus, to abate. Little did he imagine that a youth who claims descent from her should be enabled to compose them. Octavius was then a boy, thirteen or fourteen years old, just sent by the munificence of his uncle, Caius Julius, to study at Athens. Happily he found there a protector, in a wealthy and clever though dissolute friend a few years older — Cilnius Mecænas — to whose counsels he owes probably his life, certainly his station and security.

Tibullus. It is the glory of Mecænas to have derived no part of his riches from the proscriptions.

Messala. He had large estates in the most fertile districts of Etruria: but that is no diminution of his merit; others as affluent were rapacious and insatiable. His weakness, one among many, lies in his affectation of family. Were he really a descendant of a Lucumon, the pedigree would have been drawn out and exhibited: indeed, it is a wonder that a fictitious one never was substituted. Flaccus says that his ancestors, both maternal and paternal, had formerly commanded "great legions." There is no record of these great legions having performed great actions. If they ever had, he would have pointed to them and have named the battle-field. He has not omitted to tell us who slew Asdrubal, nor the name of the river on whose banks he fell. He brings forward his patron's royal origin on every occasion, and truly with small dexterity. It seldom or never has any thing to do with the subject. Take for instance the first ode; the worst in the book, excepting the second. And there are other places quite as remarkable for a similar want of connection.

Tibullus. With various little weaknesses he is really an

estimable man, although it never may have occurred to him that no one has a right to claim antiquity of family unless he can distinctly show an ancestor who hath rendered a signal service to the Commonwealth.

Messala. To Cilnius however it is mainly owing that our manners are softened, our dissensions pacified, our laws amended, and the remainder of our properties secured.

Tibullus. And Commonwealth? The old nut has only a maggot and dust within it; and the squirrel at the top of the tree, having laid up or eaten all the sounder, thinks it ill worth while to come down and crack it.

We are safe at present; and that is somewhat: but who on earth can insure us that Thracian or Dacian, or Gaul or German, shall not, within a century or two, advance on Rome?

Messala. Blindness is the effect of straining the eye too far. Empires have fallen, and will fall: the harder crush the softer, and soften too. Destruction and renovation are eternal laws. A decayed nation, like a decayed animal, fattens the field for enterprise and industry. Egyptians, Babylonians, Medes, the mountaineers of Macedon and Epirus, have vanquished in succession, and now are lying like idle and outcast beggars at the gates of Rome. Albius! be certain of this: if we ever lose our preponderance, we shall deserve to lose it. A weak nation, when it is reduced to subjection, may be pitied; but a nation once powerful by its institutions, military and civil, when it falls, although short of subjugation, is despised. The genius of Julius Cæsar, a man without an equal in the history of the world, would have restored our State. Generals whose sole ability lay in the arts of corruption were opposed to him; and, fortunately for the Senate who appointed them, they failed. In Spain and Africa there still breathed a military spirit; but in his presence it breathed its last. Antonius and Cassius were the only great leaders who survived him: Cassius outlived his cause; Antonius his glory. Agrippa, when he had driven him into Pelusium and upon his sword, turned his heel on the luxuries of Egypt, stood aloof from those of Rome, and was venerated at his death greatly more than those who have recently been deified.

Repose is necessary now to our exhaustion. We must look carefully to our agriculture; we must conciliate our provinces.

In no case, however, is military discipline to be neglected, or the soldier to be kept long inactive. We will enjoy the Saturnian age when Saturn comes back again; meanwhile, let us never be forgetful that Mars is the progenitor of our race.

VII. TIBERIUS AND VIPSANIA.*

Tiberius. Vipsania, my Vipsania, whither art thou walking?

Vipsania. Whom do I see? — my Tiberius?

Tiberius. Ah! no, no, no! but thou seest the father of thy little Drusus. Press him to thy heart the more closely for this meeting, and give him —

Vipsania. Tiberius! the altars, the gods, the destinies, are between us, — I will take it from this hand; thus, thus shall he receive it.

Tiberius. Raise up thy face, my beloved! I must not shed tears. Augustus! Livia! ye shall not extort them from me. Vipsania! I may kiss thy head — for I have saved it. Thou sayest nothing. I have wronged thee; ay?

Vipsania. Ambition does not see the earth she treads on; the rock and the herbage are of one substance to her. Let me excuse you to my heart, O Tiberius. It has many wants; this is the first and greatest.

* Vipsania, the daughter of Agrippa, was divorced from Tiberius by Augustus and Livia, in order that he might marry Julia, and hold the empire by inheritance. He retained such an affection for her, and showed it so intensely when he once met her afterward, that every precaution was taken lest they should meet again.

There can be no doubt that the Claudii were deranged in intellect. Those of them who succeeded to the empire were by nature no worse than several of their race in the times of the republic. Appius Claudius, Appius Cœcus, Publius, Appia, and after these the enemy of Cicero, exhibited as ungovernable a temper as the imperial ones; some breaking forth into tyranny and lust, others into contempt of, and imprecations against, their country. Tiberius was meditative, morose, suspicious. In the pupil of Seneca were dispositions the opposite to these, with many talents, and some good qualities. They could not disappear on a sudden, without one of those shocks under which had been engulfed almost every member of the family.

Tiberius. My ambition, I swear by the immortal gods, placed not the bar of severance between us. A stronger hand, the hand that composes Rome and sways the world —

Vipsania. — Overawed Tiberius. I know it; Augustus willed and commanded it.

Tiberius. And overawed Tiberius! Power bent, Death terrified, a Nero! What is our race, that any should look down on us and spurn us? Augustus, my benefactor, I have wronged thee! Livia, my mother, this one cruel deed was thine! To reign, forsooth, is a lovely thing. O womanly appetite! Who would have been before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in idleness on a cliff of Rhodes, eyed the sun as he swung his golden censer athwart the heavens, or his image as it overstrode the sea?* I have it before me; and, though it seems falling on me, I can smile at it, — just as I did from my little favorite skiff, painted round with the marriage of Thetis, when the sailors drew their long shaggy hair across their eyes, many a stadium away from it, to mitigate its effulgence.

These too were happy days: days of happiness like these I could recall and look back upon with unaching brow.

O land of Greece! Tiberius blesses thee, bidding thee rejoice and flourish.

Why cannot one hour, Vipsania, beauteous and light as we have led, return?

Vipsania. Tiberius! is it to me that you were speaking? I would not interrupt you; but I thought I heard my name as you walked away and looked up toward the East. So silent!

Tiberius. Who dared to call thee? Thou wert mine before the gods — do they deny it? Was it my fault —

Vipsania. Since we are separated, and for ever, O Tiberius, let us think no more on the cause of it. Let neither of us believe that the other was to blame: so shall separation be less painful.

* The Colossus was thrown down by an earthquake during the war between Antiochus and Ptolemy, who sent the Rhodians three thousand talents for the restoration of it. Again in the time of Vespasian, "Coæ Veneris, item *Colossi* refectorem congiario magnâque mercede donavit." *Suetonius in Vesp.* The first residence of Tiberius in Rhodes was when he returned from his Armenian expedition; the last was after his divorce from Vipsania and his marriage with Julia.

Tiberius. O mother! and did I not tell thee what she was? — patient in injury, proud in innocence, serene in grief!

Vipsania. Did you say that too? But I think it was so: I had felt little. One vast wave has washed away the impression of smaller from my memory. Could Livia, could your mother, could she who was so kind to me —

Tiberius. The wife of Cæsar did it. But hear me now; hear me: be calm as I am. No weaknesses are such as those of a mother who loves her only son immoderately; and none are so easily worked upon from without. Who knows what impulses she received? She is very, very kind; but she regards me only, and that which at her bidding is to encompass and adorn me. All the weak look after Power, protectress of weakness. Thou art a woman, O Vipsania! is there nothing in thee to excuse my mother? So good she ever was to me! so loving.

Vipsania. I quite forgive her; be tranquil, O Tiberius!

Tiberius. Never can I know peace — never can I pardon — any one. Threaten me with thy exile, thy separation, thy seclusion! Remind me that another climate might endanger thy health! — There death met me and turned me round. Threaten me to take our son from us, — our one boy, our helpless little one, — him whom we made cry because we kissed him both together! Rememberest thou? Or dost thou not hear? turning thus away from me!

Vipsania. I hear; I hear! Oh cease, my sweet Tiberius! Stamp not upon that stone: my heart lies under it.

Tiberius. Ay, there again death, and more than death, stood before me. Oh she maddened me, my mother did, she maddened me — she threw me to where I am at one breath. The gods cannot replace me where I was, nor atone to me, nor console me, nor restore my senses. To whom can I fly; to whom can I open my heart; to whom speak plainly?* There was upon the earth a man I could converse with, and fear nothing; there was a woman too I could love, and fear nothing. What a soldier, what a Roman, was thy father, O my young bride! How could those who never saw him have discoursed so rightly upon virtue!

* The regret of Tiberius at the death of Agrippa may be imagined to arise from a cause of which at this moment he was unconscious. If Agrippa had lived, Julia, who was his wife, could not have been Tiberius's, nor would he and Vipsania have been separated.

Vipsania. These words cool my breast like pressing his urn against it. He was brave: shall Tiberius want courage?

Tiberius. My enemies scorn me. I am a garland dropped from a triumphal car, and taken up and looked on for the place I occupied; and tossed away and laughed at. Senators! laugh, laugh! Your merits may be yet rewarded — be of good cheer! Counsel me, in your wisdom, what services I can render you, conscript fathers!

Vipsania. This seems mockery: Tiberius did not smile so, once.

Tiberius. They had not then congratulated me.

Vipsania. On what?

Tiberius. And it was not because she was beautiful, as they thought her, and virtuous, as I know she is; but because the flowers on the altar were to be tied together by my heart-string. On this they congratulated me. Their day will come. Their sons and daughters are what I would wish them to be: worthy to succeed them.

Vipsania. Where is that quietude, that resignation, that sanctity, that heart of true tenderness?

Tiberius. Where is my love? — my love?

Vipsania. Cry not thus aloud, Tiberius! there is an echo in the place. Soldiers and slaves may burst in upon us.

Tiberius. And see my tears? There is no echo, Vipsania; why alarm and shake me so? We are too high here for the echoes: the city is below us. Methinks it trembles and totters: would it did! from the marble quays of the Tiber to this rock. There is a strange buzz and murmur in my brain; but I should listen so intensely, I should hear the rattle of its roofs, and shout with joy.

Vipsania. Calm, O my life! calm this horrible transport.

Tiberius. Spake I so loud? Did I indeed then send my voice after a lost sound, to bring it back; and thou fanciedest it an echo? Wilt not thou laugh with me, as thou wert wont to do, at such an error? What was I saying to thee, my tender love, when I commanded — I know not whom — to stand back, on pain of death? Why starest thou on me in such agony? Have I hurt thy fingers, child? I loose them; now let me look! Thou turnest thine eyes away from me. Oh! oh! I hear my crime! Immortal gods! I cursed them audibly, and before the sun, my mother!

VIII. EPICTETUS AND SENECA.

Seneca. Epictetus, I desired your master, Epaphroditus, to send you hither, having been much pleased with his report of your conduct, and much surprised at the ingenuity of your writings.

Epictetus. Then I am afraid, my friend —

Seneca. My friend! are these the expressions — Well, let it pass. Philosophers must bear bravely. The people expect it.

Epictetus. Are philosophers, then, only philosophers for the people; and, instead of instructing them, must they play tricks before them? Give me rather the gravity of dancing dogs. Their motions are for the rabble; their reverential eyes and pendant paws are under the pressure of awe at a master; but they are dogs, and not below their destinies.

Seneca. Epictetus! I will give you three talents to let me take that sentiment for my own.

Epictetus. I would give thee twenty, if I had them, to make it thine.

Seneca. You mean, by lending to it the graces of my language?

Epictetus. I mean, by lending it to thy conduct. And now let me console and comfort thee, under the calamity I brought on thee by calling thee *my friend.* If thou art not my friend, why send for me? Enemy I can have none: being a slave, Fortune has now done with me.

Seneca. Continue, then, your former observations. What were you saying?

Epictetus. That which thou interruptedst.

Seneca. What was it?

Epictetus. I should have remarked that, if thou foundest ingenuity in my writings, thou must have discovered in them some deviation from the plain, homely truths of Zeno and Cleanthes.

Seneca. We all swerve a little from them.

Epictetus. In practice too?

Seneca. Yes, even in practice, I am afraid.

Epictetus. Often?

Seneca. Too often.

Epictetus. Strange! I have been attentive, and yet have remarked but one difference among you great personages at Rome.

Seneca. What difference fell under your observation?

Epictetus. Crates and Zeno and Cleanthes taught us, that our desires were to be subdued by philosophy alone. In this city, their acute and inventive scholars take us aside, and show us that there is not only one way, but two.

Seneca. Two ways?

Epictetus. They whisper in our ear, "These two ways are philosophy and enjoyment: the wiser man will take the readier, or, not finding it, the alternative." Thou reddenest.

Seneca. Monstrous degeneracy.

Epictetus. What magnificent rings! I did not notice them until thou liftedst up thy hands to heaven, in detestation of such effeminacy and impudence.

Seneca. The rings are not amiss; my rank rivets them upon my fingers: I am forced to wear them. Our emperor gave me one, Epaphroditus another, Tigellinus the third. I cannot lay them aside a single day, for fear of offending the gods, and those whom they love the most worthily.

Epictetus. Although they make thee stretch out thy fingers, like the arms and legs of one of us slaves upon a cross.

Seneca. Oh horrible! Find some other resemblance.

Epictetus. The extremities of a fig-leaf.

Seneca. Ignoble!

Epictetus. The claws of a toad, trodden on or stoned.

Seneca. You have great need, Epictetus, of an instructor in eloquence and rhetoric: you want topics and tropes and figures.

Epictetus. I have no room for them. They make such a buzz in the house, a man's own wife cannot understand what he says to her.

Seneca. Let us reason a little upon style. I would set you right, and remove from before you the prejudices of a somewhat rustic education. We may adorn the simplicity of the wisest.

Epictetus. Thou canst not adorn simplicity. What is naked or defective is susceptible of decoration: what is decorated is simplicity no longer. Thou mayest give another

thing in exchange for it; but if thou wert master of it, thou wouldst preserve it inviolate. It is no wonder that we mortals, little able as we are to see truth, should be less able to express it.

Seneca. You have formed at present no idea of style.

Epictetus. I never think about it. First, I consider whether what I am about to say is true; then whether I can say it with brevity, in such a manner as that others shall see it as clearly as I do in the light of truth; for, if they survey it as an ingenuity, my desire is ungratified, my duty unfulfilled. I go not with those who dance round the image of Truth, less out of honor to her than to display their agility and address.

Seneca. We must attract the attention of readers by novelty and force and grandeur of expression.

Epictetus. We must. Nothing is so grand as truth, nothing so forcible, nothing so novel.

Seneca. Sonorous sentences are wanted to awaken the lethargy of indolence.

Epictetus. Awaken it to what? Here lies the question; and a weighty one it is. If thou awakenest men where they can see nothing and do no work, it is better to let them rest: but will not they, thinkest thou, look up at a rainbow, unless they are called to it by a clap of thunder?

Seneca. Your early youth, Epictetus, has been, I will not say neglected, but cultivated with rude instruments and unskilful hands.

Epictetus. I thank God for it. Those rude instruments have left the turf lying yet toward the sun; and those unskilful hands have plucked out the docks.

Seneca. We hope and believe that we have attained a vein of eloquence, brighter and more varied than has been hitherto laid open to the world.

Epictetus. Than any in the Greek?

Seneca. We trust so.

Epictetus. Than your Cicero's?

Seneca. If the declaration may be made without an offence to modesty. Surely, you cannot estimate or value the eloquence of that noble pleader?

Epictetus. Imperfectly, not being born in Italy; and the noble pleader is a much less man with me than the noble philosopher. I regret that, having farms and villas, he would

not keep his distance from the pumping up of foul words against thieves, cut-throats, and other rogues; and that he lied, sweated, and thumped his head and thighs, in behalf of those who were no better.

Seneca. Senators must have clients, and must protect them.

Epictetus. Innocent or guilty?

Seneca. Doubtless.

Epictetus. If it becomes a philosopher to regret at all, and if I regret what is and might not be, I may regret more what both is and must be. However, it is an amiable thing, and no small merit in the wealthy, even to trifle and play at their leisure hours with philosophy. It cannot be expected that such a personage should espouse her, or should recommend her as an inseparable mate to his heir.

Seneca. I would.

Epictetus. Yes, Seneca, but thou hast no son to make the match for; and thy recommendation, I suspect, would be given him before he could consummate the marriage. Every man wishes his sons to be philosophers while they are young; but takes especial care, as they grow older, to teach them its insufficiency and unfitness for their intercourse with mankind. The paternal voice says, "You must not be particular; you are about to have a profession to live by: follow those who have thriven the best in it." Now among these, whatever be the profession, canst thou point out to me one single philosopher?

Seneca. Not just now. Nor, upon reflection, do I think it feasible.

Epictetus. Thou indeed mayest live much to thy ease and satisfaction with philosophy, having (they say) two thousand talents.

Seneca. And a trifle to spare — pressed upon me by that godlike youth, my pupil Nero.

Epictetus. Seneca! where God hath placed a mine, he hath placed the materials of an earthquake.

Seneca. A true philosopher is beyond the reach of Fortune.

Epictetus. The false one thinks himself so. Fortune cares little about philosophers; but she remembers where she hath set a rich man, and she laughs to see the Destinies at his door.

IX. VIRGILIUS AND HORATIUS.

ON THE ROAD TO BRUNDUSIUM, WITH AUGUSTUS AND MECÆNAS.

Virgilius. Horatius! raise yourself up from the litter and look before you. From this last spur of the Apennines, I discover the Adriatic beyond Brundusium.

Horatius. Let me wipe my eyes first, for the keen air of the mountain and the eastern breeze have made them water, and they are not so clear-sighted at the best as yours are. I would fain have turned myself round a few hours later. I am no Persian; seldom do I salute the sun, and never at his ascension. There is, methinks, blue in the distance, whether sea or cloud. Heartily glad shall I be when we reach Brundusium. The ribs of yon lean cattle bear a journey best. We liquefy like the waxwork of a witch.

Virgilius. Yonder we shall have leisure to reflect on the cities, municipalities, and scenery left behind us, and to meditate on what has occurred within our own memory at the seaport to which we are going, and on the fate of those commanders who sailed thence with their armies and adherents.

Horatius. Miserable fate indeed for most of them: but, without that miserable fate of theirs, you would never have recovered your little field of buttercups on the marsh of Mantua, nor on me would have been bestowed the snug white cottage overlooking the crags of Tusculum.

Virgilius. Have you never sighed about your paternal heritage, Venusian or Appulian? I think you have expressed a doubt by which of these names you ought to call it.

Horatius. By Bacchus! a sigh would have blown away all that property. My sighs I reserve for my poetry, as most poets do. I lived in the town; and a dirty town it is. My shoe never shall stick in its mud again. The best of fathers sent me early in life to Athens. There I was wild for freedom, as the most generous and intelligent boys are apt to be; for neither generosity nor intelligence are necessarily prudent, though intelligence may look grave and appear so. Marcus Brutus was my hero. I followed him to battle. Having money in my pouch, I was made a captain. You

know the sequence. Looking at me now, you might hardly think I could run away: but remember, Apollo has wings to his shoulders, and Mercury to his feet. Each of them lent me aid.

Virgilius. You do not appear to be so tired by our journey as I am.

Horatius. Yet I have more weight to carry. However, let me confess to you that I shall be rejoiced at reaching the city. There, when we have rested, we may talk about the vicissitudes of the world, of cities devastated and reduced to mounds of earth, of Thebes and Mycenæ, of Sybaris and Croton, of nations once opulent, now the haunt of boars and wolves.

Virgilius. Rome itself, for many centuries, lay in the same condition. The Etrurians abandoned it from the increasing insalubrity of the air. A band of robbers took possession of the hills and dilapidated walls and roofless houses. They made incursions on the Latins and Sabines, and seized their cattle and their wives. About a hundred freebooters were strong enough to resist a thousand or more of husbandmen unaccustomed to war. Presently they were joined by lawless men from all quarters, to whom they alone could give laws.

Horatius. If the Senate were now in full feather and with claws unclipped, it would peck out your eyes for thus tracing its origin. History has in vain attempted to cover and conceal it. Cato has traced the Etrurians far beyond it; but he shut his eyes on the origin of Rome. He was too patriotic to speak fairly. He was a strict observer of religion, as were his progenitors. They made use of all the gods they found in the cities they had taken. Many yokes of oxen were insufficient to transport them into Rome from Veii. You want only Ceres and Pales to overlook your husbandry, with Jupiter to assist them occasionally with a shower.

Virgilius. We two may indulge in pleasantry, but be careful to abstain from touching the popular belief in any deity. If those among them who are beneficent become discarded, the people may return to Saturn, to whom no altar is now dedicated, and to Diana, such as she was supplicated at Aulis on the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Let them be contented with the gods who are pacified with a few bunches of flowers and a few plates of fruit, with a slice of bread to make it wholesome.

Horatius. My mouth begins to water at the thought of them. I hope breakfast will be ready soon. The country hereabout is fertile in fruit-trees. Blessings on Lucullus! the wisest and most provident of conquerors. He brought from Armenia the apricot and cherry, and the peach from the confines of Persia.

Virgilius. Some of these we shall probably find on the table in another hour.

Horatius. Or I shall raise an outcry. In your Georgics you discourse largely on the better sorts of apples and pears, which indeed are more excellent in Italy than elsewhere, but not a word about those richer fruits, worthy to crown the table of Xerxes and Darius. In regard to them, the Greeks were barbarians. When I see them before me, I do not repeat:

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

Virgilius. That is a sweet little ode of yours. Valerius Catullus was the first who introduced among us the Sapphic metre, and he uses it only twice or thrice, copying her best. You excel her infinitely, both in the variety and in the quality of yours. But, my dear Horatius, what induced you to be for once ungracious, and to throw a pebble at your neighbor of Verona?

Horatius. Where have I done it?

Virgilius. Remember your verse: —

"Nil præter Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum."

Horatius. It is unpleasant to be shoved away when we are walking up toward others who are before us.

Virgilius. Acknowledge that we may sing an old song without reproach or reproof. No poet, Roman or Greek, is nearly so graceful as these two. The scazons of Catullus are perfect. Some prefer his phaleucics; I do not, beautiful as they are. You have composed more grandly. Be contented with having written better odes than rattled by the chariot-wheels of Pindar, and do not fear that you are —

"vitreo daturus nomina ponto."

Horatius. I found in the metre of Alcæus enormous difficulties to overcome, and in these I exerted all my strength. The dithyrambic is unsuitable to the genius of our poetry.

It admits and requires compound words, over which Ennius alone had the mastery. You have taken from him, in the few pages of that grand poem which you permitted me to read, *omnipotens* and *armipotens*.

Virgilius. We must be parsimonious of wealth long hoarded, and open the treasury but seldom, nor for other than solemn occasions. There are two young poets who abstain from it, although one of them is somewhat rash here and there.

Horatius. Who are they?

Virgilius. Ovidius Naso and Albius Tibullus.

Horatius. I know Albius a little, shy as he is of company. He was the companion and friend of Messala during the late wars in Gaul; but his placid temper leads him to the retirement of a country life and the enjoyment of his Delia. He excels both Catullus and Ovid in the elegiac. His preference of the spondee as one foot in the first hemistich of the pentameter is judicious. Ovidius is too frequently dactylic in it. Solon and Tyrtæus have left us the earliest specimens. The polysyllabic close renders the verse more animated. In Ovidius it gambols; in Tibullus it murmurs like the ring-dove.

Virgilius. Ovidius, a short time ago, recited to me several passages of a poem on the transformation of men and women into flowers and other things. I was surprised at his ingenuity and facility of versification; and greatly more at a contest of Ulysses and Ajax for the armor of Achilles, quite Homeric.

Horatius. When you have completed your grand epic, now so successfully begun, we shall see Homer's rival. Your commencement of the Æneid is equal to his of the Iliad; which, indeed, is the continuation of another song, and probably of another singer, but Homer's composition. Who was the goddess he invoked? All the goddesses might contend for it, as three did not long before in the same region. In the first sentence, he says that the bodies of the Greeks were left a prey to dogs and *all* birds. Now there are many birds which would have kept aloof, having no taste for flesh, and a salutary fear of dogs and vultures. Some other word than πασι would have been more appropriate; perhaps it was a verb. The dogs themselves, I suspect, would rather have tucked up their legs under their bodies at home than have crossed the Grecian camp.

Virgilius. Here I accede to your proposition ; but I differ widely from you when you say, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* Attentive as I have always been to him, I have never caught him asleep, or other than wide awake. You may discover a dozen or twenty epithets which the verse rather than the sense required, some of them inappropriate.

Horatius. You have done wonders with a language so inflexible as ours, in which almost every heroic verse is either a dissyllable or trisyllable.

Virgilius. The rich may indulge in superfluities. The Ionian muse is somewhat too fond of playing voluntaries.

Horatius. Your first and second books are prodigies of genius. Continue, and you will have recorded the most memorable events of the most memorable nations, and have turned the eyes of future ages back toward them. Apollo and Neptune by their united power raised the walls of Troy; Virgilius, single-handed, will have raised an imperishable Rome.

X. ASINIUS POLLIO AND LICINIUS CALVUS.

Calvus. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our beautiful lake again, O Pollio. Benacus smiles at Sirmio, and Sirmio at Benacus, on this happy day.

Pollio. Certainly, my friend Calvus, the water is calm, the sky serene, and the little promontory seems to revel in their enjoyment.

Calvus. We have been expecting you all the month, and we began to doubt whether you had not joined the party in the journey to Brundusium.

Pollio. Augustus and Mecænas, and their poets, could do very well without me. When I travel, I am uncomfortable in much company : I require facility of movement and roominess of accommodation.

Calvus. I know not whether Virgilius Maro has written to you any thing. If he has, I hope it is better than the incoherent verses with which he celebrated your son's nativity.

Pollio. It is seldom that we have seen each other of late. He prefers the Tiber to the Mincius, and laurels to rushes.

Calvus. He deserves the greenest of the one and the softest of the other, with as many doves and swans as haunt them. I doubt whether he ever visited our neighbor here, Valerius Catullus. They tell me he has written even nobler verses.

Pollio. It is reported that he is engaged on an epic. Certain it is that in his *Georgics* there are passages more harmonious, larger in sweep and swell, than the noblest of our friend's, in whose best hexameters the ear is at times disappointed, awaiting the fulness of harmony. In the iambic, in the scazon, in the phaleucic, no poet of Italy or Greece is comparable to him, whether in beauty of expression, in tenderness, or in terseness. Indeed the Greeks, owing to the wonderful flexibility of their language, run occasionally to waste in poetry; there is too much of slenderness in their grace. The many thousands of short pieces, which they call *epigrams* or *skolions* collected in our libraries are not worth, if put together, a dozen of Catullus. He has, however, a rival in the travelling equipage of Cæsar and Cilnius. Their amiable friend, Horatius Flaccus, who, with Virgilius and other songsters of the same aviary, was carried in one cage with them to Brundusium, has given us in verse a description of the voyage. On reading it, I exclaimed in my piety, *Thanks, O ye gods and goddesses, I was not of the party!*

Calvus. The description is often delightful where what is described is greatly the reverse.

Pollio. Flaccus has an abundance of wit, yet it seems to have been all shaken out of him and scattered and lost upon the road. Never was any thing duller than this little journal.

Calvus. And yet what charming odes he has written!

Pollio. No poet so many of such various merit. Those which he has composed in the metre of Alcæus far excel the best of his master in choice of subject; that is, in celebration of heroism. Judiciously has he chosen this measure, the most sonorous of all the lyrical, for great men and great exploits: a rule which Alcæus has not rigidly observed. With the same sense of propriety and fitness, he usually employs the skittish Sapphic on what is light and pleasurable.

Calvus. And yet poor Sappho herself did not.

Pollio. She was pleased with a pattern of her own device, and worked it admirably.

Calvus. It was first introduced into this country by our old friend Valerius, who condescended to translate her best mode.

Pollio. Let me enjoy a look at his villa. Ah! there it stands! Several others appear to have been recently built in its vicinity. Villas should never have any near. Baiæ and Tybur are less pleasing to me than they would be otherwise, for want of privacy.

You know a great deal more about the Benacus and the Sirmio than I do. Cæcilius, the earliest friend of Valerius now living, unless you yourself are, brought me several years ago to visit the lake before us. He was desirous of visiting once more the terrace where the two young poets had contended which of them could run the faster on the feet of verse: they chose the lightest both of construction and of material. On the next day Valerius sent him, from the bedchamber, a few lines which are to be found collected in his volume.

Calvus. Cæcilius, who never was jealous about his poetry, was very jealous about his lake. "Compare Benacus with Larius! O Calvus! Calvus!"

Pollio. In truth he was right. However, I begin to think the scenery here as beautiful as ever. We know the munificence of Caius Julius to those who served him faithfully: and it mattered not to him whether they were Gauls or Romans. It was by this equity and impartiality that he conciliated all who served under him. Every brave and intelligent man was recognized by him, and placed where he would be the most efficient. His discernment was unclouded, his justice was unwarped. O Calvus! what do you believe is the reason why the Roman power has been, and continues to be, paramount? It is mainly by this system. Look toward other States, the kingly and the aristocratic, and then consider what it is which has reduced them to a subordinate station under us. It is, the unworthy raised above the worthy; it is, science and energy superseded by birth and rank. The family of Julius, although he had the policy, or perhaps the vanity, of tracing it up even to the gods, was less ancient than fifty others. He was not invidious of those fifty others; he made use of them as a master, he encouraged them whenever they did good service; but he never rewarded them more highly for it than he would a tribune or a centurion. In the Senate he was a Sulla, in the camp he was a Marius.

Calvus. But would not Sulla have preserved the constitution of his country? Why do you smile, Asinius?

Pollio. My dear Licinius! there are still poetical visions floating round about your head. Constitution! has the dead man any? Proconsulates and commands were given to the mercenary and rapacious. Military spirit existed yet; and it wafted at last by its strong aspiration a vigorous and a wise man to the Capitol, and the shouts of the soldiery shook down the rotten fabric that encumbered it. States, like men, have their growth, their manhood, their decrepitude, their decay. Caius Julius, even had he been willing, could not have propped up so worm-eaten a fabric. He called stout workmen in, and pulled it down. It was time that something better should be substituted. No death ever was so deplorable to his country as Cæsar's. I am far from being an admirer of Cicero's policy, much as I admire his eloquence. He excited the murderers of the greatest man the world had ever seen, of the man who would have protected his life and preserved his dignity. He fell by ungrateful hands, as Julius had fallen; yes, poor Cicero fell by hands equally ungrateful and more ignoble.

Calvus. Neither so vindictive as Sulla nor so sanguinary as Marius, yet Caius Julius cared little for human blood, whether it ran upon the earth or stagnated and corrupted under: and in these sentiments he found congeniality among the Gauls, than whom no people is more indifferent to the duration of life, or less indifferent to its enjoyments. Never had leader more faithful followers, or followers a more indulgent leader. Rise up a moment. Now look at these architectural villas on either side of us. The ground and the materials were given by the bounty of Cæsar; and one of the proprietors showed me the plan of his, drawn by the very hand of the Dictator. To-morrow, if you please, we will sail under the habitations of these recent occupants. Probably we shall be invited by one or other of them, if they recognize my bark, for they are as urbane as their illustrious commander; and their sons, now grown up to man's estate, are no less intelligent than graceful.

Pollio. Many thanks, my dear Asinius, but we must delay the excursion; for I had a few days of fever on the marshes of the Po, and am scarcely yet so strong as I was when I set out.

Calvus. Indeed! Believe me, I grieve to hear it. Can we procure you no remedies or restoratives?

Pollio. My friend! my friend! talk not to me of remedies: I will take no more of them. In the beginning of my malady I was impatient both of restraint and of delay, and sent for a physician. When he had felt my pulse and had made me put out my tongue for examination, he ordered that I should eat nothing but a small morsel of bread; and he carried to me, late in the evening, what he called a composing draught. It did indeed compose me wonderfully; but it brought me such a series of dreams, in about twelve or thirteen hours, as I doubt whether I could relate in as many days.

Calvus. Pray indulge me with as many of them as you can recollect. Let me hope that I myself was among them, with my friend Catullus, and his skiff, and his father's illustrious guest, of whom we have been speaking.

Pollio. Not you, nor Catullus, nor the skiff; but certainly I did see in my dream the Dictator, the Pontifex Maximus. I fancied I saw him go out of the door of Jupiter's temple, and heard whispers from the ministers who swept it, and soon after from some in rags and tatters, and ultimately from others in richer vestments. They laid their heads together and, after some consultation, they agreed that they, one and all, had as good a right to the office of Pontifex as the Dictator. In the next moment, the statue of Jupiter was beardless; in the next, some dirty and nauseating habiliments were thrown over his shoulders. And then came forward a barber who clipped his eyebrows close, and oiled and soaped one side of his head, leaving the other side intact. This barber, who succeeded so well in comedy, changed the sock for the buskin, and performed on Jupiter what Jupiter had performed on Saturn. There was a whisper, and then a vote, that the number of the Vestal Virgins should be increased and unlimited. After many sidelong glances, the vote was gravely carried. Before long, I seemed to see a couple of Cupids bearing a house across the sea, and setting it down on the borders of the Adriatic. No sooner was this over, than a modest young girl, with a child in her arms, was brought into it. She seemed bewildered, and begged and entreated them to let her go quietly home again. Several priests then stripped her of her clean and modest attire, and, caring little for her

repugnance, crowned her hair with costly jewels, painted her face, and covered all parts below with a robe of gossamer and gold. At this, the infant cried aloud and woke me.

Calvus. Curious dream, indeed!

Pollio. This is only what appeared before my eyes. What was spoken I do not remember so well; and it is lucky for you. It is only in a dream, and hardly there, that so many incongruities and contradictions ever came together. In the midst of these, by way of interlude, there were wrestlings and fightings and stabbings; and above there, where the sceptre and eagle of Jupiter had stood, was a banner dropping with blood, surmounted by three letters — PAX.

Calvus. This is indeed, O Pollio, such a dream as a man weary and feverish from a long journey might well fall into. But perhaps there may previously have been some little agitation of the nerves; for you are aware that every part of Italy is infested by thieves of one description or other, and that wherever there are rich way-*farers* there also are sly and alert way-*layers*. The road on which Julius Cæsar passed and repassed has now its own legions under darker colors: the vulture has taken place of the eagle. Enough of this matter for to-day. You, who travel usually with many attendants, have doubtless brought with you the usefullest of them all.

Pollio. Cooks?

Calvus. Perhaps I was wrong in my estimate. Really I did not mean cooks, but books.

Pollio. Yes, indeed, I have brought both. Without the cooks there is no good digestion, and without good digestion no enjoyment of that which is falsely thought to be most remote from the dinner-table. From ill-concocted food rise ill-concocted ideas; and Imagination is much indebted to what she most despises.

Calvus. Oratory is mute since the establishment of the last Triumvirate, now above twenty years ago; but poetry seems to be still as flourishing as when Lucretius and Catullus were living. Have you brought any thing new along with you?

Pollio. Not much; only some satires (and would you believe it?) written by Horatius.

Calvus. I am confident that, whatever he does, he does well.

Pollio. You shall have them in the morning at breakfast, and judge for yourself.

Calvus. I am little fond of satire ; but I will read whatever he writes. I know imperfectly the character of the Apulians ; but certainly the Romans are far from a well-tempered people: there is somewhat of the wolf in them yet. Lucilius was a mere butcher.

Pollio. Horatius is no butcher ; he is an anatomist. Both draw blood : but under the one we writhe ; under the slender beak of the other the blood is sucked out gradually, imperceptibly, blandly : we smile in our slumber, and are first aware of our wound and our debility when we wake.

Calvus. If Horatius is truly of such a stamp, I shall prefer him, not indeed as a poet, yet as a satirist, to my old friend of the Sirmio. It was hardly worth his while to dirty his hands by besmearing his neighbor's house. Horatius may never have written so fine a satire as that of Catullus on Egnatius, but on the other hand we may be certain that he runs no risk of committing an attack on Cæsar. Justly did Marcus Tullius say that the verses of Catullus left an indelible mark on the conqueror of the Gauls, and justly did he praise that conqueror's equanimity. It was not patriotism which excited the spleen of my Valerius, for his lines were written long before the passing of the Rubicon. That he once admired Cæsar I well know ; that he always despised and hated Pompeius I know equally. We agreed, and I believe that you are of the same opinion, that never was man less amiable, less capable of friendship, less accessible to the claims of justice and humanity. He threatened, as Cicero tells us, fire and sword to the whole of Italy, and was indignant that Sulla should have possessed the power of doing it, and he, Pompeius Magnus, should not. He never performed one signally grand or truly generous action.

Pollio. Curious! that two madmen, the one raving-mad, the other melancholy-mad, should be the only two men denominated *The Great.*

Calvus. By whom?—by a madder world.

Pollio. Neither of them had to contend with the strength and stature, the impetuous onslaught, the indomitable courage, the vigor that springs afresh from every fall, of that nation which most despises death, and most venerates Julius Cæsar.

Calvus. Ah, Pollio! Pollio! do past days never turn their faces back upon you? Do they never remind you that he became our lord and master?

Pollio. Indeed they do: curses on those who imposed on us the sad necessity! We enjoy, at least in the decline of life, a season of tranquillity.

Calvus. It may perhaps end with him who closed last the Temple of Janus: can any man tell?

Pollio. Between to-day and to-morrow there is night: can any man see across? It is wise to make the most and the best of what is at hand. In some measure we may frame the future, — in none foretell it.

Calvus. I remember the time when your temper was less calm, and your endurance of a usurper less patient.

Pollio. Usurpers are not always the worst of evils. They are obliged, for their own security, to bring forward in others the most energetic and most inventive minds. Corrupt and rotten States are the hotbeds of usurpation. Men of powerful intellect are propelled toward their similars: the grovelling mind is quiescent; and, if it grumbles, it grumbles like a swine in search of the chestnuts other swine before him have eaten.

Calvus. It is a blessing, O Asinius, to find you in such high spirits, and particularly after such exhaustion. They who fancied you jealous of the glory which Cicero and Cæsar had acquired in eloquence have been much mistaken.

Pollio. Not much, my Calvus! I was, and I continue to be, jealous of both. Cicero, far below Demosthenes in vigor and compression, and farther still below him in purity and consistency of patriotism, stands high above the highest of Greek or Roman in the wisdom of his ethics. His style is equalled only by Cæsar's.

Calvus. Grammarians have fancied that Cæsar borrowed the style of Xenophon.

Pollio. Never have I perused a more interesting volume than the *Anabasis*. Generally, but not there, his style is maidenly, mincing, prudish, and (if one may be vernacular in your company) *pursed up*. While I am reading him I fancy I hear a lisp. Jealousy peers out through his mock-modesty. He never once mentions in his *History* the name of Epaminondas, the worthiest man and most scientific general of all

the Greeks. This jealousy is worse than mock-modesty, and very different; it is sheer impudence. Epaminondas had won such a battle as never was won before, and never since until the battle of Pharsalia. In each of these fights the conqueror had to contend with forces not only more numerous, but of equal discipline and equal experience; and within sight of their own fields, their own houses, their own wives and children, in the Spartan.

Calvus. Certainly here you have done justice to Cicero and Cæsar, with no injustice to Xenophon. No man ever can praise too highly such writers as Herodotus and Thucydides, but surely the Greek philosophers have been over-rated.

Pollio. I am inclined to believe that many more have praised them than have read them. Praise is a species of traditionary wealth: long possession is its security; we gain nothing by finding flaws in the title-deeds.

Calvus. Generously spoken! Let us be contented with filching and detracting a little from our contemporaries, especially if we are neighbors and friends. Seriously, I am glad to find you more genial than I expected. You never had any asperity, but often some reserve: I now see none.

Pollio. It is with men as with fruits: some grow hard and corrugated, some insipid, while others are the sweeter, and not the less sound, the longer they hang upon the tree. What are those girls about, just under the window?

Calvus. Trimming bay and myrtle.

Pollio. Yes, my Calvus! these grow, I see, upon other parts of the shore beside the peninsula so celebrated by your Catullus. Take them, take them! neither bay nor myrtle befits the brow of Pollio.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Pollio. Our excursion on the water has refreshed and invigorated me greatly.

Calvus. And what opinion have you formed to yourself of our Gallic hosts?

Pollio. Indeed a high one. Never were soldiers more frank and hearty, more considerate and urbane.

Calvus. Unquestionably they had been informed of your arrival at my villa.

Pollio. Who, I wonder, could have given them the information?

Calvus. Truly I am ignorant of this.

Pollio. Then why suggest the fact? Insidious rogue!

Calvus. Did you not observe on the table a volume with your name superscribed?

Pollio. I saw one with yours; and under it, in large letters, Caius Valerius Catullus.

Calvus. This was very graceful and delicate in the new occupant of his house. Catullus, after the death of his brother in the Troad, left no near relative; and, when ultimately he went to reside at Rome, his villa soon fell into decay.

Pollio. It seems now again to be in good repair; and the library is well stored.

Calvus. Even more so than ever. The number of books has been largely increased by the proprietor.

Pollio. Holy Jupiter! and perhaps this very man's grandfather was a Teuton or Cimber, shaggy as a goat and fierce as a tiger, who fought against Caius Marius.

Calvus. I believe he is a Teuton by descent: the Cimbers are less reclaimable; they continue to be ferocious and treacherous.

Pollio. He cautiously abstained from mentioning Marius, when he boasted of the prowess his countrymen had displayed against their adversaries. He only bowed to the compliment I paid him on the gallant resistance they made in the most formidable battle that ever nation fought against nation. It was no affair of the manly with the effeminate; it was no game of play for a diadem of purple: it was for the mastery and dominion of the world. Had we lost, the city of Rome (had any such city been left standing) might have forfeited even its old name, and another have been given to it, which you and I, if we existed to hear it, might have found difficult to pronounce.

Calvus. Our hospitable friend was grateful toward Cæsar, and loud and even obstreperous in praising him. The Gauls have sufficient reason to extol the one and to abominate the

other. In my opinion, differ as you may from it, he was on the whole an evil to us, although, had he lived, he would have adorned our city and amended our constitution.

Pollio. But without Marius we should have had no city to be adorned. You and I should have been hewing wood and drawing water, or perhaps have been suspended here in wicker baskets, to be a burned offering to their gods.

Calvus. We might, indeed; we might even have been educated to bow the head and bend the knee, and howl our prayers and praises before those hideous demons.

Pollio. Any thing rather than the wicker basket. In the house we visited, I remarked the statues of Mercury and Apollo and Bacchus. Here is, methinks, an improvement.

Calvus. Some of the elderly men look grimly inauspicious on these images, which they fancy to be smiling at them. But in their absence the younger dance round about them, which they do well; and sing, which they do execrably. Some of them write verses not unworthy of the house we have left behind us.

Pollio. There is more there of the amatory than of the hymn. I remember, though, a hymn or two in Catullus. Diana must have found it difficult to keep her countenance at hearing him, devoted so little to chastity, celebrate her praises; and Hymen must have tucked up his saffron robe when he came forward, in a somewhat loose attire, at the marriage of Manlius and Julia. It is pleasant to find that the gloomy old gods are left behind in their gloomy old woods. They did Cæsar no harm, and Cæsar did them none. Our ancestors brought out of every conquered city every god they found within, and treated them respectfully and reverentially. Julius was no such god-collector: there was barely room in his tent even for a tessellated pavement.

Calvus. He was very moderate in the objects of his worship, and the few did as much for him as he could have hoped from the many. Taranis, and the rest of the foresters, will never come to their full sturdy growth in the relaxing climate of our Italian regions. Religions, like the sun, take their course from east to west: traversing the globe, they are not all equally temperate, equally salubrious; they dry up some lands, and inundate others. Ours is not likely to be much altered or much enlarged. We have given Latin names to Grecian gods.

Pollio. In my opinion, that religion is the best in which there is the least of fraud and violence, the most of forbearance and sincerity.

Calvus. Wise and good-natured gods will never quarrel about the names they are called by. Do parents whip their children for imperfect pronunciation?

Pollio. I would not be surety for morose and ferocious men, intoxicated by the wine-cup of their priests, keeping the peace toward you, if you declined their mysteries and orgies. They call you blind, and knock out your eyes for being so. The Gauls are tolerant, gay, and genial. I do not imagine that they sang so cheerfully and blithely in their woods as at the dinner-table we left, somewhat late.

Calvus. There are few nations, none perhaps, without their songs; but Italy seems to excel in the vocal.

Pollio. In Egypt there are no songsters, even among the birds; and no dancers but among the snakes, which are very agile and graceful in their movements, and seem to be endowed with a fine ear both for time and tune. I never have heard them, in the exercise of their profession, hiss at one another, as your poets do: and yet the hiss is the natural voice of both.

Calvus. We have certainly this facility both by nature and practice. Luckily my Catullus hath spared me, though we were intimate: indeed, I do not remember a poet of note (and I have lived familiarly with several) who has thought me worth the cast of a pebble or burr. A few whose causes and characters I defended have, I am told, spoken ill or slightingly of me. Certain proof that I wanted, if not abilities, at least judgment and discretion.

Pollio. Handfuls of dirt, thrown by hands that can hold but little, fall and are scattered ere they reach what they are aimed at; parent Earth receives them into her bosom, and smiles with serenity at their idle sport. Calvus, when you have performed a good office, think yourself well repaid for it by impunity. We may learn somewhat from the foolish, more from the wicked. We are not obliged to sit on the same bench with either, nor to con the same lesson: but they are always worth watching, and sometimes of studying as curiosities.

Calvus. Assuredly not the rarest.

Pollio. I think it improbable that the versifiers of the colony should decry, rather than celebrate, your manifest superiority.

Calvus. Never have I had any proof or signification of it. Our own countrymen have the character, in general, of more mutual evil-speaking than any other: our neighbors are exempt from a malady by which the sight is distorted and the heart corroded. Whether by proximity or disposition, I partake the character of those about me, and feel no slight pleasure in applauding their attempts at poetry. Many of the rising generation have written such verses as are worthy of being recited on the terrace of Catullus, under which his little skiff, which he dedicated to Castor and Pollux, is still lying with its oars in it. The possessor has caulked it afresh, and preserves the old sails religiously. The youths are much given to scenic representations; some of them have even attempted tragedy: but there they fail; in comedy they are admirable. No peculiarity of character escapes their observation, and they hit it with a precision and a delicacy truly Attic. Terentius is more in favor with them than Plautus is; and you would sometimes fancy that they are acquainted with Aristophanes.

Pollio. They may partly owe the purity of their taste to Cæsar, who, as you well remember, praises it in Terentius, while he regrets in him the deficiency of comic humor.

Calvus. Yes, I remember his opinion conveyed in verse, and principally for its too strong expression, "unum hoc *maceror:*" *doleo* is weak after this, and *doleo* is itself almost an exaggeration.

Pollio. We all are hypocrites, my friend, in court and out of court. Among the epistles you receive, whatever the occasion, try to recollect how very few there are without, "*I am deeply grieved*," or, "*I am heartily glad*": yet the writer's grief, probably, was no deeper than the extremity of a well-pared nail, and the gladness did not penetrate the thin fluid round the skin of the heart. There is an ampulla in the plainest speech. In one way or other (if not to you, to themselves) most men delight in lying; all in being lied to, provided the lie be soft and gentle, and imperceptible in its approaches.

I do, however, think that Cæsar would have been better pleased had there been somewhat more of hilarity in Terentius.

Calvus. Surely, if hilarity was gratifying, he heard enough

of it in his triumph on the conquest of the Gauls. Perhaps he wrote the verse in question before that other was sung by his soldiers with such sprightliness, —

"Gallias Cæsar subegit," &c.

Now again to metres: this verse suggests the thought. Is it not remarkable that the trochaic, so lugubrious in cadence, where the syllable that follows the first falls weaker under it, should be chosen to express jocularity and exultation?

Pollio. It always hath been so, both in Italy and Greece. Indeed, I think there is a sound of animation in it well adapted to the march of soldiers, although the tragic poets in their choruses have applied it differently. The anapest, preceded by the iambic, was the favorite of Aristophanes. He appears to me to be the greatest master of harmony in all the dramatists.

Calvus. We Romans do not always act in obedience to our Greek preceptors. Boys are taught, in the level lawn of poetry where they now are exercised, that a dactylic word should never occupy the second seat in the hexameter. The sentence here, however, is quite as metrical as it need be. The two great masters of harmony, in which they are coequals, Homer and Theocritus, frequently place a dactylic word in the second place; and Cæsar, I think, did it designedly; for "maceror hoc unum" comes as readily in the collocation.

Pollio. Very true. Cæsar appears to have preferred Terentius to Plautus; Cicero the contrary. Comedy owes but a moderate debt to either; yet they are the two most authoritative masters of Latinity. Plautus is richer in words than any other Latin writer, but coined fewer than Aristophanes. Those of Plautus are still current throughout the empire; those of Aristophanes were laid aside with the machinery of the day. Cicero was intimately versed in Plautus, and acquired from him a fondness for diminutives. It may appear incredible, but such is the fact, that the orator and philosopher has more of them in his writings than Plautus and Terentius and Catullus put together.

Calvus. Diminutives are more adapted to light poetry and amatory epistles. The Gauls are become the most festive people in the world, having been throughout many ages, and until recently, the most ferocious and sanguinary. If evil

times should return to us, I know not where we shall be safer than among them.

Pollio. Beyond the boundaries of Italy I would never willingly reside.

Calvus. Neither beyond nor within those boundaries is any place more beautiful than our Sirmio; no, not even Sorrentum.

Pollio. Enthusiastic patriot! Take and be contented with what I freely concede to you. Yes, indeed, Sirmio is a beautiful peninsula; but there is another yet more beautiful: it is that which diverts the waters of the Larius into the Addua. Cæcilius is residing there; and it is there he composed the poem which you and Valerius so much admire.

Calvus. I do not wonder that such a pleasant companion and such exalted a genius should detain you in the vicinity of Comum; but, in warmth and constancy of friendship for Pollio, Calvus will never yield even to Cæcilius.

Pollio. Only give up the Lake.

Calvus. Look yonder. Do you not see Castor and Pollux over the little skiff? They shall fight for me, and I will never yield.

Pollio. Remember, they are now with the Gauls, who give the beautiful Lake fresh animation with their lively songs and dances. Do they ever converse with you on literature?

Calvus. Frequently.

Pollio. They are so quick in perception that I am sure their observations are usually just.

Calvus. The young critics are singing from morning till night the verses of Catullus; and they like him the better on discovering in the most elegant of poets a few words which they claim as belonging to them.

Pollio. What words are those?

Calvus. *Ploxemum*, for instance, and *basium*. *Ploxemum* is the hurdle-framed cart of this country: *basium* is certainly a more expressive word than *osculum*, and is used instead of it wherever the colonies of Gaul have extended. *Osculum* is confined to a narrow region of Italy, and indeed is peculiarly Latin. *Savium* is Plautine: our delicate poets of late repudiate it; but in the Latian field it may be heard occasionally.

Pollio. In that field there are still some remnants of the Saturnian age. Do you remember a certain exclamation of a

rustic in the Forum? Or have you forgotten the honest fellow in the ring, who, applauding your eloquent speech against Vatinius, exclaimed, and threw both arms above his head, "*Dii magni! salipusium disertum!*"

Calvus. I remember it well; and no part of the applause, from my hearers of every rank and condition, was received by me with greater glee. I doubt whether my critic in the crowd, or you, or Varro, or Cæsar himself, could have told me, on first hearing it, the origin of the word, plain as was its signification. It seems to be a compound of *sal* and *pusus*. The heir of *Pusus* is *Pusillus:* the termination *ium* is indicative of fondling; as for example in *Glycerium*, &c. It is worth something to be of small stature, when it raises up a man's elbows above his shoulders, and makes him appeal to the gods to confirm the justice of his admiration.

Pollio. If I could have spoken as well, and if so tall a man as I am could have excited any such wonder in him, he might perhaps have cried out, "Look at that heron! who could believe that such a long neck and heavy wings should ever raise him above the marsh?" The expression of your encomiast might have puzzled the great writer on *Analogy*.

Calvus. What an admirable work!

Pollio. And consequently how many impertinent things have the ignorant and inconsiderate written against it. The aim and intention of the author was to bring our language under rule and order; they were in all things his function and his delight. He succeeded in the army, in the city, in the provinces; and he would also have introduced the same propriety in the language. Partly by the indifference of authors, partly by the ignorance of transcribers and the negligence of dealers who employ them, our spelling has lost its fixity. Marcus Tullius ridiculed the writer who wrote *cives* for *civeis;* yet latterly the courtiers have favored and their master has countenanced the novelty. It is not easily that you find a copy of Plautus or Terentius, in which the spelling is theirs throughout. Even Crispus Sallustius, now living, has been unable to preserve his orthography in all the copies. He has indeed thus been accused of archaisms; and wherefore? Because, feeling the certainty that some elder writers have spelled better than the generality of the later, he has bowed to their authority in preference.

Calvus. His manners ill corresponded with the austerity and sanctitude of his style. In his Preface to the *Catilinarian Conspiracy*, he describes one source of luxury, in which the Romans are immersed, by a very coarse expression, such as would have better befitted the censor Cato in his shortest tunic. Notwithstanding, I greatly admire his historical works, and especially the speeches he introduces. Here I am not led toward, but actually pass into, the wider and more varied grounds of another noble historian, Titus Livius of Patavium. It has been reported in this part of the country that you have censured him for what you designate by the name *patavinity;* and pray tell me how it is, for I can discern in him nothing that is not rigorously Roman.

Pollio. I am no censurer of him, but on the contrary an admirer. No writer, Greek or Latin, is more grave and stately, I had almost said august.

Calvus. There is much of eloquence and much of poetry in him. Inconsiderate men will perhaps tell us that historians ought to keep clear of poetry. If they mean *fiction*, they are partly, and but partly, in the right; for fiction is inseparable from the remoter and higher regions of history. History is essentially dramatic, and the most interesting portions of it are in dialogue. Give us action, and we will reflect upon it. When we are agitated by the movement of events we are impatient of being jogged, and of being told in weighty words what we ought to think about them. We are among the dead and the living; in one quarter is the legionary trumpet, in another the funereal horn. Suffer us in this field to be excited, in the next we will repose.

Pollio. Not only the dramatic, not only the imaginative, but even the fabulous may enter history, provided it be announced for what it is. The fabulous is often not only the most pleasant, but also the most instructive in her pages. Caution and dexterity are required to introduce it.

Calvus. The historian, to be worthy of the name, must occasionally exercise the poet's office. It is impossible that any man could have heard what passed between Tarquinus and Lucretia in her bed-chamber: yet Titus Livius brings out the very words which we must believe he spoke. No verse in Latin or Greek could have uttered them with equal significance. Note the order of words. *Sextus Tarquinius sum;*

ferrum in manu est; moriere si emiseris vocem. I have remarked to many this admirable collocation. He would win her to compliance by his name, which bore along with it his royal rank, his martial courage, his lofty stature, and that prowess of limb which in woman's eyes is manly beauty. The verb follows the noun, not a syllable precedes it. He then intimidates her: the sword is there; the verb again stands behind. She must see at once the whole extent of her danger: death is announced, — unconditional? inevitable? no: but, *si emiseris vocem.* We know in what manner our friend Cicero would have fabricated the sentence: we are quite certain his ear (pardon the expression) would have overlapped his understanding, and the sentence would have been this: *Ego sum Sextus Tarquinius; in manu autem ferrum est; si vocem emiseris moriere.* In the middle of this oration the girl would have jumped out of bed, and have run downstairs before it ended.

Pollio. You have hit upon it, Calvus. Such would have been Cicero's arrangement. Both of us in the Forum have been obliged to study the position of our words, knowing that the passions have sensitive ears: and the Senate too must be won over by the delicacy of the repast we set before it. Even the lowest of the populace is contented no longer with street music.

Calvus. In my enthusiasm for Livius, it is probable I have made over and over again the same observations, to you and others; but if they have dropped out of your memory, if they are just, and above all if they are brief, the repetition is not unpardonable.

Pollio. They who are afraid they are repeating what they have said before may sometimes think they have spoken or written what they never have; and thus an animated being (such is a thought) is lost to the Creation.

Calvus. I am confident you will forgive me thus praising my contemporaries. I know there is a penalty for the offence, and I know there are some of the praised who themselves would inform against me, — crying, *I, lictor, colliga manus.*

Pollio. Never mind them. I have known men, and have known them too well, who would abstain from doing you a wrong were it not for the sake of defending it, and thus experiencing the pleasure of laying out their talents. An apostate friend

is triumphant when he can make you complain of him: never give him this advantage over you. Praise as loudly as you will the citizen of Patavium, who hath restored the Commonwealth of Rome, who hath raised up again before us the rushy cottage of Romulus, and surrounded it with walls expansive as the heavens! Up they rose, bolder and bolder in the face of danger: Hannibal, who scaled the Alps, despaired at the sight of them.

Calvus. Titus Livius hath manned those walls. Titus Livius hath ornamented the temples within them, placing god after god in mansions worthy of them, and filling them with adorers almost as venerable as the adored.

Pollio. I have animadverted on the peculiarities of his style without acrimony or invidiousness: others more accustomed to decoration, and more fond of it, call them defects. A future age, recurring to antiquity, may admire him more highly than the present, and more justly. Copiousness is now, and has been long, the fashion: and fashions not only run into extremes but into contrarieties. Marcus Brutus called the style of Cicero Asiatic. We may be Ionian and avoid the rigidity of the Egyptian. It is better to attract than to drag and bind. Our next generation may run counter to the present. Strong youth often affects austere manliness; but the beard of Camillus looks ill upon young faces. Livius, in the unruliness of adolescence, broke loose from Roman authority and resolved to assume a style as different as possible from Cicero's, and preferred the Patavine.

Calvus. Gently, gently! Pollio! Could Cicero, if his whole lifetime had been devoted to it, have composed such a history as that of Livius? His language, so admirable in every thing else, was unfit for it: his back would have been bent, bowed down, and broken, under the weight of armor and viaticals which Titus carried with him easily and far.

You have not yet quite satisfied me in the use of your expression: I mean *Patavinity*.

Pollio. My censure was slight. My meaning is that he employs the diction of his countrymen in small matters.

Calvus. I never have remarked it. Can you recollect such?

Pollio. They are hardly worth noticing. He uses *ab* for *a*, and *ex* or *e*.

Calvus. If you and I avoided this usage, Terentius and Cæsar have countenanced it. Livius, no friend to his party and principles, comes nearer to him in style than any other has come; unless it be M. Brutus. Nothing can be more perfect in composition than the *Commentaries*.

Pollio. I am quite of your opinion; and it has often struck me as a curious coincidence, that Brutus, to the extent of his abilities, imitated him. Cicero has made more of Brutus, as a writer and a philosopher, than he found in him.

Calvus. No common case. Gold coin is oftener clipped than brass, and more easily abraded. These are not the days when a Brutus is overvalued. It was the more generous in Cicero to praise him, since he was invidious both of his authority and celebrity. Asiatic never was Cicero, although he sometimes wore at the bottom of his rhetorician robe a flounce too many.

Pollio. Every thing in its season. Neither our language nor the tone of our voice is the same in public as in private, with a stranger as with a friend. You indulge, and well you may, in the fanciful and facetious with me; you never would have done so with Pompeius, nor with the people in the Forum to any extent. You might with Cicero and Cæsar; they were genial and congenial: and both of them would have listened to your remarks with almost as much pleasure as I have been doing.

Calvus. Well! we will leave them, and Brutus too, where they are, and again to Livius.

Pollio. He, like Brutus, is indifferent to the close of his sentences. Now surely, by blunting the point, the edge of the sword is none the more efficient?

Calvus. I would rather be deaf than hear, or expect to hear, a verb at the termination of almost every period.

Pollio. Cicero may have been too fond of it in the earlier of his *Orations*, but where is there a greater variety than in the structure of his sentences? His ear was as internally polished as you poets may imagine the conch of Nereus. He sometimes is exuberant. Conciseness may be better: but where there is much wealth we may excuse a little waste, especially when it falls not unworthily. I confess to you I love a nobility and amplitude of style, provided it never sweeps beyond the subject. There are people who cut short the tails

of their dogs; and such dogs are proper for such masters: but the generous breeds, coursers of the lordly stag, and such as accompanied the steps of Hippolytus and Adonis, were unmutilated.

I admire in Cicero much beside his forensic eloquence.

Calvus. It grew weaker in the presence of a greater man. No such faint whimpering voice Demosthenes raised to heaven when his country fell exhausted and prostrate, and when, throwing his strong arms around her, he failed to raise her up again. Cicero fell as low as his country, and each simultaneously, at the feet of Cæsar. Ambitious men (and never was man more ambitious than Marcus Tullius) are like children who are beginning to swim: their only thought is how to keep the head above-water; and by this anxiety and effort they sink.

Pollio. Cicero swam upon cork and bladder when he was strong and expert enough to strike on without, and to breast the current. He wanted the vigor of character, and perhaps too the vigor of language, we find united in Demosthenes, whose furnace poured forth incessantly its torrent of purified iron; no part of his fabric was constructed for the fusion and elaboration of softer ornamental metals. Cicero's whole house was decorated with rich filigree, with vases that vibrated and rang at a stroke of the knuckle, and with innumerable graceful little images.

Calvus. But how beautiful, plain, and simple are not only his *Dialogues*, but also his two brief Treatises on *Friendship* and *Old Age*. He was perfectly aware that authors ought not to dress themselves in purple and fine linen every day.

Pollio. Assuredly he was. We would allow them a daily change of the fine linen, but would advise them to reserve the purple for solemn and rare occasions. Now Cicero did this. What is become of his poetry I know not. At this moment it occurs to me that no orator but yourself ever wrote passably in poetry, Greek or Latin.

Calvus. True enough — excepting the exception. Do not quarrel with Titus for invading my boundary; but rather let us turn back again toward Tusculum, where the questions are less litigious. With greatly more propriety may it be said of Cicero than of Socrates, that he made Philosophy a good domestic housewife. She had wandered in the fields over

the world, like another Ceres, distracted by her search; she also had plenty of poppies and other flaunting flowers about her bewildered head, but there was scarcely an ear of corn on her brow or on her bosom, scarcely a grain that would bear the winnowing. Cicero took Philosophy by the hand. She found herself at last in a cool and quiet room; and she came out from it in a modest robe, reaching down to her feet, but not sweeping and scattering the dust about her.

Pollio. In Cicero and his society we find no sophisms or quibbles, but fair discussion and diligent investigation of important truths. The familiar and facetious are not forbidden to enter, or to bear a due part in the conversation. There is no indecorous mirth, no loud banter; but every thing chaste, comely, quiet, with gracefully subdued festivity.

Calvus. Poor Cicero! How often, my Pollio, have we attempted in our earlier days to imitate his tone and gesture; until our voices changed, deeper but less melodious, and our thews grew sharper, hardier, more prominent, determined to have their own way.

Whoever would enter public life, or more wisely prefer the private, let him, regardless of the rustics he will meet, take his morning walk on the road to Tusculum.

END OF VOL. I.

MR. HAMERTON'S WORKS.

"*The style of this writer is a truly admirable one, light and picturesque, without being shallow, and dealing with all subjects in a charming way. Whenever our readers see or hear of one of Mr. Hamerton's books, we advise them to read it.*" — SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE. Square 12mo. Price $2.00.

"Not every day do we take hold of a book that we would fain have always near us, a book that we read only to want to read again and again, that is so vitalized with truth, so helpful in its relation to humanity, that we would almost sooner buy it for our friend than spare him our copy to read. Such a book is 'The Intellectual Life,' by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, itself one of the rarest and noblest fruits of that life of which it treats. (Here we must beg the pardon of our younger readers, since what we have to say about this book is not for them, but for their parents, and older brothers and sisters, though we can have no better wish for them than that they may soon be wise and thoughtful enough to enjoy it too.)

"Just how much this book would be worth to each individual reader it would be quite impossible to say, but we can hardly conceive of any human mind, born with the irresistible instincts toward the intellectual life, that would not find in it not only ample food for deep reflection, but also living waters of the sweetest consolation and encouragement.

"We wonder how many readers of this noble volume, under a sense of personal gratitude, have stopped to exclaim with its author, in a similar position, 'Now the only Crœsus that I envy is he who is reading a better book than this.'" — *From the Children's Friend.*

THOUGHTS ABOUT ART. New Edition, Revised, with Notes and an Introduction. "Fortunate is he who at an early age knows what *art* is." — GOETHE. Square 12mo. Price $2.00.

"The whole volume is adapted to give a wholesome stimulus to the taste for art, and to place it in an intelligent and wise direction. With a knowledge of the principles, which it sets forth in a style of peculiar fascination, the reader is prepared to enjoy the wonders of ancient and modern art, with a fresh sense of their beauty, and a critical recognition of the sources of their power." — *New York Tribune.*

"Beginning with a recommendation to capable artists to write on art, and illustrating his arguments on this point by some forcible illustrations, Mr. Hamerton proceeds to discuss the different styles of painting, defines the place of landscape among the fine arts, treats of the relation between photography and painting, makes some curious comparisons between word-painting and color-painting, speaks of the painter in his relation to society, and finally offers some practical and valuable suggestions concerning picture-buying and the choice of furniture of artistic patterns for our houses. All these subdivisions of the general subject are touched airily and pleasantly, but not flippantly, and the book is delightful from beginning to end." — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A PAINTER'S CAMP. A new edition, in 1 vol. 16mo.

Price $1.50. Square 12mo. Price $2.00.

"We are not addicted to enthusiasm, but the little work before us is really so full of good points that we grow so admiring as to appear almost fulsome in its praise. . . . It has been many a day since we have been called upon to review a work which gave us such real pleasure" — *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

"If any reader whose eye chances to meet this article has read 'The Painter's Camp,' by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, he will need but little stimulus to feel assured that the same author's work, entitled 'Thoughts about Art,' is worth his attention. The former, I confess, was so unique that no author should be expected to repeat the sensation produced by it. Like the 'Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,' or the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' it brought to maturer minds, as those do to all, the flavor of breezy out-of-door experiences, — an aroma of poetry and adventure combined. It was full of art, and art-discussions too; and yet it needed no rare technical knowledge to understand and enjoy it." — *Joel Benton.*

"They ('A Painter's Camp' and 'Thoughts about Art') are the most useful books that could be placed in the hands of the American art public. If we were asked where the most intelligent, the most trustworthy, the most practical, and the most interesting exposition of modern art and cognate subjects is to be found, we should point to Hamerton's writings." — *The Atlantic Monthly.*

THE UNKNOWN RIVER: An Etcher's Voyage of Discovery.

With an original Preface for the American edition, and thirty-seven plates etched by the author. One elegant 8vo volume, bound in cloth, extra, gilt, and gilt edges. Price $6.00. (A cheaper edition now ready.)

"Wordsworth might like to come back to earth for a summer, and voyage with Philip Gilbert Hamerton down some 'Unknown River'! If this supposition seem extravagant to any man, let him buy and read 'The Unknown River, an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery,' by P. G. Hamerton. It is not easy to write soberly about this book while fresh from its presence. The subtle charm of the very title is indescribable: it lays hold in the outset on the deepest romance in every heart; it is the very voyage we are all yearning for. When, later on, we are told that this 'Unknown River' is the Arroux, in the eastern highlands of France, that it empties into the Loire, and has on its shores ancient towns of historic interest, we do not quite believe it. Mr. Hamerton has flung a stronger spell by his first word than he knew.

"It is not too much to say that this book is artistically perfect, perfectly artistic, and a poem from beginning to end; the phrasing of its story is as exquisite as the etching of its pictures; each heightens the other; each corroborates the other; and both together blend in harmonious and beautiful witness to what must have been one of the most delicious journeys ever made by a solitary traveller. The word solitary, however, has no meaning when applied to Hamerton, poet, painter, adventurous man, all in one, and with a heart for a dog! There is no empty or barren spot on earth for such as he. The book cannot be analyzed nor described in any way which will give strangers to it any idea of its beauty." — *Scribner's Monthly.*

CHAPTERS ON ANIMALS. With Twenty Illustrations by J. Veyrassat and Karl Bodmer.

Square 12mo. Price $2.00.

"This is a choice book. No trainer of animals, no whipper-in of a kennel, no master of fox-hounds, no equine parson, could have written this book. Only such a man as Hamerton could have written it, who, by virtue of his great love of art, has been a quick and keen observer of nature, who has lived with and loved animal nature, and made friends and companions of the dog and horse and bird. And of such, how few there are! We like to amuse ourselves for an idle moment with any live thing that has grace and color and strength. We like to show our wealth in fine equipages; to be followed by a fond dog at our heel, to hunt foxes and bag birds, but we like all this merely in the way of ostentation or personal pleasure. But as for caring really for animals, so as to study their happiness, to make them, knowing us, love us, so as to adapt ourselves to themselves, is quite another thing. Mr. Hamerton has observed to much purpose, for he has a curious sympathy with the 'painful mystery of brute

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

MAY 1 - 1902